

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XI.

MARCH, 1876.

No. 5.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.



VIEW OF THE PROPOSED BUILDINGS, TRINITY COLLEGE.

LIKE all similar educational institutions in the country, TRINITY COLLEGE owes its existence to a disposition on the part of a particular denomination to have a college under its immediate auspices. Recalling the early history of the Diocese of Connecticut, we learn that upon the consecration of Bishop Seabury, the first bishop of the State, the initial steps were taken toward the establishment of an institution of learning under control of the Episcopal Church; and as a result of the measures adopted at a convocation of the clergy held under him at East Haddam, in February, 1792, an academy incorporated with limited privileges was founded nine years later, at Cheshire, Connecticut, and known as "Seabury College." This academy was designed as a foundation for an institution of higher character, it being proposed to expand and enlarge it

into a collegiate body so soon as the State should grant the required power. In 1810 the Convention, at its annual meeting, made an effort to obtain an enlargement of the charter, and for this purpose a petition was drawn up and presented to the General Assembly. At this time Congregationalism was in the ascendant, and was of itself a power, not only in religious, but in civil affairs, and there existed a strong feeling against Episcopacy; so that, when the bold effort to obtain a charter for the establishment of an Episcopal college was made by zealous members of the Church, a violent opposition was brought to bear against it; and although the petition was well received and passed by the Lower House, it was defeated in the Council (Senate). Five years afterward another effort was made to obtain a charter, and a committee was

appointed to prefer a petition if deemed by them expedient; the powers of this committee were continued for two years, after which time the memorial was withholden, as objects of vital interest claimed their attention, among which was the establishment of the General Theological Seminary; and this, together with the vacancy in the Episcopate, led the churchmen of Connecticut to defer, for the present, the founding of a college, and to wait for more auspicious times, which seemed to have arrived soon after the adoption of a State Constitution in 1818. During the following year Bishop Brownell was consecrated, and when this noble prelate had fairly entered upon the duties of his office, he bent his energies toward the establishment of a Church college in the Diocese, and made strenuous efforts to carry out the project, the success of which had been the hope of churchmen for years past.

In 1822 a meeting of eighteen clergymen was held at the residence of Bishop Brownell, in New Haven, at which steps were taken with a view to securing the desired charter. During this year the General Theological Seminary had been removed to New York city, and this was one incentive to the founding of a Church college in Connecticut. A memorial was drawn up by the Bishop, three clergymen and two laymen, praying "the General Assembly to grant an act of incorporation for a college, with power to confer the usual literary honors, to be placed in either of the cities of Hartford, Middletown, or New Haven." The claim of the memorialists was a just and fair one, as they asked for no exclusive privileges, but desired to be placed on a footing with other Christian denominations throughout the country, who had their own universities and colleges; and, as they looked forward to the ultimate establishment of a literary institution which should be under the guardianship of the Episcopal Church, they were desirous that it should be founded in the State of Connecticut, and called WASHINGTON COLLEGE. On the day previous to the presentation of this petition, it is curious to observe, as an historical fact, that the old "test law," as it was called, of Yale College, the first established institution of learning in the State under control of the Congregationalists, was repealed. This law compelled any one elected to a chair of instruction in that institution to declare his consent to the "Confessions of Faith owned and consented to by the Elders and Messengers of the Churches in the Colony of

Connecticut assembled by delegation at Saybrook, September 9th, 1703." The particular time for this act of the corporation repealing the severe law, was thought by some to have been critically chosen, and to have the appearance of an attempt to influence the mind of the Legislature against the passage of the petition for a charter establishing a second college in the State, by thus seemingly freeing Yale from the bias of its sectarian influence. Be this as it may, the day dawned bright at last for the Church, and on the 16th of May, 1823, the charter of Washington College was granted. The report of the committee to which the petition was referred is something peculiar in its way, and sets forth, by means of indirect admission, the benefits which might accrue to the State from the establishment of the institution, in the statement that it "will in no way be prejudicial to the great and important interests of literature in the State." At Hartford, where the General Assembly was convened when the passage of the charter took place, there was much demonstration over the event, the rejoicings of the people finding expression in the firing of cannon and the lighting of bonfires. The amount of money requisite to secure the provisions of incorporation was subscribed, and in less than a year nearly \$50,000 was raised toward an endowment, which was obtained on the same plan as that adopted by the Fellows of Yale a century before, offering the larger towns in the State the privilege of fair competition for the location of the college, and Hartford, being most generous with her subscriptions, was adopted as the seat of Washington College.

The site selected was a beautiful one, as after years fully demonstrated; the tract of land embraced fourteen acres, having peculiar natural advantages, not the least of which was a piece of rising ground, with gentle slopes on either side, whereon the buildings were located, and which was dignified by the name of "College Hill." A small river bounded the grounds on one side, and at that time gratified the wishes of the students, whose taste inclined them to boating before that pastime was reduced to an exact science as at the present, and rowing was considered more as a pleasure than a labor. Thick forests were the near neighbors of the college, and among them undergraduates were wont to find sport, the click of the gun, rather than billiard balls, making holiday music in their ears. In speaking of the grounds and surroundings

of the college, it may here be remarked that among the studies of what was known as the partial course—an arrangement entered into at only a few of the colleges—was botany, to which very particular attention was paid, and for practical advantages a



STATUE OF BISHOP BROWNELL, CITY PARK, HARTFORD.

large tract of land in the rear of the buildings was laid out in a garden, and a greenhouse was also built, and in time the grounds became noted for the great variety of trees and shrubs within their borders, including among the number many specimens of rare value; but we are pained to say they are now slowly disappearing, not by the woodman's axe, but under the keen edge of that surer weapon, "modern improvement."

The erection of the buildings was begun in June, 1824, and the work so rapidly prosecuted that they were ready for occupation in the fall of that year, when the college was formally opened, and instruction commenced. Two halls only were at first put up, styled respectively "Jarvis" and "Seabury," the former from plans by Solomon Willard of Boston, then a noted architect, who numbered among his works Bunker Hill Monument, and the latter from

the design of Samuel F. B. Morse, more generally known to the public through his connection with the electric telegraph than by his celebrity in the profession of architecture. Both buildings were plain and substantial structures of modest brown-stone, well and firmly built. Jarvis Hall was designed for the accommodation of students, and Seabury Hall, with its somewhat pretentious portico supported by lofty Ionic columns, contained the chapel, library, cabinet, and other public apartments.

With Bishop Brownell, whose name and memory are universally beloved and respected, as first President, ably assisted by a corps of instructors, among whom were the Right Rev. A. W. Potter, now Bishop of New York, and the late Bishop of New Jersey, Right Rev. G. W. Doane, Washington College entered upon her career of usefulness, and to-day ranks as one of the oldest Episcopal colleges in the country, and the only one located in New England. But the attacks which had been made against the establishment of a Church college were not yet ended, although its doors had been thrown open to the public, and a veritable war of pamphlets arose. The controversy upon the good and evil effects resulting from the foundation of a second institution of learning in the State was most severe, and the bitter feeling against the originators, the aiders and abettors in the undertaking, found vent in publications, which, at the date of their circulation, and for not a little time afterward, made considerable commotion throughout the community. Not only are "The Considerations Suggested by the Establishment of a Second College in Connecticut," and the "Remarks,"—a series of replies to the attacks,—important features in the trials and struggles of the college during its earlier days, but, as we now view them through the mellow light of half a century, they are historically valuable, and by their over-anxiety, and groundless fears, are wont to provoke a smile from the reader when he learns that Washington College was to "entail on distant generations a source of implacable feuds and jealousies." The pamphlets were published anonymously, and some of the papers defending the cause are fine specimens of satire and argumentative wit; but despite the opposition from sectarian sources, and notwithstanding the cold shoulder turned against her by the State in refusing aid, which, with lavish hand, was bestowed elsewhere, Washington College maintained her ground, and, with

the donations solicited and received from abroad, enriched her cabinet, and provided apparatus for the philosophical department.

As time passed on, the cares and labors of the Diocese increased, and, being enlarged,

were generously met by subscriptions from the citizens of Hartford, and the requisite funds having been secured, "Brownell Hall" was erected, in harmony and keeping with the first dormitory block, and similarly

planned. The year 1845 was also marked by the establishment of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which was organized at William and Mary College in 1776, and three years later granted charters for the founding of the Massachusetts and Connecticut Alphas; the latter was located at Yale College, and in June empowered a "well and truly beloved brother" to found a chapter at Trinity. The society has prospered, and has been regarded with



WASHINGTON COLLEGE IN 1825.

called for a corresponding amount of attention, and thus, finding that too great demands were made, both by Church and college, Bishop Brownell resigned the presidency, of which, for seven years, he had been the incumbent, ruling in his gentle, but firm, manner, and, by his thorough knowledge and love of men, and by his kindly treatment, bridging that gulf, which often seems impassable, between professor and student.

Rev. Dr. Wheaton succeeded Bishop Brownell, and during his administration, and through his personal influence, the prosperity of the college was greatly advanced, and the institution received large additions to its funds from members of the Church. In after years this able President left the college a large sum of money, a portion of which was designed to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new chapel, and, in addition to this gift, he also bequeathed his private library, containing many valuable editions of the English classics.

In 1845 two important events occurred: the change in the name of the college, and the erection of an additional building; the former was deemed advisable, from the fact that in various sections of the country were institutions bearing the same name, and henceforward the second college established in the State of Connecticut was known as TRINITY COLLEGE. It was a gratifying mark of prosperity that its needs called for increased facilities of accommodation, which

great favor, an election to its ranks being considered one of the honors of the college course. At this time, and during the presidency of Rev. Silas Totten, a charity fund raised by subscription throughout the Diocese was established. This enabled the college to give free tuition in the form of scholarships to those students who were worthy, and in need of assistance. The same year was memorable for the organization, by the Trustees, of the "House of Convocation" and the "Board of Fellows." The former consisted of "the Fellows and Professors of Trinity College, with all persons who have received any academic degree whatever in the same, except such as may lawfully be deprived of their privileges," and its business is such as may be delegated by the Corporation, the governing body to which belongs the supreme control of the college. The Board of Fellows consists of six Fellows and six junior Fellows, with the degree of M. A., appointed by the Corporation, and to this Board is intrusted the superintendence of the strictly academical business of the college. Two Professorships—one of Modern Languages and one of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—had already been established, and large additions made to the general fund, so that now the affairs of the institution were in a most prosperous and flourishing condition. The catalogue showed a long list of names, not only of residents in and about the city, but from distant parts of the country, and particularly from the South; and it

is a noticeable fact that during the earlier years of the college it had more Southern students in proportion to its numbers than any other institution of a similar character in the North; and up to the time of the late war Trinity College was a most popular educational resort for Southerners, while before it was scarcely over there were indications that the liberal patronage extended to it in former years was to be continued, if not increased, in the years to come.

In tracing out a history like that before us, and following it step by step, marking the growth of the institution, noting its principles of government, gaining an insight into the aims and motives which actuate its being and enter into its every-day life, a contrast in the thoughts and feelings of fifty years ago as compared with those of the present time, is natural, and by no means devoid of interest. In the olden times young men entering college were but transferred temporarily to the care and guidance of second parents, and the protecting hand of Alma Mater stretched out in their behalf was, if we may judge from the "Laws," large and powerful. One of the prime considerations in these old laws seems to have been great care for the monetary interests of every student, and not only was the time-honored prevention against "extra or improper expenditure by the students" carried into operation, by placing all available funds in the hands of the Bursar; but in order to make a purchase of any kind the student was obliged to obtain from that functionary a "permit" for the purpose.

While keeping an eye on the funds intrusted, Alma Mater, with a disinterestedness pleasing to note, also remembered herself; and if she was weary with night-watching for the return of the loitering student at the beginning of the term, she solaced herself with the reflection that "he shall pay fifty cents for each night's absence." In the matter of government, the Tutors were placed on a level with the Professors, and were vested with authority to punish students by private admonition and by "a fine not exceeding one dollar;" and the last drain upon the undergraduate purse was made at graduation, when, in the term bill, he was charged "one dollar and fifty cents for the expenses of Commencement dinner," about the sum now required to fee the waiter at that annual banquet. The fact of a student not being permitted to "sleep in his room or lie down on his bed during study hours"

must have seemed a trifle severe, when we reflect that during the summer term the first recitation was at five o'clock in the morning. In winter, however, the rigidity of the law was relaxed, and the bell called forth students at six o'clock, the recitation being conducted by aid of candle-light, which was a necessity to the successful deciphering of Greek text. Probably as a compensation for this unseemly early rising, "bed-time" was put down in the "Laws" at ten o'clock, and after half-past ten in the evening no student was allowed to leave his room. This, of course, antedates the existence of "germans," fashionable frivolity being then in its infancy. Had Booth, Miss Morris, Colonel Sellers, the "Two Orphans," or Theodore Thomas made their appeals for public favor at that time, we fear great temptation would have been offered the student to break that law which placed the theater or any similar amusement without the pale of recognition, and forbade attendance at "any festive entertainment in the city of Hartford or its vicinity."

This last prohibition must gradually have declined in popular favor, until at length it grew to be a mere letter, for not only was the college represented at the theater and at concerts in the city, but there are records of entertainments given by the students themselves, and in which they took an active interest.

To give a sketch of the social life of the



BISHOP SEABURY'S MITER.

college at this time, we must turn to the flourishing days of the "Athenæum," a literary society, founded with a view to culture in extemporaneous debate and composition,

and holding its meetings every Saturday morning. The establishment of a second literary society, with similar aims, known as the "Parthenon," served to create a wholesome rivalry between the two, and in time led to public exhibitions, the first being given by the former organization in 1827, and consisting of poems, orations, debates, and the production of an original play. These exhibitions, given alternately each year by the literary societies, were well sustained, and well attended, and were regarded as one of the events of the college year. Another source of recreation was Junior Exhibition, to which considerable attention was turned, it being popular for many years. During its latter days, however, the solemnity of the occasion was somewhat marred by the circulation among the audience of "mock programmes;" but as the publication of these—frequently witty bills—was a penal offense, a keen zest was imparted to the undertaking, which was greatly enjoyed by the Sophomores, at whose hands the scheme was carried out. As a general thing, the interest in literary societies, established in our colleges, is at the present time in strong contrast to that of twenty or thirty years ago; then they were in their prime, now they are on the decline, if not already passed into memory. One theory for this lack of interest is, that the literary inclinations of the undergraduates of to-day are more toward theme-writing and composition than debate and declamation; and opportunities for culture and improvement in both these branches are now frequently afforded in the curriculum, where, years ago, they failed to gain strong recognition as important features of a complete education. The publication of college papers and periodicals has also had an effect upon the literary associations, and has, to a great extent, attracted the pen of the student in another direction, and given him a more pleasing, if not a wider, field for his efforts.

As an offset to the severe mental strain induced by the duties of the literary societies, and to guard against a too great cultivation of the brain to the exclusion of the body, the organization among the students of the "Washington College Archers" undoubtedly owed its existence, a company which indulged in parades during the summer term, and exercised their skill with the bow and arrow. The "Archers" flourished as early as 1834, and during that year the late Gov. T. H. Seymour, then a resident of Hartford, instructed them occasionally

in fancy movements. The monotony of parades upon the Campus was varied by excursions to neighboring towns, Springfield, then reached by means of the "half pony power" boats (immortalized by Dickens), which ran back and forth on the Connecticut River, being a favorite resort, where the company marched to the U. S. Armory, and were hospitably entertained by the commander of the post. The chief object of the "Archers," besides the attainment of military glory in general, was to attract the attention of the fair sex in particular, and as there are no records extant to prove the contrary, we may infer, with a very tolerable degree of accuracy, that they succeeded admirably, when we consider the striking effect which must have been produced by the uniform, which consisted of green frocks and white trousers, green turbans with black plumes, black belts, long bows of lance-wood, and black quivers filled with arrows, the officers of the company carrying swords in place of the bow and arrow, and having their turbans decorated with white plumes.

Among the customs at Trinity College, and, if space would permit, a chapter might be written on this theme, may be mentioned the "Burning of Conic Sections," a midnight ceremony by the Sophomore class, which, like Junior Exhibition, and many of those entertainments dating back to the pristine days of the institution, has been gently pushed into the background by affairs of recent popularity. The celebration of Washington's Birthday claims the attention of the students, and the occasion is marked by appropriate exercises in the cabinet, and by an illumination of the buildings, the custom having been in vogue for twenty years or more; but the gala day of the term is Class Day, a day particularly enjoyed by the undergraduates, and of as much importance in the estimation of the student as Commencement is to alumni. The attractions are as varied as they are pleasant, and at the usual exercises on the Campus none are more worthy of note than the "Presentation of the Lemon-Squeezer," and the "Presentation to Professor Jim," both being ceremonies peculiar to the college, and as novel as they are distinctive. The subject of the first presentation is familiar to the average person, that is in its ordinary form; but as the "Lemon-Squeezer" of Class Day fame is something not met with in every-day life, a word of description is pertinent. It is a plain piece of mechanism, devoid of much

ornamentation, boasting no pretentious design. It is revered and prized, not so much for its intrinsic value as for the memories which cluster around it, and are, upon auspicious occasions, squeezed out of it! The material used in its construction is chiefly pine board, relieved at its further extremity by two hinges of brass, added more for practical use than for external embellishment. Upon its face are various

negro janitor, who has been connected with the college for the past fifty years, and whose reception speech as he holds the purse in his hand and discourses to the assembled guests, is as entertaining in its flights of rhetoric, and as laughable in its personalities, as one would wish to hear on a warm June afternoon. No sketch of Trinity College, however elaborate, would be complete without an allusion to "Pro-



TRINITY COLLEGE IN 1869.

dates of presentations, together with the mottoes of the classes who have been its fortunate recipients; upon its reverse side TRINITY is lettered in green and white, the college colors, with '57 below, this being the date of the establishment of the custom. The popularity of a class in college became the *sine qua non* to obtain the "Lemon-Squeezer," and, as a general thing, fitness depended upon a long list of "adventures." However that may be, the receiving class was compelled to keep watch and ward over the relic, to immure it within bank vaults, and take the utmost precaution lest it should be wrested from them. It is customary for each class to append a lemon to the "Squeezer," and also to add their "color" to the bunch of ribbons which flaunt themselves at its further extremity. Previous to its appearance on Class Day, the "Squeezer" is exhibited to the class for whom it is intended, and the exhibition is one in which the old relic is made to perform a part, one of the lemons flavoring the punch drunk upon the occasion being squeezed over it by every member of the receiving class.

Without the "Presentation to Professor Jim," Class Day would be dull indeed. The ceremony generally consists of a purse of money, given by the Senior class to the old

fessor Jim," his departments being principally "dust and ashes," and the care of the college bell. Although age has crept upon him, and he has been exempted from active duties by the authorities, still he never fails to appear on Class Day, and is on hand at Commencement, and invariably flies round at turkey time with a Thanksgiving subscription paper. The life of "Professor Jim" has been written by a recent graduate and published in book form, and is to be found in the public libraries at Boston and New York, in company with the biographies of other distinguished men. The precise date of his birth is obscured in a slight maze of doubt; but, as he remembers to have heard the bell-tolling and the cannon-firing when the news of Washington's death spread through the land, it is conjectured that he was born somewhere about 1790; his father was a freedman and his mother a slave belonging to a retired Revolutionary officer, Colonel Robert by name, who lived at Yonkers, New York, and Jim's early years were spent there and in New York city, when Pearl street, Broadway, and Greenwich street were the principal thoroughfares. Aaron Burr was an intimate friend of Jim's master, and, after his duel with Hamilton, Burr repaired to Colonel Robert's house, where a room was always in readiness against his arrival; this

statement, verified as it is by the great-grandson of Colonel Robert, clears up an historical doubt as to the whereabouts of Burr after the duel, historians contenting themselves with the announcement that he remained for eleven days in New York city at his home called Richmond Hill. "Professor Jim," or, to give his own name, James Williams, in course of time followed the sea, and, after a number of voyages to foreign lands with attendant dangers, we find him figuring in the war of 1812, as a gunner on board the "Hornet" during her famous engagement with the "Peacock." This experience is, to the mind of the venerable old man, an ever-pleasant theme to dwell upon, and he recounts the story of his adventures with much gusto. Later he experienced hardships on board a pirate vessel, and, finally leaving maritime life, he took up his abode in Hartford, Connecticut. When, in 1821, Bishop Brownell (afterward first President of Trinity College) came with his family to this city, Jim was installed as



"PROFESSOR JIM," FOR HALF A CENTURY JANITOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

a servant in the household, and two years later, upon the establishment of the college, he became its first janitor. Until within a short time, he has remained at his post, and when, by reason of his old age, the duties became too burdensome, he was pensioned

off by the college, and now lives in the enjoyment of a green old age, singular as it may appear, at his "neat suburban retreat" in the vicinity of the institution over whose interests he has watched for half a century, and within hearing of that



THE LEMON-SQUEEZER.

bell, which, rung by his faithful hands, has tolled alike the parting death-knell and sounded the summons to prayers and recitation.

Perhaps there is no object about college so much despised, and scorned, and maltreated as the bell, and yet this was Professor Jim's particular pet. He cared for it and tended it day after day, and the students had an eye and a hand on it night after night, but the old "Professor" was equal to any emergency. The coils of ropes and the reserve of hand-bells bore witness to his determination to do his duty in spite of adverse, and, at times, disastrous circumstances.

To illustrate some of the peculiarities of Jim's Class Day eloquence, we append a few quotations from speeches which have been preserved: "Gentlemen, you has been very kind to me, an' our communion has been sweet together, but we've got to take our departur'! What will become of you, de Lord knows. Some may go to de sandy shores of Arabia, some on you to de tropical wilds of Africa—it's your own fault if you ain't fitted to travel to any part o' de State!"

Upon one occasion, referring to a son of one of the Professors, Jim delivered the following eulogy: "There sits a young man whose father entered college and graduated with honor and dignity to his parents, and allers instructed him in his duty."

Jim was a founder of the African Zion Methodist Church in Hartford, and his Methodist fervor of exhortation would frequently tinge his Class Day speeches, as can be imagined from the quotation subjoined: "Where'er you go, may de Lord bless yer.

You know I always had an interest in your salvation. Remember, gentlemen, you are now in de flower of your youth. You are advancing, but I am devancing! You're soon going to leave dis college, dis splendid canvas! don't neglect to make acquaintance wid de Supreme Being. O, my beloved friends, who has been instructed in de class in de canopy of Heaven, or on de shores of Trinity College!"

The poor old janitor is in reality "devancing," but his genial manners have not left him, and he still has a kindly word for everybody.

The first Commencement of the college was held on the 2d of August, 1827, the seeming disparity of years in the course being accounted for by the fact that the members of the graduating class entered at advanced standing.

After the erection of Christ Church by the oldest Episcopal society in Hartford, the Commencement exercises were held there down to a comparatively recent date, a large stage being built about the pulpit and above the altar, for the accommodation of the Faculty, college dignitaries, and the speakers; the galleries of the church, being the best position from which to see and to be seen, were crowded to their utmost capacity, and

"The round, laughing face of the beautiful girl"

lighted up the dim old cloisters, and doubtless spoke approval of the efforts of the aspirants for academic honors. Among the men who received their Bachelor's degree in Christ Church were two who, during their collegiate life, were closely associated, both as room-mates and class-mates, and in after years, separated by the tenets of their respective faiths, attained great eminence in the Episcopal and in the Roman Catholic Churches. We refer to Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., present Bishop of Connecticut, and Archbishop J. R. Bayley, of New Jersey. In connection with the subject of Commencement, we have to recall a custom which, pleasing and thoughtful in its nature, had also about it a touch of pathos. After the retirement of the first President, Bishop Brownell, from his duties as head of the college, and when the infirmities of age prevented him from leaving his home, the Commencement procession, on its way to the church, marched through the street on which he lived, and, pausing in front of his residence, tarried while the

band played "Auld Lang Syne," in token of the kindly remembrance in which the founder of the college was gratefully held; and then, reverently saluting the venerable prelate and his family, passed on to the



PRESIDENT PYNCHON.

more important duties which awaited them.

Another custom of the day is not uninteresting, and is deserving of note—the occupation by the President, during the exercises, of a quaint old chair, primitive in design, dark with age, and, we might add, somewhat uncomfortable to sit in. The chair was originally the property of the famous Bishop Berkeley, who nearly one hundred and fifty years ago lived at Newport, R. I., and, upon changing his place of residence, left his farm and also his books to Yale College, many of his personal effects being given to particular friends; by which distribution the chair passed into the hands of Joseph Wanton, Governor of Rhode Island, whose daughter married a grandson of Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, a Whig, who in 1781 was burned out by Benedict Arnold. In this extremity, having applied to Governor Wanton for aid, he was the recipient, among other things, of this chair, which through a successive generation was presented to Trinity. It is becoming more and more historical, and the fact that it was the study chair in which Bishop Berkeley composed, while at Newport, the celebrated "Minute Philosopher," adds to its value as a relic.

The war record of Trinity College is a

noble one. Weakened as her academic ranks were by the departure of brave men, she was strong in the belief that the country called them, and, true to her motto, "*Pro Ecclesia et Patria*," she sent forth her sons, knowing that in doing their duty by their country's flag they would likewise honor her. In proportion to the number of students then in college, the quota furnished was a large one, and death smote heavily the brave band. Many died from the hardships and the exposures of camp life, and one, the leader of his class, was a victim to a living death at Andersonville. Of those who during their service in the field rose to the rank which their bravery justly accorded them, we cannot forbear to mention Stedman, who fell before Petersburg, and, while acting Brigadier-General in that terrible campaign, had been recommended for that rank by all his superior officers. As if to mock all earthly honor, his brevet as Brigadier came only after he had received his mortal wound.

Trinity is a boating college, and has the honor to have been one of the four colleges that assisted in the establishment of the College Union Regatta at Worcester in 1858, the projectors of the scheme being Harvard, Yale, Brown University, and Trinity. The Connecticut River at Hartford affording great facilities for practice, and being, comparatively speaking, easy of access, the college has good advantages, which of late years have been improved, there being now more interest evinced in boating matters than formerly. Particularly has this interest manifested itself since regatta laurels have been won by what are denominated "smaller colleges." In 1873 Trinity was entered in the intercollegiate race at Springfield, and in the year following she pulled an oar at Saratoga, the death of one of her crew while training preventing her appearance on Saratoga Lake in 1875. This element of student life, being now firmly established at Trinity, is considered one of the institutions of the college, and a membership of the Boat Club is accounted a privilege as well as an honor.

In the neighborhood of the college the haunts familiar to the earlier graduates have all been removed; among them one in particular, to which allusion was made in a number of "*The Knickerbocker Magazine*," "the old brown house in the outskirts of the village, venerable with years; a poor affair, yet rich in associations." This was the rendezvous of those college wits, as gentle-

manly as they were jovial, who composed the Corax Club, a fictitious name for a secret society, which to-day is the oldest local college fraternity in the country. In after years, the house being untenanted, the owner contemplated pulling it down, for, "in his eyes," the writer brilliantly remarks, "the old brown house, like the barren fig-tree, cumbered the ground, and the old garden cucumbered it!" The view from the Campus cityward is now a beautiful one, and, as the author of "*My Farm at Edge-wood*" says, "what was once a wilderness has been converted into a blooming garden." This refers to the city park, which, with its unequaled lawns, is a most picturesque and beautiful spot. The college grounds are separated from the park only by a slight wire fence.

Recently many and marked have been the alterations, and to-day, under the rule of State authority, all vestiges of what was once the ample Campus of Trinity College are being fast removed; the "long walk," the college grove, the "oratorical rock," the class ivies planted beneath the college walls, are destined to disappear amid the changes which are to come. Already a portion of one hall has been torn down, and all the others will share the same fate before another year is past. But beyond all this seeming sacrilege and uprooting of memories and associations, which, stronger than the ivies upon the wall, cling to everything pertaining to Alma Mater, comes the almost compensating thought of the brilliant future open to Trinity College in the new home of her academic life.

At this point in our sketch, leaving the history of the college, having marked its growth in the past, we come to a description of what it is to-day, and of what with its increased facilities it promises to be in the future. The old Campus and the college buildings were sold to the city of Hartford in February, 1872, the college reserving the right of occupancy for five years. The grounds were purchased as a site for the new State House, the long mooted question of the State Capitol having been settled in favor of Hartford, and upon this beautiful location the public building is now in process of erection. Early in the following year the Trustees of Trinity College negotiated for the purchase of a tract of land eighty acres in extent, whereon to put up the new buildings, and in the summer Dr. Jackson, the President, went abroad and spent considerable time in visiting English univer-

sities, and consulting architects. Previous to his return he laid the scheme for the new Trinity College before Mr. William Burges, a professional gentleman of eminence in London, from whom water-color sketches and plans were obtained, and, with these as a nucleus, the subject was with advantage presented to the Trustees for their consideration. As it met with the approval and sanction of that body, it was deemed important to advance the work as quickly as possible. With a view to this end an architect was sent to London to prepare working drawings required for the execution of the plans. To the instrumentality and indefatigable attention of Dr. Jackson, much of the success which may attend the carrying out the project now afoot will be justly due. At first seriously opposed to the sale of the property on which since its foundation the college had stood, when convinced that it would advance the interests of the institution, he applied himself earnestly to the accomplishment of the measure. But it was not destined that he, who had taken such a deep interest in everything pertaining to the erection of the new buildings, should live to see the fulfillment of his favorite plan. In April, 1874, the college was called upon to mourn the death of President Jackson. A determined and energetic man, with great breadth of intellect and liberal culture, he was eminently fitted to occupy the position he had filled with marked ability; sincere and with manners most affable and winning, through him the college became more identified with Hartford, and was at the same time making itself favorably felt among similar institutions, with whose members the President cultivated the most friendly relations. Being an alumnus of Trinity, and afterward having filled the Professorship of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, he was bound to the college by peculiarly strong ties. He brought with him an experience of nine years as President of Hobart College, and was a man whose executive ability, aided by his many admirable qualities of head and heart, won for him the respect and trust of both the Faculty and undergraduates. During the fall of 1874, the vacancy in the Presidency was filled by the election of Rev. Dr. T. R. Pynchon, Professor of Chemistry, and a graduate of the college in the class of 1841. Under his direction as Chairman of the Building Committee, and with a zeal most hearty, the new building project is being carried out. On Commencement Day of last year, ground

at the new site was broken with impressive ceremonies.

The site selected for the erection of the new buildings is one scarcely without a rival in its natural advantages and picturesque location. About a mile distant from the old Campus, it lies upon the summit of what is known as Rocky Hill, a high ridge running south from the city, with a slope on either side, down across rich meadows and fertile fields, and then up with most gradual and pleasing ascent to far horizons "luminous with dawns, or soft with purple twilight." It will form the center of a landscape, as beautiful as any for which the far-famed Connecticut Valley is justly celebrated. With this eligible spot, upon which to rear their buildings, the Trustees of Trinity College take advantage of the opportunity offered, to make a new departure in this country in college architecture, introducing for the first time that most effective plan of quadrangles, commonly adopted at the English universities. Some steps have been taken at other colleges toward the ultimate completion of quadrangles, but with this difference, as compared with the work at Trinity: In the former instance, when the plans are matured, the quadrangles will be bounded on their various sides by structures erected without the idea of future harmony throughout the entire pile, and widely differing from each other in their external design, presenting an aggregation of plans and a collection of various styles. The plan for the new college buildings at Hartford will, when completed, express a unity in arrangement and detail, while the structures, distinct in themselves, will be homogeneous and symmetrical parts of a single design. The quadrangles will be three in number, a "great quad" in the center with one on either side to the north and south, the entire frontage being over thirteen hundred feet, the buildings lengthwise in the design being chiefly Dormitory and Lecture-Room blocks with connecting gate-ways, the cross lines containing, in the first section, the Library and the Museum, and, in the second, the Chapel and the Dining-Hall, with intervening tower. The north line of buildings will be composed of the Theater (for Commencement and other exercises) and the Observatory, in the angle tower connecting the block on the west; the southernmost line will be formed by the President's house, and a block containing residences for the Professors.

The college is designed in early French Gothic, a style devoid of excessive orna-

mentation, and depending for its effect upon simplicity and boldness of detail, and the harmonious grouping of windows and other prominent features. The disposition of broad masses of stone is a characteristic, as well as the very pleasing introduction of objective points of emblematic sculpture. A color contrast in the material of the buildings is obtained by the use of brown-stone—



PROPOSED CHIMNEY-PIECE IN DINING-HALL.

cut with a rock face—for the ashlar, which is lighted up by the sandstone from Ohio, used for string courses, and for work about the doors and windows, and introduced with good taste in nearly every interior. In carrying out an extensive scheme like that undertaken by Trinity College, it is seldom, if ever, that the original projectors live to see its fulfillment. This fact was sadly exemplified by the death of the late Dr. Jackson; but his were noble words, when, in answer to a doubt expressed as to the accomplishment of everything laid down, he said: "I shall do all I can, while God gives me life, and then leave the rest to others."

The erection of those buildings of most immediate importance was long ago begun, and the blocks forming the west line of the central quadrangle have been commenced under the superintendence of Mr. F. H. Kimball, a resident architect. These blocks

are for lecture-rooms and dormitories, and between them stands one of the main gateways. They are each 286 feet long by 35 feet wide, and have their otherwise monotonous sky-line well broken by the roofs of the central portion of the block, which, carried up four stories high, affords on its upper floors additional accommodations for students, the lower stories being occupied by apartments most excellently arranged for Junior Professors, and holding out strong inducements to those gentlemen to cling to their bachelorhood. The plan and the accessories of the Dormitory block are deserving of particular mention in detail, not only from an architectural point of view, but from the plain, practical, common sense which they exhibit. Each wing, 119 feet long, is virtually divided into three distinct sections or "stair-cases" by party walls, which are carried from the foundation up through the roof and coped with stone. The advantage of this arrangement, in case of fire, is unquestioned. The wings have each three entrance-doors, opening into halls eight feet wide, and all the entrances are from the east, and, consequently, from the quadrangle. Over the doors light stone will be left in the rough to receive sculptured heads of noted poets, philosophers, and statesmen.

The ground or principal floor contains a suite of apartments (for the occupancy of two students) on either side of each principal hall-way, and, in the arrangement of these rooms, great attention has been paid to light and ventilation. The "Study" looks out upon the quadrangle, and is provided with windows of ample size fitted with a swinging iron sash, something of a novelty in its way, and manufactured from a design much used abroad. The seats with which the deeply recessed windows are provided will, when fitted up with cushions, add much to the interior effect, as well as to the comfort of the room. The Study is 15x16 feet and of proportionate height; two bedrooms are connected with it in the rear, and the suite thus occupying the entire width of the building, a circulation of air through the rooms can be had at all times. Ample closets, both for clothes and for fuel, are provided, and in each study is an open fireplace, with mantel of Ohio stone. Above the ground floor are two other floors with rooms similarly planned; the second being lighted by dormer windows of stone, very effective in design. Water is brought into each floor, and on the main landings, in the halls, a

sink is located, having next it a dust shaft, a very convenient arrangement, extensively used in hospitals and other large public buildings. This shaft, for the disposal of refuse, runs down to the basement, by means of which everything passing into it can readily be removed. The hall-ways will be wainscoted throughout and finished in ash, this wood being also used for the finish of the rooms, except the entrance doors, which are of oak. The most ample preparations for bathing have been made in this block, the bath-rooms being located in the basement and easy of access. The wings of the building are alike. The central portion, of increased height, with its gabled roofs and symmetrically grouped windows, and its ornate dressing of stone, forms a marked feature in the design.

The gate-way between the block just mentioned and the one to the south will be the middle point of the entire line of buildings, and its foundations are already laid. It will be marked by four corner towers, and will contain an entrance-way for carriages, with smaller ones on either side for pedestrians. The several stories above are admirably planned for students' apartments, and will furnish some of the finest rooms in the whole range of buildings. Underneath the gate-way it is proposed to locate at a proper level the steam-heating apparatus.

Both in internal arrangement and external design the Lecture-Room block, is eminently well adapted to the purposes of its future use, which are to provide the college with a philosophical apartment, a laboratory, lecture and recitation rooms. The wings of the buildings are two stories in height, the ground floor being over sixteen feet high, and the one above, showing the open truss-work of the roof, twenty-one feet high. The basement will be extensively utilized for apparatus and working-rooms connected with the Laboratory, and in one of the wings the Library and Cabinet will be temporarily located, occupying the basement and ground floors. The design of this block, while in keeping with those adjoining, presents externally a different treatment, demanded by the requirements of the structure. The façades are pierced by pointed windows of effective composition, embodying in their design ample facilities for the admission of light (sometimes of the utmost importance) in great abundance to recitation-rooms and other apartments. To avoid any danger which might arise from dampness in the basement, recourse was had to an expedient

successfully tried abroad, and the foundation walls were covered with a "damp course" before the superstructure was commenced. All the main entrances to the block are from the quadrangle; its halls are wide, and stair-cases of easy ascent, and good solid oak is to be used with great effect in much of the wood-work. One pleasing feature, which we are happy to notice in the design of both buildings, is the extensive use of the English ridge tile in place of the more common iron cresting. It is imported from London, where it is in high favor with the leading architects, and, when set in place, forms a crowning effect, picturesque, and at the same time substantial, and it is to be hoped that the day is not distant which will number among the manufactures in America this useful and inexpensive ornamentation.

The Dining-Hall and the Chapel will probably be built in succession, both noble structures, and with the intervening tower, which rises to an altitude of two hundred and forty feet, they will form one of the most beautiful lines of buildings in the whole pile. In a limited space, it is scarcely possible to describe these structures as they should be, or to do them that justice which their beauty of design justly warrants, and, while our description is necessarily general, we will particularize a few of the more conspicuous features worthy of mention. The Chapel is entered through the arch-way of the tower (which has a finely groined ceiling in stone), by means of two door-ways, whose heads are ornamented with sculpture in bas-relief, illustrative of scenes in the life of the



BISHOP BERKELEY'S CHAIR. (SEE PAGE 609.)

Saviour. The Ante-Chapel, in which memorial tablets will be erected, is divided from the Chapel proper by a superb oaken screen. The seats will be arranged facing the aisle

of the nave, and behind them, at a slight elevation, will be the stalls for college officers and other dignitaries. The Sacramentum at the eastern end of the building is elevated to a height equal to that of the stalls, and the altar is reached by seven steps from the floor of the nave, the general effect of the Chapel being not unlike that of those at Oxford University. The ceiling will be groined, and at some future time will be enriched with paintings of Scriptural subjects, and the walls of the Chapel will be treated with polychromatic decoration. Around three sides of the building, and at the level of the window-sills, is an ambulatory, by the introduction of which the appearance of a double wall is produced. The Chapel is 45 feet wide and 145 feet long, and will, when completed, be without an equal at any of our American colleges.

To descend from spiritual to temporal things, we beg indulgence for a word regarding the Dining-Hall, an imposing building of ample proportions, rich in detail. At its eastern extremity is a dais extending the entire width of the hall, which is here increased by bay windows on either side, and at the opposite end is a "Minstrel Gallery," arranged in accordance with the long-time custom of having music during the progress of the banquet. In coming years the Hall will doubtless be the scene of social gatherings where music and dancing are prominent features.

The entrance to the building is from the great quadrangle on the south. The Hall is wainscoted in oak, and has a beautifully constructed open truss roof, and is amply lighted by windows on the sides and by an ornamental rose window at the western end. The kitchen, store-rooms, etc., are located beneath the main floor.

Mr. Burges is especially felicitous in his introduction of symbolic sculpture, and perhaps nowhere is this more noticeable than in the Dining-Hall, at one side of which is to be built an ornate chimney-piece of light stone. It bears upon its face intricately carved foliated work, in the midst of which human figures, armed and equipped, are represented as defending the hearth-stone from the attacks of intruders. In the center is a raised shield for the coat-of-arms of the college, and above, in bold relief, are three angels, and on either side, sitting and kneeling figures. The story told in stone is that of the entertainment of the angels by Abraham and Sarah.

The Library, as stated above, will, for the

present, be located in the Lecture-Room block, and likewise the Cabinet, until the buildings planned for them are erected.

The President's residence is palatial in its appointments, and from the windows of the reception and drawing-rooms a very extensive and beautiful view is obtained. The houses of the Professors in the same line of buildings are planned with great skill, and in their internal arrangement evince careful study and forethought. Rooms for the Bishop, the Chancellor of the college, are provided in the angle tower of the same block. The most conspicuous feature of the north quadrangle block is the hall for public exercises, denominated the Theater; but as the immediate wants do not call for its erection at present, it will be an after consideration. As the increased accommodations are needed, the blocks forming the eastern line of the quadrangles will be erected, and thus the design will be completed.

For the proper presentation of good architecture, much depends upon its adjuncts and surroundings, and no mean effect is due to the sister art, landscape architecture. That nothing should be wanting in this respect, the laying out of the Campus has been intrusted to Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, a native of Hartford, of whose skill and taste the Central Park, New York, will be a perpetual monument. It is proposed to place the statue of Bishop Brownell upon the terrace in front of the new buildings, and at a point midway in the entire line. This statue is of bronze, ten feet high, and represents the prelate in the act of pronouncing the benediction. It was modeled by Powers in Rome, and was cast in Munich, and presented to the college by a son-in-law of the late Bishop. The statue was unveiled on the old Campus with appropriate ceremonies in 1869. It stands upon a pedestal fifteen feet high, and will form a conspicuous and fitting feature in the landscape. The main approaches to the college will connect with a boulevard one hundred feet wide extending along the front, and the principal entrance to the buildings will be at the gate-way of the great quadrangle on the east, a corresponding gate-way opposite serving as the main exit, beyond which an esplanade, effectively treated with a terrace, will be thrown out to a distance of a hundred feet. The ample tract of land set apart for the Campus will afford unusual facilities for the exercise of artistic taste and good judgment in the distribution of lawns, groves, walks, and other ornamental features

of a park. Hartford itself offers many social attractions to the student, and has been in times past, and is to-day, conspicuous for the hospitality shown by its citizens to undergraduates at college.

In concluding this sketch of Trinity College, we would briefly say, that the aim of the institution is to furnish its students a complete education, and to prepare them for a truly educated manhood.

The course of instruction, based upon the classics, mathematics, and natural science, is capable of expansion to meet the requirements of the progress of the present age, while the departments of modern languages and mental and moral philosophy, and notably that of English literature, afford ample opportunities for the study of their special branches; the curriculum, being arranged in accordance with the plan adopted by the older colleges in the country, also gives instruction in particular studies to those students desiring to take a partial course. But the training of Trinity College is not an intellectual one merely; and the institution, recognizing that there is something above the intellect—something, in reference to which, as a superior part of our being, the intellect should be cultivated—pays attention to the moral well-being of those who enter her halls; and, while alive to the fact that too much supervision and too much restraint will fail in the accomplishment of the desired result, still

aims, as a late President wisely remarked, "to exercise as much watchfulness, as much control, as is necessary, and nothing more, to form a character which will stand when the scaffolds are removed." While upon the bench and at the bar, and in places of trust and influence, in active business life as well as in the halls of legislation, and at posts of honor in their country's service, graduates of Trinity are found, the Church under whose care and guidance she has been nurtured has called from her alumni ranks many brave soldiers of the Cross to do battle in the cause of truth and religion, both at home and abroad. To fill the highest office which she can bestow, the Church has summoned others, able men, who, as Bishops, are now laboring steadfastly for the promotion and extension of the Gospel and for the best interests of their Alma Mater.

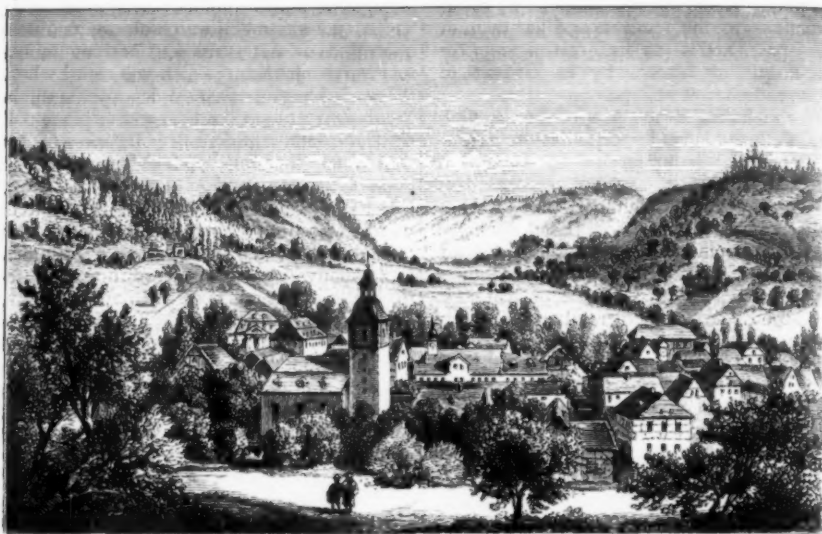


SEAL OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE CHILD-GARDEN.

THERE stood in a company of Pestalozzian teachers at Frankfort one evening, about the beginning of this century, a young architect who had been tossed about in life a good deal, and who had not yet found his mission. He had thought deeply on educational subjects, because it was in his nature to think deeply on any subject in hand, and because it was his own bitter misfortune to have been badly educated. A motherless child, neglected by his father (who was a busy clergyman), and closely shut up within a garden, his earliest years had been years of unsatisfied longing, and some persecution. His education had been of the most desultory sort.

Like many other gifted children, he had not succeeded in shining among the little poll-parrots, who recited glibly, then as now, the rote-learned lessons which they did not understand. He was regarded as too stupid to become a scholar. He had been sent apprentice to a forester, had read widely, had made his way into the University, and had failed there for want of money. Now he had come into a small inheritance, and was going to make an architect of himself. Among those teachers who had been pupils of Pestalozzi,—that grand old Swiss enthusiast,—he heard eager discussions of methods of education. At last he found himself



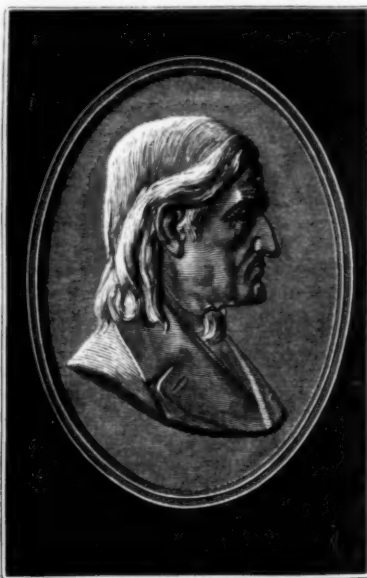
KEILHAU, THE SCENE OF FROEBEL'S EARLIER LABORS.

among those who, like himself, had reasoned upon the subject. When each had given his views, the young architect began to speak, and out of his solitary thinking upon his own hard experience, he brought forth ideas, so fresh, so original, and so just, that the Pestalozzians were startled to find in the stranger of another profession a master in their own. As he proceeded, the host—one Gruener, a school principal—smote him on the shoulder, crying out in his enthusiasm: "Froebel, you are meant for nothing else than to be a teacher. Will you take a place in my school?"

And the young man gave up his plans of becoming a builder of churches and mansions. He became a teacher of little children, to whom he showed the art of building houses of blocks. For this young man, who was thus swept into the line of his destiny by a chance conversation,—if there be any such thing as chance in the life of a true man,—was Friedrich Froebel, the founder of the Kindergarten, the most profound student of the science of childhood, and the greatest master of the art of teaching which this century, or perhaps any century, has seen. His fame has spread but slowly, for the world has not yet learned that the chief work of education is at the foundation. Yet, by a steady progress, the Froebellian principles and methods are coming to pervade Germany, France, and the United States, and

they have already taken root deeply in England and Italy.

Froebel had been, like many another ear-



FROEBEL.

nest man, hesitant and undecided. But, from the hour in which he began to teach,

there was no longer the shadow of a doubt in his mind. He had found his mission. "I am a bird in the air, a fish in the sea,"



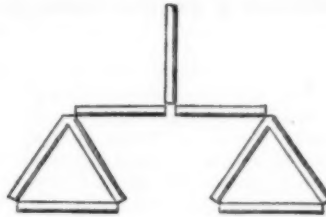
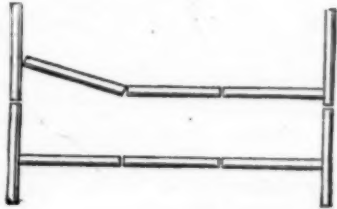
BLOCK-BUILDING: A SOFA AND A BENCH.

he writes to his favorite brother. Nevertheless, he soon grew ambitious to learn more of his profession. He went for two weeks to Yverdun to witness the methods of the grand old master, Pestalozzi, who was then beginning his third futile experiment in founding a school. Froebel accepted a place as a private teacher, and, already having in his mind the germs of that method which did not come to maturity until a quarter of a century later, he mingled play-architecture and gardening with his teaching. But he soon gave up teaching, to put himself once more under the training of the old master at Yverdun. Clearly as he appreciated the defects and incompleteness of Pestalozzianism, he had learned by this time that, no matter what a man's original genius may be, he must build on what has been done by those who have gone before. He stayed two years with Pestalozzi; thence he went to Berlin and Göttingen to study. He gave special attention to the teachings of Fichte and Schleiermacher. The abstruse speculations of the one, and the intellectual activity, mingled with pious aspirations, of the other, were well calculated to impress deeply a mind such as Froebel's. It was his purpose to ground his teaching upon the broad foundation of a thorough knowledge of human nature, and therefore upon the deepest and soundest philosophical basis. I doubt not, however, that it was Fichte who spoiled Froebel's literary style, and gave him the fashion of going down forty fathoms deep in abstract speculation to reach his generalizations. He is a singular paradox, this man Froebel, who knew better than any other that ever lived how to adapt himself to the understandings of little children, but who wrote out his educational theories in so cloudy and mystical a fashion, that his most ardent admirers prefer to take him, as most people do Swedenborg, at second hand. Happily, the Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow, his nephew, Karl Froebel, and other able disciples, have

expounded and popularized the theories which the master, ever intent on reaching the ultimate analysis of truth, had expressed too darkly for popular acceptance.

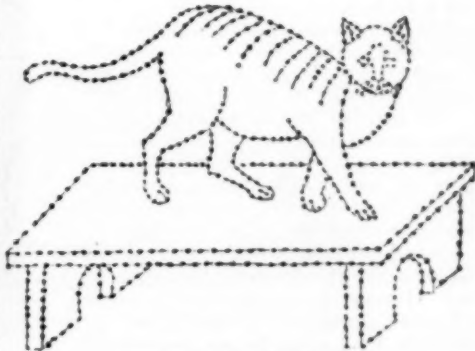
We next find Froebel bearing arms in that great German uprising of 1813 which delivered the Rhine from the French. But it was not exactly as a patriot, but as a pedagogue, that he went to war.

"I would be ashamed," he says, "to stand before my pupils and tell them that I did not go when I was wanted."



STICK-LAYING: A BEDSTEAD AND A PAIR OF SCALES.

Afterward he was an assistant in the Museum of Mineralogy, studying nature on its physical side. He was offered a Pro-

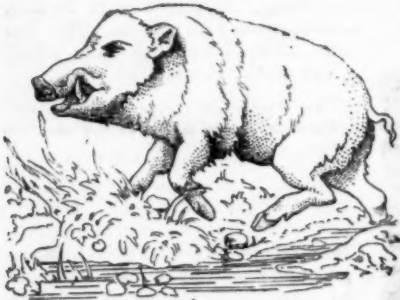


PERFORATION AND NEEDLE-WORK.

fessorship of Mineralogy, but at this moment came the death of his beloved elder brother, Christopher, and Friedrich Froebel, in a

noble and characteristic enthusiasm, cast all his scholarly pursuits aside and said :

"I must be a father to the orphans that Christopher left."



PERFORATION FOR ADVANCED PUPILS.

And so, with Christopher's children, and with the children of his brother Christian, he began the school at Keilhau.

Enthusiasm is the most contagious of diseases. Many members of the Froebel family, catching the spirit of Friedrich, taught with him. Christopher Froebel's widow and, later, Christopher's son Ferdinand, and Langethal and Middendorf, old army friends of Froebel's and relatives by marriage, and Barup, who also intermarried with the Froebels, fell to teaching also. Far and near these noble people were known as "the teaching family."

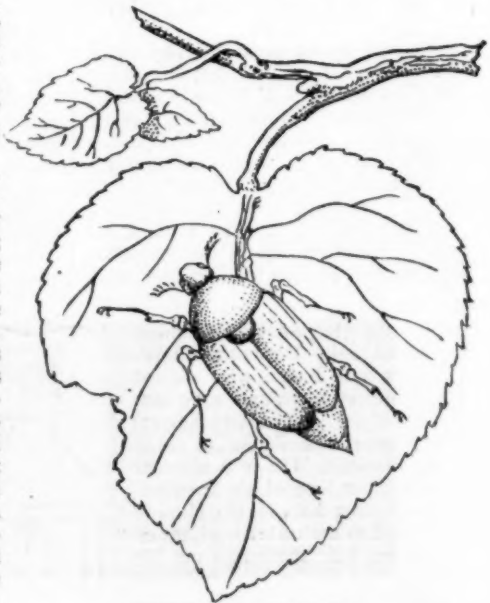
It was a characteristic of the Froebels that they made teaching a religion. They did not accumulate money in the time of the school's prosperity; they joyfully endured poverty in the periods of adversity and persecution which the liberal tendencies inevitable in good teaching brought upon them. Froebel mentions that in his journeys he had slept in the fields, with his portmanteau for pillow, and his umbrella for tent. After years of prosperity, the school at Keilhau suffered reverses, and had become almost extinct, and he had been thwarted in new attempts by the aristocracy in Germany, and the Jesuits in Switzerland. Froebel then started a school at Willisau, and the loving Barup came over from Keilhau, as he says, "with a threadbare coat, with ten thalers in my pocket, and riding the shoemaker's ponies."

Most of the life of Froebel was spent in

approaching the great work which he was set to perform. Pestalozzi did not begin to put his theories into practical experiment until he was fifty-four years of age, and Froebel was a year older when he brought forth his ripest fruit in the institution by which he is destined to be the benefactor of little children for all time to come. For, whatever may be the modifications which the experience and new discoveries of the future may produce, Froebel must ever be accounted the founder of true primary education, and he who builds hereafter must build upon his ground-work.

At fifty-five years of age Froebel saw the "Froebelites" very prosperous. The Keilhau school had recovered from its difficulties and was flourishing; Willisau was succeeding under Langethal, and the master now intrusted his orphan school at Burgdorf to his nephew Ferdinand. New ideas were fermenting within him. He said: "All the early years of the child's life run to waste. I will redeem them." The plan was the outgrowth of a life-time of profound study and practical experience.

He went to Berlin to look into that insti-



PERFORATION: COMPLEX FORMS.

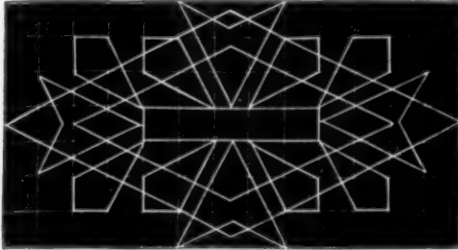
tution for very little children which the Germans, with characteristic prodigality of name, style the "Klein-kinder-bewahr-anstalten;"

that is to say, an institution for the care of little children. The French translate this great name by a monosyllable, and call the same institution a "Crèche"—in other words, a "Crib." By this name it is known where it has been introduced into England and

only invent the art of teaching after we have discovered the science of childhood."

Froebel wished to begin with the child in its mother's arms. He wrote "Mother's Cossetting Songs," little rhymes to be sung and accompanied with action. The idea was taken from such little child's plays as our own familiar

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man!
Bake me a cake as fast as you can!"



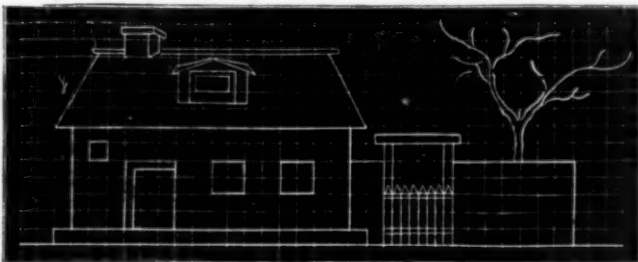
NET-DRAWING: SYMMETRIC FIGURE.

America, for our language never makes a name where it can borrow one. The Crèche is a place where the little children of working-women are received in the morning and cared for during the day. Froebel's idea was to make the amusements of children a source of discipline and instruction, systematized and based upon his own profound knowledge of child-nature.

I come now to the great difficulty which lies before every writer of a popular article on the Kindergarten. If I merely describe the Kindergarten from the outside, it seems but a congeries of plays and occupations admirably adapted to interest and amuse a child, but having little of serious benefit in them. If I attempt to enter into the philosophy of it, I fear the reader will think me abstruse. For every art of the institution which Friedrich Froebel founded and called

I hear you say: "What! inject instruction into the artless plays of a baby? What an outrage!" But does not a baby learn? Does he not learn to use his legs by kicking, his hands by grasping and clapping, his vocal organs by crying or crowing? When he is older he learns to walk, to observe, to name things. He is learning ceaselessly. Now, the outrage of a primary school is not that the child is not a-learning, but that he is put to learn things not suited to his years, and in ways that are in direct violation of the laws of his nature. Learn he must. One could inflict few punishments more grievous than to forbid a little child to learn. The question is, what shall he learn and how?

Trust him to nature? That means to leave him to chance. And if chance instruction, or the "teaching of nature," is so much better than wise guidance, why not make him a savage at once? If you show him the best road to his goal, why not show him the road when he is younger? The superstition that a child's mind should be neglected in its first learning, is a natural reaction from the rote-teaching of the primary school.



SLATE-PICTURE.

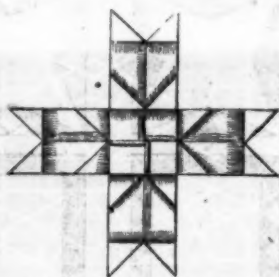
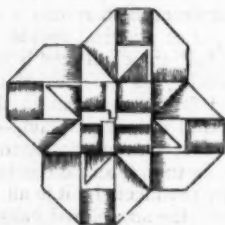
the "Child-Garden," was based upon principles deduced from the careful study of childhood. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Pestalozzi's maxim: "We shall

Froebel swept away, once for all, the use of books in teaching a child under seven years of age. The Kindergarten knows no alphabet but that of things. Letters and

words are abstractions, and infancy can only reach the abstract by progressive steps.

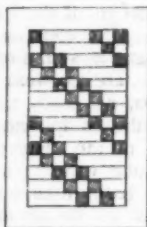
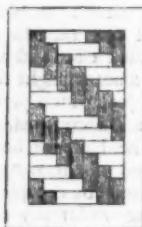
A little child, said Froebel, loves activity. From its earliest moments motion is pleasant to it. So, Froebel never exacted quiet, but

he is ready for school, strengthening his physical powers, training his senses, and employing his mind; and to make him thoughtfully acquainted with nature and man, to guide his heart and soul aright,



PAPER-INTERLACING.

demanding of the child what it is his joy to give, action. Pestalozzi gave object lessons, by which he taught the child through his instinct of curiosity. It was a great ad-



PAPER-WEAVING: SIMPLE FORMS.

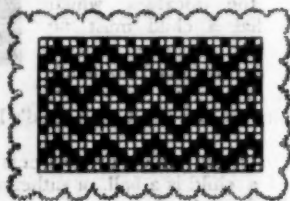
vance upon the teaching that had gone before. Froebel gave, not object lessons, but *action*, lessons in which the child not only *saw*, but produced. In this, he was a whole age in advance of Pestalozzi. In that vein of mingled philosophy and poetry so characteristic of him, Froebel says: "The world is sick of thinking, the only cure is doing." A child who is stupid enough in school is bright and active at his plays, full of mental as well as of physical energy. The school, by its false method, benumbs his powers and makes the bright boy a lazy dunce. "Let us try," says Froebel, "to have the child embody all its perceptions in actions; only thus can laziness and inertness be overcome from the beginning."

The Kindergarten is not a primary school. Froebel called the schools for little children "Hot-house-forcing-institutions." He describes the purposes of the Kindergarten to be to "take the oversight of the child before

leading to the Origin of all life and to union with Him."

His whole method founded itself upon the child's nature. A child is social, therefore he must have companions and not be left to the solitude of his home. He is active and fond of making—keep him busy, and help him to produce things. He loves the earth—give him a garden patch. He is an artist—give him music, imitative action, and other appropriate means of expression. He is curious—teach him to think and discover. He is religious—lead him to trust in God. On this last he said: "God-trust, rock-firm God-trust, has died out of the world. The Kindergarten shall bring it back so that the next generation of children shall be God's children."

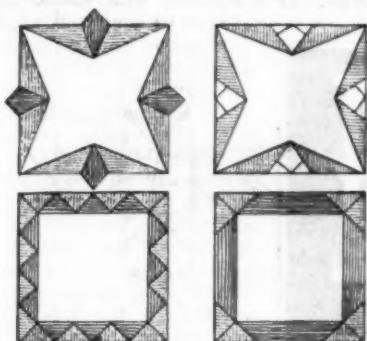
Here is work for a child, not against the grain, but with it; not in violation of God's law in the child's nature, but in loving obedience to it. Instead of punishing the lad who



PAPER-WEAVING.

makes pictures upon his slate, the loving Kindergarten master puts him to making pictures, and gently shows him how to produce with his fingers the pictures that float in his brains. Instead of rebuking his curiosity

and constructiveness, the Keilhau school-master yokes them to his purpose. Instead of checking the child's sweetest impulse—the impulse to play—he consecrates it. Jean



PAPER-FOLDING.

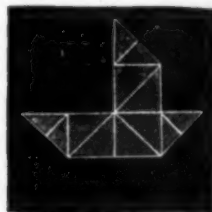
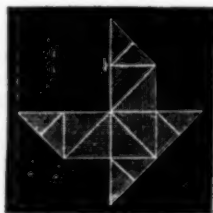
Paul has said: "Play is the child's first poetry." It was a wise and poetic saying of a poet. But Froebel was not a poet, but a schoolmaster and a philosopher. He went deeper, and said the supreme word about play when he called it "the first work of childhood." It is the child's chief business. Use play to serve the ends of education you may, but to do away with it is the unpardonable sin of the prevalent method of teaching.

It was not in theory alone, however, that Froebel advanced beyond his predecessors, but in the practical devices by which he realized his theory. I have spoken of the "Mother's Cossetting Songs"—songs accompanied by gestures. Let us come now to the entrance of the child into the Kindergarten at three years of age; for, since a child craves society, he must have fellows of his own age. Froebel rejected the idealism which insisted that a child must be taught only at home. Few mothers are qualified to teach children, few have the leisure, and no homes can satisfy the child's love of society.

The first "gift" which Froebel puts in the hands of a child is a ball, or rather six soft colored balls. A sphere is of uniform surface, without angles or anything else that can exact of the child the exercise of the faculty of distinguishing one from the other as applied to form. This simplicity is the true significance of the sphere in the child's education. I have no sympathy with the enthu-

siastic philosophizing of some of the ablest writers on the Kindergarten, who point out that the sphere is the fundamental form of nature in the cell and the final form in the worlds of the universe. Since the little child playing with colored balls does not and cannot know this, the fact goes for nothing in education, and the idealistic glamour which it throws over the Froebellian system is well calculated to prejudice practical people. In playing with his ball, the child readily considers it as a whole; its qualities of size, weight, color, and form, are taken in their simplicity. Besides, it is a plaything—he rolls, tosses, swings it; his imagination transforms it into living things, and the delightful mental activity produced by it is all but endless. And with the six colored balls, he learns to distinguish the primary and secondary colors.

After the ball, which is the A, B, C book of the Kindergarten, the child receives a sphere, a cylinder, and a cube made of wood. This is the second gift. He must now distinguish forms. "To complete the child's knowledge of the ball," says Miss Blow in language as clear as it is concise, "he must compare it with something else, and as his powers are too weak to discern slight divergences, he needs an object which presents to it the completest possible contrast. Instead of the unity of the ball, we have in the cube variety; instead of the simplicity of the ball, we have in the cube complexity; instead of the unvarying uniformity of the ball, we have in the cube an object which



PAPER-FOLDING.

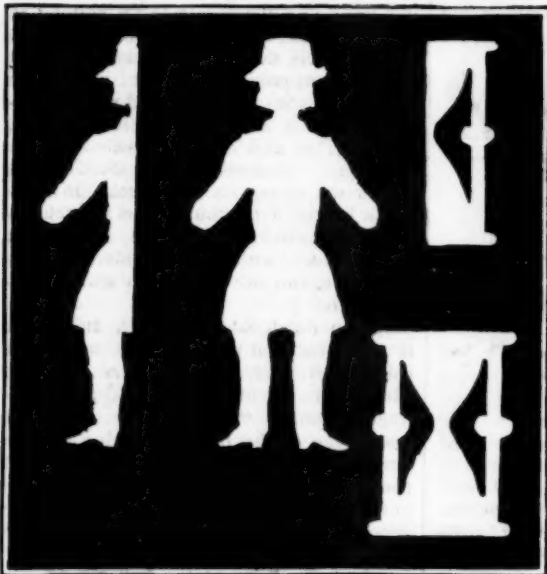
changes with every modification of position, and every acceleration of movement; instead of the ready movableness of the ball, we have in the cube an object which, as it were, embodies the tendency to repose." The cylinder, again, is the connecting link between the sphere and the cube. With it the pupil is exercised in making yet nicer distinctions, in seeing likenesses to both the companion objects, and in pointing out differences.

The third gift is a cube, divided into eight smaller cubes, pleasing the child's fancy, for taking to pieces and reconstructing in new forms, and restoring again the first form. Here the analytic faculty is exercised in

used until, in the "occupation" of pricking paper with a pin, the child reaches the point. From the solid, which is the concrete, he has traveled to the point, which is the abstract. It is the road to all philosophy.

He has broken the first little foot-path of human thought. It will one day become a highway.

We have now got through with the "gifts," properly speaking, though the German writers call all the material used in the Kindergarten by this name. But Miss Blow, whose published lecture is perhaps the clearest brief statement of the philosophical basis of the Kindergarten that we have yet had in English, insists on drawing a broad line of philosophical distinction between the exercises on the "gifts" and the "occupations." The main purpose in the gifts has been to train the pupil to analyze, to pick to pieces and see the inside, to proceed in a child-like fashion by early steps from the concrete toward the abstract, from the solid toward the points. In the



PAPER-CUTTING: SYMMETRIC LIFE-FORMS.

the simplest way and upon a concrete object. The child plays and learns, and is developed at the same moment. The law of his nature is respected, and the child reaps the benefit. Step by step, the little feet climb up; each gift leads naturally on to its successor. The fourth, fifth, and sixth gifts are cubes divided into blocks of other and different forms, increasing the child's opportunity to distinguish, and his resources for creating new combinations of triangular and oblong blocks with cubes. The passage from the solid to the surface is approached in the oblong blocks into which the cube is divided. In the seventh gift the transition is made, and we have the embodied surface in a series of tablets. But the link of logical progress is never broken. The square tablet is the side of the cube with which the child is already familiar; a diagonal line through the square gives us our first form of the triangle, and every other step is alike carefully connected, and an easy and natural passage is made for the child's mind. The interlacing slats of the eighth gift are the stepping-stone from surface to line, and then sticks and wires are

occupations, which we are about to consider, the main tendency is the other way; here the pupil is put to constructing,—traveling backward from point to line, from line to surface, from surface to solid, from the abstract to the concrete, from the part to the whole. But let us not deceive ourselves by our love of systematic thinking. It is only in the main currents that the two kinds of Kindergarten teaching set in opposite ways. For all through the exercises with the gifts the pupil has been turned back upon his own track. He has analyzed by separating into parts, but he has straightway built the parts into new creations. And more and more, as he approaches the line and point (in the slats and sticks), is he chiefly occupied with creation. And, again, though in the occupations his chief business becomes the making of things, yet at every step he turns and looks back, analyzing that which his hands have made. Thus the two great modes of thought become familiar and easy to him.

It is impossible to describe the occupations with any fullness in a brief and unscientific

article such as this. I must therefore depend upon the graver's art to present to the eye things which are exceedingly difficult to describe. But neither by pen nor picture can I show, in these limits, the step-by-step progress of the little learner.

With the balls, the blocks, the tablets, the interlacing slats, the sticks and the wires, the pupil has learned to dissect, to rebuild, to count a little, to imitate, as his material will allow, visible objects; to be accurate in description, and careful and precise in handiwork. He has learned to use his eyes, his limbs, and his faculties in ways appropriate to his age, and satisfying to his instincts. He is now ready to begin the "occupations," technically so called.

The gifts stop with the line in the sticks and wires. The process of abstraction cannot well be carried further until we pass over to the more synthetic occupations, though I have seen the laying of pebbles and shells in various forms introduced to complete the series. But there is danger of pushing theory and system too far. It seems to me that Froebel appreciated what some of us forget, that when analysis becomes complete it can go no further. Consequently the point can hardly come at all into the analytic series. The gifts leave off with the line. The occupations begin with the point. The child is given a perforating needle, set in a handle. With this he makes holes in bits of paper, producing here, as with the material of the gifts, a great variety of forms—forms of beauty, or symmetrical figures, forms of life, or imitations of objects, and mathematical forms, or geometric figures. At every step he is encouraged to invent figures of his own, and the free productions of tiny Kindergarteners are the most wonderful things I know. After the form has been produced by perforation, the pupil embroiders it with silk or worsted, or card-board. He is thus taught to think synthetically,—after the

manner of a child—to make lines out of points.

Having arrived at the line in return from the point toward the solid, the pupil is ready to begin drawing. In the old schools how many a boy got beaten for "making pictures on his slate." In the Kindergarten this irrepressible instinct is encouraged to develop itself, and in its development it is made a powerful engine for the general training of the child. The chief difficulty with a little child is that it cannot "make anything," in all its struggles with a pencil. The figure as conceived in the child's mind mocks the clumsy achievement. But the gentle hand of Friedrich Froebel is stretched out to help the little fellow to do what he seeks to do. Already with block, and slats, and sticks, and wires, and perforating needles, he has produced pictures. He stands, pencil in hand, ready to work, and behold the practical help which the provident Froebel has put before him.

His slate at first is grooved, and afterward his paper is ruled in lines crossing at right angles. Placing his slate pencil in the groove, the trembling and unskilled little fingers are guided. He succeeds from the first in making a straight line. For good, wise old Froebel is holding and guiding his hand. From straight marks one square in length he proceeds progressively. He is able to form triangles by a series of parallel lines, and then symmetric figures by combinations of triangles. At every step he is helped by devices which



PAPER-CUTTING: SILHOUETTES.



PAPER-CUTTING: SILHOUETTE.



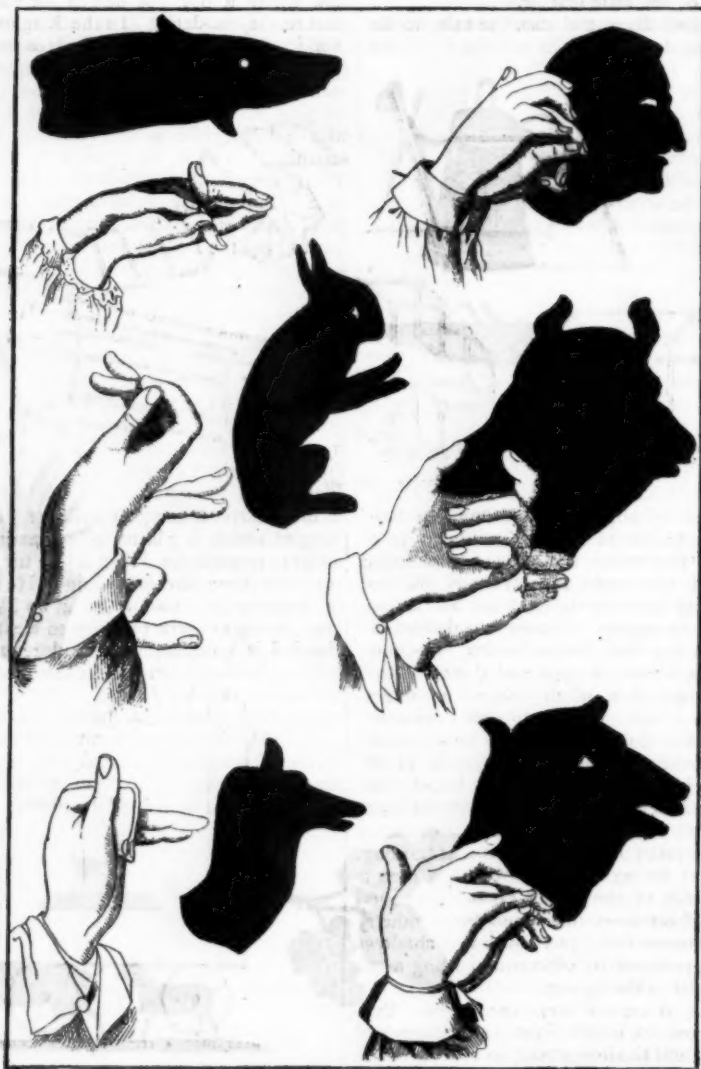
PAPER-CUTTING: SILHOUETTES.

leave him still a great deal of freedom, and give him always a sense of power. He arrives at last at complicated figures.

Next comes the occupation of paper-weaving and interlacing. Our pupil has got

back from his journey so far as to be on the level of his old occupation of slat-interlacing. He is now recrossing the gap between line and surface. But this present

here. He says that this occupation in particular meets the desire which girls have to use the needle, and the necessity they have to become expert in manipulation. Then,



KINDERGARTEN STUDIES OF FORM: SHADOW-PICTURES.

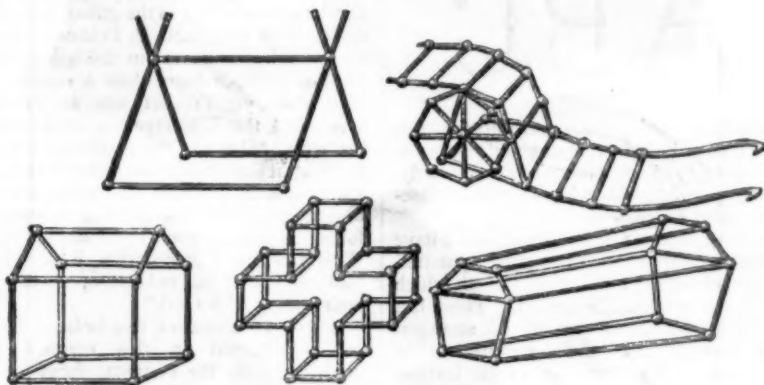
occupation of weaving colored papers gives him a far larger field for the exercise of his faculties than he had in slat-interlacing. Mark what Froebel expects to accomplish

too, children love to give pleasure to parents and friends. The little mats produced in weaving are used for gifts, and thus the heart is enlarged. The paper-weaving exer-

cises the intelligence also, for here the pupil is taught to count and to group; he learns to distinguish the contrasts of elementary designs, and to combine these contrasts in such fashion as to create, according to a fixed law, an immense variety of figures, progressing from the most simple to the most complex.

were given him long ago in his dissected cube. Here, too, he imitates many forms of life, and studies now a new geometry.

From pea-work he passes to modeling with pasteboard. By cutting and joining this he has reproduced the surface of the solid. At last in clay modeling he is back again to the solid. But what a change! It is no longer



PEA-WORK: OUTLINES OF SOLIDS.

Returning now to the surface, we have the occupation of folding little squares of paper. Neither descriptions nor illustrations can give the reader any notion of the vast variety of uses to which this art is put. "The little square of paper which Froebel gives to the child," says Jacobs, "becomes for him a whole geometry and a book of art."

The resources of the paper as folded having at last been pretty well exhausted, the child is taught a world of new lessons by the cutting of the folded paper, which, after being cut out, is then opened, and thus made to produce a multitude of symmetric forms, which the pupil discusses and analyzes in the light of his past training. Forms of life are also made: half a man is cut in folded paper, which on being opened presents both sides, illustrating the symmetry of the human form, and lights and shadows are so produced in silhouette cutting as to give relief to the figures.

The next art is a very curious one. Peas are softened by soaking; into these sharpened wires or sticks are inserted, so as to produce many curious forms. On one side this occupation holds to the sticks which the child had for one of his last gifts. But on the other side it is more advanced, for here he is taught to form the outlines of solids—to reconstruct in skeleton the figures which

the cube, the sphere, the cylinder. It is now a solid which is plastic in his hands, full of infinite possibilities. And a like transformation has taken place in his mind. He has traveled the road in two ways, as we have said. He has gone from concrete to abstract and back again, turning ever and retracing his



CLAY-MODELING: A LITTLE CHILD'S LOCOMOTIVE.

steps until the road is now familiar. But that is not all. He has made that other pilgrimage that every mind must make in education. By gentle steps he has proceeded from the simple to the complex—from one to many, from himself to God's

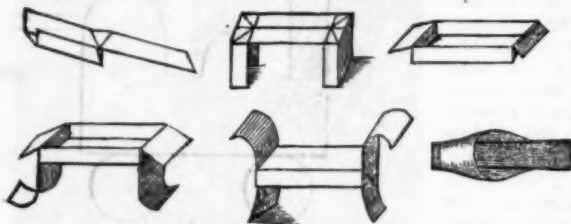
great universe of objects. Having acquired this discipline in the beginning, all the rest is possible to him. In learning to do he has learned to see, to distinguish, to think, to count, to imagine, to invent, to rely on himself—in a word, he has planted all the



PEA-WORK.

germinating seeds that ripen into the educated man. And he has done all this without forcing, without precocious over-study, without premature development and consequent arrest of growth.

In this catalogue of employments I have not had room to mention the garden patches, nor the charming musical plays with which each day's work is diversified. These last always attract the attention of strangers more strongly than the occupations. In these merry song-plays the artistic instinct finds healthy development, the child *acts* the most beautiful fancies. When you observe children playing "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow," "Drop the handkerchief," or other spontaneous games of the sort, you will see from what Froebel got his idea. The Kindergarten children, by concerted action set to music and poetry, mimic the grinding of a mill, the flying out of pigeons, the operations of the husbandman, the galloping of the horse, the hammering of the blacksmith, the gambols of animals, and a hundred other things. These plays are full of æsthetic education,—they are poetry and dramatic art for babes.



PASTEBOARD-WORK.

The Kindergarten has spread steadily since the death of Froebel. In Germany its chief promoter is the able and zealous Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow. Indeed, I might say that she is the apostle of Froebel's ideas for all Europe; in France, Italy, and

England her influence is felt, as well as at home. Most of the very eminent teachers of educational methods, and many of the leading thinkers of Europe, have one by one given in their adhesion to the Froebelian method, and the practical work of founding Kindergartens and training-schools makes steady progress from year to year.

In this country the first propagator of the Kindergarten idea was the gifted and enthusiastic Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Boston, who began to cry in the wilderness of our evil methods more than a dozen years ago, while yet Froebel was an unknown name and the Kindergarten an unintelligible term. She has the qualities of a fore-running reformer, a contagious enthusiasm, and an over-hopefulness that nothing daunts, and a persistent energy that is not often found in one whose hairs are so white. With her the Kindergarten is a religion. She calls it "the noblest opportunity for coöperating with God."

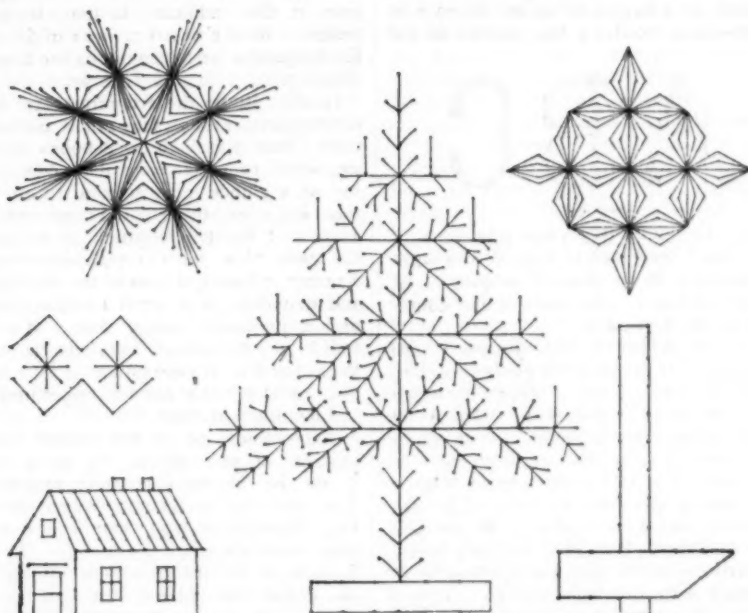
There were one or two isolated Kindergartens started in this country many years ago, in the German language, but they did not succeed. When, in 1867, Mrs. Matilda Kriege, and her daughter Miss Alma Kriege, a graduate of the training-school of the Baroness Marenholtz, undertook the difficult task of opening a training-school in Boston, the cause was fairly planted in America—planted, as every good thing is, in years of anxiety, of self-denial, of pecuniary loss. To Mrs. Kriege and her daughter—persons of great intelligence and the most unselfish devotion to their great work—belongs the credit of founding the first successful reproductive Kindergarten in America, and the very first training-school ever attempted here. After

training some of the best Kindergarteners we have, Mrs. and Miss Kriege, during an absence in Germany, intrusted their Boston institution to Miss Garland, who, with Miss Weston, still conducts it. The next successful training-school was founded by Miss Haines, the eminent principal of a young ladies' school in New York.

She employed for her first teacher Miss Boelte, now Mrs. Kraus. On Mrs. Kraus's retirement Miss Haines brought from Germany again the original founders of the Kindergarten in this country, Mrs. Kriege and her daughter, who now have charge of Miss

Haines's Kindergarten and training-school in Grammercy Park. Meantime the former teacher of this school, Mrs. Kraus-Boelte—

arrived after a life-time of study and experience, but who have never taken the trouble to understand the alphabet of his system.

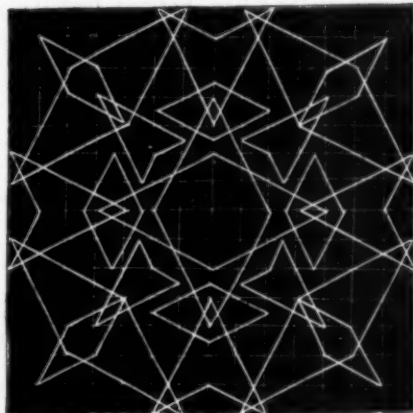


PERFORATION AND NEEDLE-WORK.

an able and experienced Kindergartener, also —has started further up town a Kindergarten of her own, with a training-school. Miss Blow, daughter of the late Hon. Henry T. Blow, of St. Louis, was a pupil of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte at Miss Haines's. After her graduation she returned to her own city and consecrated freely to the work of promoting the new education her time, her large intelligence, and her means. She succeeded very early in enlisting the ardent coöperation of Mr. Harris, the superintendent of the city schools, and to-day St. Louis is the foremost city of the country in the number of Kindergartens in connection with the public schools.

There are several difficulties which the promoters of Kindergarten work have to contend with. America is a land of dabblers. Everywhere there are people who pretend to have Kindergartens, without even knowing what a Kindergarten is. Quacks, both German and American, seek to make money out of the popularity of the name. There are people who claim to have improved on the method at which Froebel

There are no genuine Kindergarteners except those who have the diploma of a training-school, and there are but five training-



SLATE-DRAWING.

schools recognized as competent to give certificates,—namely, that of Mrs. Kriege, in connection with Miss Haines's school in New

York; that of Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, in New York; that of Misses Garland and Weston in Boston; that of Miss Blow, in St. Louis, and that of Miss Marwedel, in Washington.

There are a large number of trained Kindergarteners in active service in the country. Of course they differ widely in natural aptitude, and even a trained Kindergarten, not fitted by nature for the care and instruction of little children, is capable of doing the cause a great injury. There is a constant demand for Kindergarteners, far exceeding the supply. But it is not a work for a selfish, a money-getting, or an indolent person to do. It is not a trade, but a mission.

We have great lack of a good Kindergarten literature in the English language; but this lack is likely to be abundantly supplied, for here too there is an enthusiastic laborer, ready to do all that he can for the cause. Mr. E. Steiger, the German bookseller in Frankfort street, has made it his "mission" to import all the German, French, and English works, to publish such good American books on the subject as were offered, and to manufacture the material. The earliest publication in this country was Miss Peabody's "Kindergarten Guide," a book full of good thoughts, as is everything that Miss Peabody writes; but written before she was thoroughly acquainted with Froebel's system. Two of her lectures, recently published through the liberality of an enthusiastic Pittsburg clergyman, are much better. Miss Peabody issued for some years past a little monthly magazine, "The Kindergarten Messenger," now merged in the "New England Journal of Education." Very early in the history of the movement, Mr. Milton Bradley, of Springfield, Mass., a manufacturer of children's games, undertook, from disinterested motives, the publication of Wiebél's "Paradise of Childhood," a book chiefly valuable for its fine lithographic illustrations

and some important matter transferred from the German works. The best statement of the fundamental principles of the Kindergarten, especially in its application to the smallest children, is to be found in Mrs. Kriege's "The Child," a free rendering of a German work by the Baroness Marenholtz. Of the German text-books, Köhler's "Praxis des Kindergartens" is one of the latest, amplest, and best. Karl Froebel's Kindergarten Drawing-books need no translator to commend themselves to the eye at a glance. Those who read no German, but who understand French, will find Jacobs' "Manuel Pratique des Jardins d'Enfants," a most serviceable manual. Ronge's "Practical Guide to the English Kindergarten," is a good London publication, but somewhat out of date. It may be well to say that no one can become a Kindergarten from books alone. The art can only be acquired in the training-school.

Like their founder himself, the teachers and promoters of the Froebellian reformation are all enthusiasts. To be interested in the Kindergarten is to be enthusiastic. The teachers, the lecturers, the writers, the very booksellers who handle the books, make a sort of religion out of it. The millennium to which they look is the day when the primary school for little children shall be no more, the day in which all little children shall learn according to God's law in their own natures. And of all the sayings of the great Apostle of Infancy, the favorite one is that watchword which is graven on his tombstone. For you must know that the tomb of Froebel is just the most appropriate in the world—it is a cube, a cylinder, and a sphere—the "second gift." And on the cube, which serves for pedestal, they have graven his own battle-cry: "Kommt, lässt uns unsern Kindern leben." *Come, let us live for our children!*

MY FRIEND.

(AFTER THE GERMAN.)

THE friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes, within;
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin,—
Although it seem not so,—he is my friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,
And pardon me, ere pardon I demand,—
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

BIFRÖST, THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

A NORSE LEGEND.

WHEN the Immortals stood in light
 First, on the archway of the skies,
 The home of sevenfold glory bright,
 All thrilling with a sweet surprise,

They triumphed in that shining place—
 Balder the beautiful, and Frey,
 And all of Asgard's stately race,
 New-born, and radiant from on high.

But their strong brother, who had gone
 Perforce, through storm and cloud, and wrath,
 Before them, walked the bridge alone,
 And proved his way the quicker path.

Thus there are those who lightly tread
 Untired upon the rainbow bridge;
 While airs of heaven play round the head
 Serene they mount its fairy ridge.

Others there are who, lost and blind,
 Struggle in mist, and maze, and dark;
 And all they love and long for, find,
 Without a path or guiding spark,

Yet sooner reach the gleaming goal
 Than they who freely mount aloft,
 Where color warms the happy soul,
 In rays concentric, pulses soft.

Take courage, then, ye sons of strength,
 Who fain must struggle night and day!
 Conquering, ye gain your peace at length;
 The dark way is the shorter way.

TRURO PARISH.

WHEN a corps of Sherman's Army, marching northward after the close of the Civil War, came to the vicinity of Mount Vernon, the soldiers were surprised at the sight of the village of Accotink, which in its appearance and inhabitants seemed to be a New England town. The white cottages with green window-blinds, the neatly kept yards, the Quaker meeting-house, and particularly the absence of the bar-room—that invariable feature of all the Southern towns—produced quite a home-like feeling on the heroes of the March to the Sea, and such as

they had not expected to experience short of those distant homes where those who were left behind were doubtless singing "When Johnnie comes marching home."

This village was founded in 1850 by a settlement of New England Quakers; and under their auspices the country around recovered from that look of faded prosperity which it had worn for many decades previous to their coming. A century ago this district was called, under the régime of the English Church, Truro Parish,—a name bestowed by the family of Cockburn, who

came from the town of Truro in Cornwall, England.

Old Pohick Church, as the parish church is called, stands on the old stage road, five miles from Mount Vernon, and the same distance from Gunston Hall, the mansion of Col. George Mason—known in history as "George Mason of '76," the author of the Bill of Rights and also of the Constitution of Virginia.

This "stately edifice" (as it has been called by some patriotic antiquarians who invested it with the grandeur of the Father of his Country as soon as they saw his illustrious name in gilt letters on one of the pew doors), was built in the most solid fashion, of imported brick, and up to 1861 had withstood decay and neglect. It had been left for years without any properly constituted guardian, and except on chance occasions its solemn echoes were not awakened by the voice of the preacher or the sound of anthems. Up to that time it had been preserved entire; but at the very commencement of hostilities it became a picket post, alternately held by the cavalry outposts of the opposing armies, and in 1865 but little of the interior remained; the capacious chancel on one side, and the high, elaborately carved pulpit on the other, had disappeared as completely as the wigs and queues of the Colonial gentry whose names were inscribed on the doors of the high-backed pews. The improvised cicerone, in the person of a rustic vagrant, told the writer that the door of General Washington's pew had served to stop the chink of a cabin,—the same ignoble end to which the dust of Caesar may have been destined. The stone pavement of the aisles, dented by the hoofs of the light Virginia thorough-bred and the heavy Pennsylvania charger, was all that remained of the interior; and but for the pious care of a wealthy gentleman of New York, who has partially restored the building, we might find to-day only the bare ruin of this ancient Colonial relic.

The first Pohick Church, built sometime during the governorship of Spotswood, stood some distance south of the present one, and on the bank of a creek which still retains its Indian name of Pohick. This is the extreme point reached by Captain John Smith in 1608 in his expedition in canoes, and the grave of one of his party, Lieut. Wm. Hennis, a few miles below, marks the spot where that "Goode Stoute Soldiere" lost his life in a skirmish with "those tall and proper sal-

vages," as the bold adventurer terms them in his history.

In the year 1769 this church became untenable, and Col. Washington and Col. Mason having selected the new location, the building was planned by the former, and erected under his immediate supervision. The drawings of the ground-plan and front elevation are still extant, and may serve to prove that, though the designer may have been "a poor young surveyor," he could not have been a poor architect.

The church was completed in 1773, and from a deed conveying a pew to Parson Massey we find that the Vestry at that date was composed as follows:

Geo. Washington, Geo. Mason, Daniel McCarty, Alexander Henderson, Thos. Ells, Thos. Withers Coffey, Martin Cockburn, Wm. Payne, Jr., Jno. Barry, Jno. Gunnell.

At that time, as we see from the originals of some of the accounts that have been preserved, the rector's salary was £650, independent of that of the clerk. And the assemblage at Pohick on a Sunday morning was so suggestive of wealth and prosperity that the traditional description of it might well have drawn a sigh from the breast of that representative individual, known by his familiar initials of F. F. V., when fifty years later he heard his grandsire tell the story, and tell also how the Virginia Leaf in those days brought eighty cents per pound in the markets of Liverpool and Bordeaux.

On this spot, where the hungry riders of Pleasonton and Stewart looked around in vain for "grub" and forage, where the last of the F. F. V.'s had stood and bewailed his desolate fields and fallen fortunes, the Mount Vernon coach, driving four, with liveried coachman and footman, and with the ancient arms of de Hertburn emblazoned on the panel, had drawn up amidst a crowd of powdered beaux, who always came to church early and were ever ready to vie with each other for the honor of handing Mrs. Washington from her coach. This carriage, which Barrington, or some other distinguished Irishman, would have called "a specimen of Gothic architecture on wheels," was built to order in London, and for a long period served as a model after which those old Colonial swells had their equipages made. The running gear and lower section of the body were cream color, with gilt moldings; the "top hamper" mahogany, with green Venetian blinds, and

the interior finished in black leather; two great "head lights" on the box served at night to let the curious traveler know that "a person of quality" was on the road, and aided West Ford to keep his bearings on the dangerous highways not yet smoothed by the magic hand of McAdam. Our great prototype republican also had his coat-of-arms on the door panel, fully emblazoned and "tricked." As the crest is emblazoned on a ducal coronet, we may perhaps accept the story that these are the armorial bearings of William de Hertburn, a Norman baron, who was lord of the manor of Washington in the 13th century. On the four side panels were pictures representing the seasons. This coach came into the possession of Bishop Meade of Virginia, who, with one eye to business and the other to charity, had it cut up and sold in pieces at a church fair.

The Fairfaxes, Masons, Lewises, and others of the county drove similar turnouts whenever they "went abroad,"—a phrase which signified any place beyond the limits of their own domain.

Not the least important feature of the congregation of Pohick was the crowd of negro lackeys in liveries and great periwigs: much more consequential in their bearing than any of their masters.

In this iconoclastic age we may venture to say, without being profane, that the traditions of this neighborhood do not substantiate those authorities who dressed the character of The Great Republican for an audience much more severe than the one before which he actually performed. As we shall see by the characters of some of the rectors of Truro, the morals and manners of the time were far from being "in accord" with the habits and sentiments of an ascetic.

The dress in which Colonel Washington generally appeared at church was a laced hat, stone-colored coat with gilt buttons, blue surtout, buff knee-breeches, boots and gilt spurs. Being held the best horseman and boldest fox-hunter in Virginia, it was natural that he followed the fashion prevalent among the young gallants and came to church on horseback. He used a Pelham bit, and generally rode with holsters at his saddle-peak. The portrait by Peale, which is considered by his relatives the most correct one, represents him at the age of forty in the uniform of Colonel of the Twenty-second Virginia Militia. There is no trace of resemblance to the grand-motherly portrait by Stuart, even allowing for the differ-

ence of age. The former agrees in personal appearance with the character given him by neighborhood tradition,—a bold, dashing gallant, even after his marriage; rather foppish in dress, and safe, according as occasion offered, to win a lady's smile, or the fox's brush.

The business administration of this parish, though on the same plan, was perhaps more thorough than that of any of the other Colonial parishes. The two wardens, as executive officers of the vestry, kept a corps of weavers, cobblers, blacksmiths, and other mechanics, at work for the parish, the hands being either hired, apprenticed, or furnished by the county authorities from the paupers and persons condemned to hard labor for petty offenses. The assessments and voluntary contributions of the congregation were paid in tobacco, but all disbursements were in money. The tobacco on hand was sold according to special orders of the vestry. One of these orders, dated Colchester, August 22d, 1769, directs the sale of fifteen hogsheads at Pohick Warehouse; the designations are in the same method used in Virginia at the present day. In one of the vestry accounts of the same year we find the following items:

By Cash Rec'd from Wm. Payne	£	S	D
Sherif.....	743	5	7
By Jemima Grimley for a base-born child.....	1	0	0
By Priscilla Hunt for Do.....	1	0	0

As the last *ditto* is repeated seven times in the same account, we might suppose that there was a corps of gay Lotharios in Truro Parish.

In Parson Massey's letter of resignation, two years after the commencement of hostilities, he states that his salary had been cut down to £150, and refers to the decline in the price of tobacco. We find here the secret of that decline in the agricultural wealth of the Old Dominion, about which her politicians have talked so much, and which has been so often attributed to the fostering of New England interests, to the prejudice of the Middle and Southern States. The price-current, published by Fenwick, Mason & Co., of Bordeaux, and another by Crosbies & Trafford of Liverpool,—two houses to which the planters on the Potomac shipped tobacco,—quote Virginia Leaf at thirty and sixty pence. This price held in France during the French Revolution; but after the close of our Revolution, with that exception, the price steadily declined. The

heirs of the Colonial planters inherited the wealth of their fathers without their enterprise and industry, and while the price of the product declined, the lands, under a baneful system of labor and cultivation, were gradually being worn out.

While the morals of the Colonial society were much looser than ours, there was nevertheless a certain pretention and ceremony of religion maintained in all the relations of private life, and even carried into business transactions. In every household prayers were read morning and evening with a stiff and solemn formality, the negro servants standing in line at the back of the room; and the guest who absented himself would have been deemed a blackguard, although he would have been forgiven for being drunk in the presence of the ladies with whom he played cards for money.

Here is a bill of lading for four hogsheads of tobacco, shipped November 18, 1763, from the next plantation to Mount Vernon:

*"Shipp'd, by the Grace of God, in good Order, and well condition'd, by — in and upon the good Ship call'd the Virginia, whereof is Master under God, for this present voyage, Henry McCabe, and now riding at anchor in the River Potomac, and by God's Grace bound for Liverpool, &c. * * * **

"And so God send the good Ship to her desir'd port in safety. Amen."

In Davis's "Four Years and a Half in America," a book published in 1803, and dedicated to Mr. Jefferson, we find the following description of the town of Colchester, and of the congregation at Pohick:

"On the side of the bridge stands a tavern where every luxury that money can purchase may be had at first summons, where the choicest viands cover the table, and where ice cools the Madeira which has been thrice across the ocean. Having slept one night at this tavern, I rose with the sun and journeyed to the mills, catching refreshment from a light air that stirred the leaves of the trees. About eight miles from Occoquan Mills is a house of worship called Pohick Church, a name it claims from a creek which flows near its walls. Thither I rode on Sunday, and joined the congregation of Parson Weems, a minister of the Episcopal Church, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win men to religion. A Virginian church-yard on a Sunday resembles rather a race-course than a sepulchral ground. The ladies come to it in carriages, and the men, after dismounting from their horses, make them fast to the trees. But the steeples to the

Virginian churches are designed, not for utility, but ornament, for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church. It is observable that the gate is ever carefully locked by the sexton, who retires last. Wonder and ignorance are ever reciprocal. I was astounded on entering the church-yard at Pohick to hear

'Steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh.'

Nor was I less stunned by the rattling of carriage-wheels, the cracking of whips, and the vociferations of the gentlemen to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Mr. Weems calmed every perturbation, for he preached the great doctrines of salvation as one who had felt their power."

The first rector of Truro, of whom we have any account, was the Rev. Chas. Green, who filled the rectorship for twenty-three years. It appears from some of General Washington's letters that he was an intimate at Mount Vernon, but tradition gives him the character of such a parson as we find in the old English novels, and of the pattern of the two which Thackeray presents to us in "The Virginians." He must have been equally versed in theology and cards, and as ready for the race-course as for the pulpit. If our modern ideas of clerical dignity are shocked by contemplating such a character, we must blame the morals and manners of the time, and not so much the individual. The Great Story-teller palliates the "slack twisted" morals of the Colonial society by throwing it into favorable comparison with the corresponding society in the mother country.

Parson Green died in 1763, and was succeeded by the Rev. Lee Massey. This individual is described as man of the highest education, of exalted character, and in person eminently handsome. Being a very different sort of person from the average parson of the time, it is likely that he kept a tighter rein on the flock,—at least if we may judge from one of his letters to the vestry, in which, after berating that convocation of worthies for exceeding their authority in some business concerns of the parish, he concludes: "And now, gentlemen, as for the knowing ones among you, and I admit that there are such, I have to say '*humanum est errare*,' and for the rest, '*ne sutor supra crepidam*.'"

Massey's sermons, though evincing talent and learning, were not of a kind to suit the straight-laced ideas of the next century, and

some divines have pronounced them unsound in doctrine. He was married twice, and the first wife, who had been a noted shrew, but became a model wife, gave point to her husband's famous saying, which has been quoted much oftener than followed, viz.: "That a wife should always be taken down in her wedding slippers."

His letter of resignation, the original of which is before the writer, shows that in his clerical robes he had not forgotten the stiff forms of his first profession, which was the law, and which he gave up at the instance

"Witness my Hand and Seal this 25th day of June, A. D. 1778.

"Lee Massey."

The next incumbent, the Rev. Charles Kemp, distinguished himself more as a classical scholar and as a jolly companion than as a preacher.

In his later years he became a famous school-master,—commonly called a "Singin,"—and left a heritage of Latin and Greek to several legislators, who, like all those taught in the old school, retained to their dying day the classics which had



POHICK CHURCH, TRURO PARISH, VIRGINIA.

of Col. Washington, who had been his intimate from childhood:

"In the name of God, Amen: I, Lee Massey, Rector and Incumbent of the Parish Church of Truro, in the County of Fairfax and Commonwealth of Virginia, for certain causes and considerations me hereunto especially moving to be exonerated from the Care and Burden of the Rectory and Parsonage of the said Parish, do by these presents expressly and absolutely renounce and resign into the hands of the present Vestry of the said Parish my Rectory and Parsonage aforesaid, together with all and singular its Rights, Members and Appurtenances, and all my Right and Title thereto and Possession thereof, and do leave the same vacant to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

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been engrafted *"a posteriori"* by means of the birch—that enchanter's wand which could evoke with a dozen mystic strokes more Latin and Greek than the average boy of this degenerate age ever dreams of.

Parson Kemp's popularity, his jovial temper and his bright wit, became constant sources of temptation, and finally led to his disgrace. Mr. Richard C., a wealthy gentleman of the county, had acquired the reputation of an accomplished hypocrite, owing to his extra airs of piety in a community where such deportment was not by any means necessary to maintain the character of a respectable member of the English Church.

In private he was known to be fond of good cheer, and to devote himself particu-

larly to that matchless wine, then called "Corn Madeira," because it was gotten in exchange for corn, but more properly denominated "Tinto." He was even accused of that species of gallantry technically called "flirting with a wench." He had long been known among his equals as St. Richard, and among the vulgar by the less euphonious, but not less expressive, sobriquet of Pious Dick. Now Parson Kemp took occasion on a certain Sunday to preach at St. Richard in such a scathing denunciation of all hypocrites and Pharisees, that there was no mistaking his aim, and he was universally extolled for "bringing him to the condign." St. Richard's own nephew, the most rollicking blade in the county, made a rhyme of thirty stanzas, celebrating certain surreptitious adventures of his pious uncle, and it was sung everywhere to the "Cruiskin Lawn." St. Richard stood all this with the air of a martyr; he was always seen in his pew on Sundays, and his responses could be heard above the whole congregation; but under this sanctimonious aspect he hid the fell purpose of a direful revenge.

It was in midsummer, when one Saturday evening Parson Kemp came riding by the high gate-way of Newington, the mansion of St. Richard, and whom should he see walking leisurely along the avenue but the proprietor himself. The good-hearted parson had long repented his severity, and only longed for an opportunity to repair the injury he had done; so he dismounted, and, offering his hand to his parishioner, made the most contrite apology. Never was recantation more dearly bought. A half hour later the two sat on the long portico overlooking the beautiful valley of the Accotink, on which the full moon shed all her splendor, while the breeze, which at the confluence of the creek with the Potomac always blows with the turn of the tide, wafted the odor of the hawthorn, and of that fragrant herb with which the Virginian from immemorial time has delighted to flavor his cup of welcome. The host made a julep for his guest with brandy said to have been smuggled by the famous Blackbeard, who, whatever may have been his terrible repute in other waters, in the Potomac has left in legendary story only the name of a beneficent trader in contraband goods and a secreter of treasure.* But the

heart of the piratical purveyor of that liquor never harbored deeper treachery than did St. Richard's at the moment he pledged the parson to a renewal of their friendly relations. How late into the night their sitting continued is not told, but the parson related how the tempter entered his chamber the next morning, bearing in his hand a gigantic julep in a silver tankard. The parson knew the danger of these multitudinal potations, and stoutly protested; but the wily St. Richard, holding the tempting goblet under his nose with one hand, put the other round the parson's neck, and embraced him with as much tenderness as the fashion of the time allowed; and, what with that caressing voice for which he was noted, and the insidious odor of the mint, the parson's virtue gave way, even with his refusal on his tips, just as virtue of another kind is said to do at times. The cup which Mephisto drinks to the sound of diabolical music is not more potent for evil than that which the parson had imbibed. He nodded in a strange way that day while the service was read; but when he attempted to climb the spiral stair of the pulpit, in the quaint language of that time, "he tripped up his heels" and fell floundering to the floor, where the seeming generous and forgiving St. Richard was the foremost to pick him up. Though Parson Kemp suffered disgrace, it may be told to the honor of his former flock, that they accorded him ever afterward a warmer welcome than to his betrayer. He became a school-master, and, by a more lenient administration of the birch than had ever been known, won the hearts of the rising generation. Whenever he told the catastrophe of his life he dwelt sorrowfully on that treacherous embrace, "whereby," quoth the poor parson, "he did, Judas-like, betray me with a kiss."

Bishop Meade, in his book on the old churches of Virginia, tells the story of one of the Colonial rectors, who, however, belonged properly in Maryland, that, being accused of Toryism, he deemed it incumbent on him to vindicate his reputation on the so-called field of honor. The fact is referred to also in a letter from one of the vestrymen of Truro to Bryan Fairfax, afterward Rector of Christ Church in Alexandria. The spot where the "fighting parson" distinguished himself is still pointed out on the Dipple Farm, about eighteen miles below Pohick Church.

This individual's descendants have main-

* Captain Kidd, the pirate, was known by this name in those waters.

tained such a high character, that if any disgrace was attached to the extraordinary action at the time of its performance, it has long since been wiped out and forgotten.

The last rector of Truro was the Rev. Mason L. Weems, long known to the public as the author of a *Life of Washington* which went through a hundred editions. He also wrote a *Life of Marion*, and a little temperance book called "*The Drunkard's Looking-Glass*." As he lived until 1825, it was his misfortune to carry into the present century a character which belonged essentially to the last.

As the other religious sects gained prominence and influence after the close of the Revolutionary struggle, the Episcopal Church assimilated itself to those stricter ideas and tenets which, in the Colonial period, would have been called simply Puritanical; and so Parson Weems, as a relic of the old time, found himself, so to speak, left out in the cold. He was actually called by some straight-laced people "*The Fiddling Parson*," in derision of that beautiful accomplishment which he professed, along with Thomas Jefferson and other distinguished personages, and on which he prided himself, second only to his intimacy with General Washington. Of a Saturday evening he would repair to the mansion nearest to the church, and as soon as the evening meal was over, and he had officiated with due clerical solemnity at prayers, which came directly after supper, he would produce his violin, and, according as the season permitted, in the parlor, the hall, or on the portico, would entrance the assembled auditory with a performance which long remained the delight of the story-teller, and a traditional model to all ambitious "fiddlers."

He was particularly pleased with the scores of sable listeners who crowded under the windows or in the hall, for he knew that the more they were delighted with his music the more certain they were to be at church the next day. There was nothing, from the choicest morceau of Cimarosa to the *minuet de la cour*, which was not familiar in his repertory. And we may imagine what a relief his fiddle must have afforded after some powdered beauty had sung at the harpsichord the doleful ballad of "*Faithless Edward*," or twenty stanzas of "*Chevy Chase*," for both of these were among the vocal inflections that our great-grandmothers were proud of. As for that class of music known as the "*Quick and Devilish*," it is doubtful if there has ever been before

or since a person who could be called his equal.

At the time of the French Revolution many gentlemen of this neighborhood cut off their queues; and Parson Weems, following the movement, first made the sacrifice of his locks to sympathy with the Republicans, and then managed to procure the music of the famous revolutionary refrain, "*Ça ira*," which he performed with great *éclat*; but so unforeseen and strange are the freaks of destiny that this historic song exists to-day in the rude minstrelsy of the cross-roads as a negro jig.

Parson Weems's sermons were generally replete with what he called "the milk of human kindness"—a species of charity to which he referred forgiveness of injuries, and on which he relied for a charitable construction of his own eccentricities.

The climax of his career was reached when he appeared in the character of a professional fiddler at a performance of *Punch and Judy*, at Colchester. The large audience, composed chiefly of his own parishioners, were being entranced by the music of a single violin which proceeded from behind a curtain. Many asserted that the performer was equal to "our parson," and some bold critics even declared that the unknown was the parson's superior; but what was the astonishment of all when some wicked wag caused the curtain to fall and disclosed to view the parson himself plying his bow with such enthusiasm, that it was only the uproar of applause which revealed to him his situation. There were some who trembled for his reputation; but such fears were utterly groundless, for, placing his instrument gracefully under his arm, he rose, and, after making a regular stage bow, stated that "the regular musician had been suddenly taken ill, and he deemed it his duty, out of human kindness, to supply his place, in order that his friends should not be disappointed of an innocent amusement."

One of the rectors of Truro delighted to trace Washington's descent, through Eleanor Hastings, from Beauchamp, Neville, and Plantagenet; and if, like a certain great writer, we were to conjure the stately Muse of History down off her stilts, we might find that the Prototype Republican was in private very much of an aristocrat. But, whether we look for "simple faith," or "Norman blood," tradition furnishes nothing in contradiction of his practical demonstration of the sentiment emblazoned on his ancient shield: *EXITUS ACTA PROBAT*.

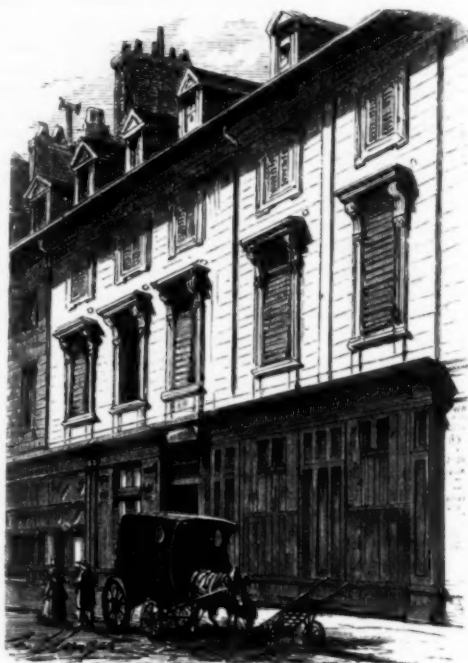
HONORÉ BALZAC.

THERE is no other instance in the history of literature of a man writing such books as Balzac did, who began with such poor ones. He struggled in mental gloom, not for one or two, but for more than a dozen of volumes, and the dawn did not break. As they fell before an indifferent public, their author was classed in the category of something lower than mediocrity. The morning came very slowly, and the horizon was still dim when the "Dernier des Chouans" appeared, the first result of eight years' hard study in story-writing, which made his presence known in a crowd of other men of letters, but did not take him out of it. The novel named was the first which he recognized and signed with his own name; to his experiments, several pseudonyms and an anagram of Honoré were affixed.

In "Louis Lambert" he paints his own school life at Vendôme, where he had a congestion of ideas and passed for a dull boy. He did not conquer the sympathy of his comrades, did not know how to play ball nor walk on stilts, and remained alone under a tree, ruminating and melancholy. In this school, which was under the control of an austere Order of Monks, the punishment for misbehavior and ill-learned lessons was imprisonment in a detached building overlooking a canal. It was here he gorged himself secretly with the literary food of the library of the institution, and lived an ideal, mystic life. His studies not being up to the requirements of his teachers, a great part of his time was passed in this prison. His vagueness and want of cheerfulness came from being overfull of books. In the end, his remarkable memory classified this varied knowledge in his mind for future use.

Certain circumstances tended much to the peculiar formation of Balzac's mind and forced it to its best production. At fourteen or fifteen he made predictions in reference to himself. "You will see," said he to his two sisters, "I shall one day be celebrated." This subjected him to no end of railery from these young persons, who courtesied before him saying, "Salutation to the grand

Balzac!" He was destined by his family to be a notary, and at twenty-one, when urged by his father to follow that profession,



THE HOUSE WHERE BALZAC WAS BORN.

he announced his irrevocable resolution to become a man of letters. "It seems that Monsieur has a taste for misery," said the mother. "There are people who have a vocation for dying in the hospital," said the father. But it was impossible to overcome his resolution. It was then decided to subject him to what is called in Paris the discipline of the *vache enragée*. Thus left to his own resources, he perched in the conventional garret, lived on a few sous a day, and wrote the usual five-act tragedy which it seems impossible for the French beginner to escape. It was called "Cromwell" in this case, and was read in presence of the family, and a professor of literature of a college, a friend of the Balzacs. The professor averred that the play exhibited no germ of talent. The father exhorted him to give up further

trials in this direction. He allowed himself to be partially persuaded, and began the printing business in a small way, in which he failed, incurring debts that were ever afterward a source of trouble.

Thus, we find him at the age of twenty-five living in a scanty lodging, poor and in debt, and, more discouraging than all, with even the germ of literary talent denied him. During this period were made those early volumes, which, as he said in after years, he put together, in order to learn to write French. In his thirtieth year, after the "*Dernier des Chouans*," he wrote the "*Physiologie du Mariage*" and the "*Peau de Chagrin*," and this last drew him out of the crowd; when the "*Médecin de Compeigne*" and "*Père Goriot*" appeared, he was placed in the front with that distinguished group composed of Victor Hugo, de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Prosper Mérimée, Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, and Béranger.

He was the Christopher Columbus of a new world. Never in the history of literature was such an immense plan constructed for fiction as in the "*Comédie Humaine*." In the two or three scores of volumes, each is connected with the other, and forms part of the general plot. The particularity of each character and its relations is never lost sight of. To fix it, he was in the habit of writing out a synopsis of the history of each one—the epoch, date of birth, parents and principal relatives, physical and moral characteristics—which he put away in its allotted place. This was consulted, if necessary, when such an one re-appeared on the scene, which is often the case, and thus that harmony of character seen throughout his work was conserved. The types created have become fixed in the public mind, and men talk of Rastignac, Grandet, and de Marsay, as if they were historical. In conversation, the author himself referred to different people in the Human Comedy, as if they really existed. He said: "If Rastignac continues as he has begun, he will become minister." "Jacques Colin is the Cromwell of the galleys." He wrote: "I am going to Alençon and Grenoble, where Mademoiselle Cormon and Benassi live." Taine tells that one day Jules Sandeau, returning from a voyage, spoke of some family affair. Balzac listened to him some time, then said: "All that is well, my friend, but let us come back to the reality and talk of Eugénie Grandet."

The historian of the world which peoples the Human Comedy, did not allow his sym-

pathies to become engaged to the detriment of his work. He kept guard over his enthusiasm, and took his place before the drama, which passed before him as an impartial and critical observer, and made a philosophical and accurate statement of what he saw. And here is one of the reasons of his power, in not writing from a stand-point within the circle of the drama, but outside of it. If the conduct of the Père Goriot is sublime, there is no expression of approval from the writer; if that of his two daughters is to the last degree ungrateful, they are not taken to task; if tears escape from the reader at the touching scenes between the French Lear and his offspring, the eyes of the author remain dry. His tears fell on the proof-sheets, but do not appear in the story. The signs of his feeling are in the first coloring, but, when the picture is finished, no trace of them exists.

Many of his characters would conquer affection, were it not for the black spot which the artist, always mindful of nature, puts here and there. Lucien de Rubempré, in the early part of his career, captures sympathy and interest; then he is mixed in ill-doing, and the image is destroyed, which was first exhibited to such advantage. There is no trifling here—no coquetting with prettiness; the lines are deep and the color is strong. The artist paints after nature—that is, after nature as he sees it. A dozen painters may paint the same landscape and none be alike. So Balzac gave to his pictures his particular *cachet*, which others have in vain endeavored to imitate.

There was logic in his creations. Given certain attributes, his characters were impelled to follow out the road to an inevitable destination. Lucien de Rubempré, young, handsome, brilliant, impressible, poetic, vain, and pleasure-loving, falling under the influence of the able and unscrupulous Jacques Colin, is doomed to an ignominious ending; and, as the history progresses, the writer proves, by favorite principles and maxims, why it is so. Thus the theory of human action, as well as the plot, is generally kept in sight.

There was a Shakespearean breadth in the man that embraced every phase of life, from the highest to the lowest. At the outset of his stories he assumes that it is of the highest importance that the reader should be made acquainted with all the facts which he is about to present, as if he were furnishing evidence for a court of justice or a contribution to history. The statement of details is

put with such adroit reference to the drama that is about to begin, that the reader generally goes through it without fatigue. Sometimes, however, the minutæ are dwelt upon to the extent of being almost as tiresome

revealed to him by flashes, and who, according to his own account, seized his idea at the first bound. Balzac groped about for his with patience, but, when finally possessed, it was entirely his; then he saw it as



WHERE BALZAC WENT TO SCHOOL.

as the beginning of one of Walter Scott's novels; and this is perhaps the gravest fault with which he can be charged as a storyteller.

Literary expression was not a natural gift with Balzac, and the process was painful. His head was full of creation, but there was always the battle between the idea and the form. With extraordinary perseverance and literary conscientiousness, he at last found the suitable term for the act and the thing. He was not quick, nor at first clear. His mind was like a turbid and almost stagnant stream, which, as it flows, gathers strength and frees itself from impurities. The idea presented itself vaguely, clogged with irrelevant matter, and came into definite shape gradually. In this respect he was the opposite of a man like Byron, whose work was

in a stream of light, and he made his reader see it as with his own eyes.

With forces not entirely at his command, to work was to struggle. He had the power of concentration, the principal attribute of genius, but not in the form with which we are usually familiar. When genius sees its way clearly, as in the case of Poe, there is fascination and enjoyment to the author in the birth and development of a conception. This was partially denied to Balzac, and the child of his brain saw the day through mental pain. He could not arouse his forces into that activity necessary to embrace and absorb when he first employed them. They came to him in the beginning like unwilling recruits, but, in the end, the recalcitrants became enthusiastic volunteers. Patience and extraordinary industry whipped them

forward, and behind these came a superb egotism which supported the whole. His opinion of his work was so high, that he attributed to it excellences which rested on a slender foundation. For instance, his style, which has been subjected to no little criticism, he thought was perfect. He once said, with a naive, unblushing self-esteem, that there were only three men in France who could write French—Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and himself; he admitted, in what he considered a liberal spirit of concession, that the style of Villemain was also good; but there was nothing under it.

After meditating his subject for some time, he wrote a rapid sketch and sent it to the printer. It was returned to him in proof-sheet with wide margins. It thus appeared to him in a somewhat impersonal form, and he exercised his critical faculties in changing, amending, and developing, until the whole proof was covered with lines and writing, the correction itself being sometimes erased and corrected anew. Often the wide margins did not suffice, and bands of paper were annexed with wafers and pins. The proof thus covered was sent to the printer, whence it was returned, after being set up and printed the next day, the author going to work on it as before. The proof was returned seven or eight, and even ten times, before the writer was satisfied—in one case, fourteen. The corrections of Balzac became traditional. The compositors of the printing-house made a stipulation with the publisher that they were not to work more than two hours a day on Balzac. We give on page 641 a fac-simile of part of a proof-sheet taken from the story of "Un Début dans la Vie." Much of the pecuniary profit of his work was lost in the charge made for corrections; for every time the type was set anew a charge was made therefor. He was never tired of correcting; after his work passed through a magazine, it was corrected again before publication in a volume. The proof-sheet, in a word, was the map of his battle-field, showing the fight between matter and mind.

He was a thorough artist in the preparation of his effects, usually reaching his climax with one of those epigrammatic sentences which the reader unconsciously repeats whenever he thinks of the story. As the action reaches this point, his style is free from verbiage, the words employed being only those necessary to carry the idea to the *dénouement*. The expression, simple and decisive, is sped home like a well-

directed bullet. These crowning phrases are of intense interest, and are so fitted to the place that they may not be replaced by any others, and appear as the first natural expression of the author. He meditated these words, and changed them over and over again until they assumed the form which pleased him. One of these, by way of illustration, which thrill and remain in the memory, is spoken by Rastignac as he stands over the grave of Goriot and looks menacingly down on Paris—"Maintenant, à nous deux!" This is the apex of the pyramid.

If at times he is uninteresting, it is because of his universality. He was not satisfied to indicate the possession of technical knowledge in a character, but the character was made to express it. And this system gives an idea of the various kinds of studies which Balzac must have made. His physician appears such to physicians, his painter such to his like, and so on. Besides the external view of the actor usually given to the spectator, another is exhibited behind the scenes, of the most intimate character, in the midst of professional machinery. Madame Marneuf no longer has any secrets for us; Lousteau, Bixio, and Blondet take off their masks; at length we get thoroughly acquainted with the French Shylock, Gobseck.

He was full of poetic fancy, but could not write poetry. The few verses which he required in his novels were written for him by his friends. In his character of the comprehensive, universal man, he admired the poet, but in a lukewarm way, which leaves the inference that he did not rate him highly. It was rather the prose of Hugo that he liked. It is easy for the poet to drop into prose. Gautier modestly said: "We are birds, walking as well as flying, but we are not the lion,"—meaning Balzac. When the latter saw Gautier at the end of the table writing an article for his journal with facility, and little or no correction, he was surprised, but thought the writer would make it better if he would meditate, cut and develop his subject. In his novels he has two poets, Canalis and Lucien de Rubempré, neither of whom is an honor to the class he represents. The first is a metallic, ambitious, mundane poet, intriguing after position and pelf; and the second is a man with the faults and weakness of a pretty coquette.

His poor opinion of the journalists,—which he did not hesitate to express,—his pride and independence, turned most of the critics against him, as well as a number of those

who were also authors. As an illustration of his indiscretion in uttering his opinions, he said of George Sand that "she was a writer of the neuter gender, that Nature had been *distracte* in her creation, and should have given her more trouser and less style." As is almost always the case, this drew the fire of the criticised, she retorting that Balzac

tator of Rétif de la Bretonne and of Ducray-Duminil. Jules Janin wrote that he turned incessantly in the same circle of vulgar and trivial adventures. It was the intention of this critic to "demolish" Balzac,—to use his technical word; and this furnishes a curious example of how little value is to be attached to the opinion of the professional



BALZAC.

was a great naïf infant, who only knew her sex from hearsay—a tender point with Frenchmen, as they usually plume themselves on understanding woman's heart from personal experience. To some of the journalists, Balzac was irritatingly contemptuous, and this naturally bore fruit. According to Philarète Chasles, he was an awkward imi-

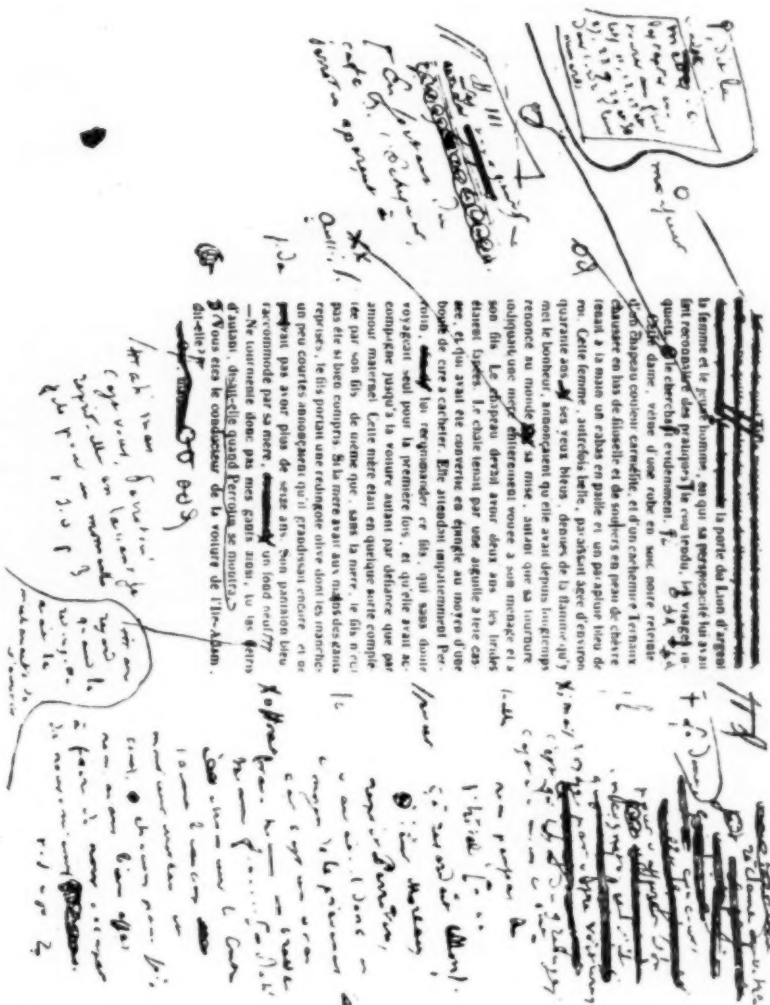
critic when his personality is in question.

Before the time of Balzac in literature, the beautiful and attractive heroine was usually 18 or 20 years of age, and never exceeded 25. He wrote the history of the woman of 30, made her the fashion, and her rehabilitation created many admirers for the author among women of that age, and somewhat

past it, from whom he received a number of souvenirs and many letters. The author told the woman of 30 her secrets, showed that he understood and appreciated her, and proved to her that she was more interesting and irresistible than her younger sister.

Cane of Balzac." The head of the stick was hollow, and contained a tress of beautiful hair, which had been sent to him with a word, "L'Inconnue," and whose owner at a later day, according to common report, he came to know as his wife.

FACSIMILE OF ONE OF BALZAC'S PROOF-SHETS.



The mementos which he received from grateful maturity, consisting in part of precious stones, he had set on the head of a great cane, which became as celebrated as its owner. Madame Delphine de Girardin consecrated a volume to it, entitled "The

It has been often said that his pictures of French life are not true, because they show a wickedness and a demoralization in a civilization which, except in its art feature, does not greatly differ from that of other countries. There is some ground for this criticism, for

most of Balzac's characters are *charged*, and for dramatic purposes there seems to be a necessity for this. Shakespeare and Molière did the same in creating types representing some concentrated passion, such as jealousy in Othello, melancholy in Hamlet, avarice in Harpagon, and hypocrisy in Tartuffe. Yet it is seldom in real life that a real Othello or Tartuffe, or any of the others named, are met with, although incomplete characters of the kind are common. In the same way Balzac made profound studies of a dominant passion, and more particularly of a vice. Several of these have been done with remarkable power, such as Grandet the miser in "Eugénie Grandet," unscrupulous selfishness in Philip Brideau in the "Ménage de Garçon," illegal love in the Baron Hulot.

Happy people have no history, is an axiom generally accepted, and especially by the novelist. Dramatic requirements do not permit him to write a quiet, even history, or the book would be dull. A dramatic crisis does not perhaps occur more than once in the life of an ordinary man, and the novelist must take it up at this point, which makes of his story an exceptional state of things, for he paints one year of turbulence to perhaps forty-nine which are left blank. There must be love, difficulty, and despair, of an extreme form, for these pictures depend on the system of contrasts for their success. No man of this age has made such an analysis of these passions as Balzac—minute, thorough, and philosophical. Hawthorne did it, but his was a more restricted field. The working out of "The Scarlet Letter" is, according to the plan of Balzac, more poetic and superior in form to that which the French author usually wrote, but narrow. Balzac did not have the poetic grace of the American author, but he had a more robust understanding, greater fertility of invention and capacity for work, and an intensity of observation which has never been equaled.

He had, in developing passion, the faculty of seizing the dramatic situation, and with this a tendency to write the story of vice rather than of virtue, because he believed the dramatic elements more marked in wickedness than in virtue. Hence the virtuous people in his works are in a minority, but in such numbers as to make the necessary contrast and relieve the features of vice; as an artist, he could not do less. Besides, there were the representatives of what he considered the *juste milieu*, neither good nor bad; but the scale almost always descends on the

side of the bad, and this gives color to the judgment pronounced against him, for he intended these characters to represent average men and women of the world.

His good man is often a victim, for he made him suffer to heighten the virtuous coloring. One of these sublime victims is the Père Goriot, who died that his daughter might live in a luxurious sphere; another is that woman who set up love's idol in an out-of-the-way province, and worshiped it in constancy and heroism, in spite of the bad clay of which it was made. Thus, vice as often triumphs in his books as virtue, and, in this, he observes the logic of human nature, which he was always studying. He put to himself the problem of a man with certain qualities and defects, and his consequent career. The deductions once made, he followed them out intrepidly to the end, though that end was suicide or the prison, without regard to the punishment of the guilty and the recompense of the guileless, usually meted out at the termination by the ordinary story-teller. There was no whip nor sugar-plum here. He did not write for children, but for intelligent men and women who appreciate a conscientious and powerful study. It is for this his books so often leave a painful impression; virtue frequently goes down before vice, chicanery overcomes knowledge, the heroic succumbs to the dastardly, but their defeat is turned into a monument which the sympathetic reader consecrates to their memories for all time.

"Are they moral?" is a question frequently asked in reference to his books, and it may be answered that they are, to people of cultivation and judgment, for no effort is made to gild vice and render it seductive,—for instance, after the manner of Bulwer, in his earlier novels. The philosophical rectitude of Balzac would never permit him to do this. The bad man and the bad cause are not extenuated, and he looks at them from the stand-point of a historian. To a matured and healthy mind, then, it may be declared there is no evil influence in his works. For the young and inexperienced, they may be objected to on account of that freedom of language permitted in French, which is hardly accepted in English,—at least, for family reading. Things are called by the names which express them most aptly; and this may not be done across the Channel and the Atlantic. Besides, there are certain subjects analyzed in all their details, which are not referred to in the lands of the English language, or are only approached

with periphrase. He studied these, and wrote about them as he would of a system of theology or government. He was like a painter drawing from the model, who does not see

too, as belonging to his most profound studies.

Balzac had the zeal, assiduity, and almost the dress, of a monk of the middle ages.



BALZAC'S PRISON, WHEN A SCHOOL-BOY.

with carnal eyes, but only with those of the artist—painting everything in nature with pleasure, which presented itself in a complete form.

Still, a few of his books may be put into the hands of the young without fear, and two of these are "Eugénie Grandet" and "Ursule Mirouët," which French parents permit their children to read, as they contain nothing in form or subject to offend the immature mind. They may be regarded,

His working costume was a white flannel robe, thrown back at the throat, and tied with a cord at the waist. It was not stained with ink, as one might suppose,—he holding that the true man of letters should be clean at his work. He probably had an idea of symbolizing in this a cloistered life devoted to literature. He had a thick neck, white and smooth as a woman's, which was in striking contrast to a face highly colored. His lips were sensual and good-humored;

the nose was square at the end, with well-cut nostrils. When he posed to David d'Angers for his bust, he called attention to this feature: "Pay attention to my nose, David; there is a world in my nose." The forehead was noble, with a perpendicular line in the middle, reaching to the space between the eyes. His hair was thrown back in confusion. The most striking feature was the eye, clear, handsome, and magnetic. According to Gautier, the habitual expression of the face was one of puissant hilarity, of Rabelaisian joy—the monk's robe probably giving birth to the idea. He had small white hands with tapering fingers, the rose-colored nails scrupulously cared for; his hand was one of his vanities, and a compliment thereon pleased him much.

His vanity was not confined to his hands, and was proverbial. On the sword of a statuette of Napoleon I., given him by the sculptor, was written: "What he could not achieve by the sword, I will accomplish with the pen." . . . HONORÉ DE BALZAC."

Another sign of his vanity was the particle *de* which he put before his name, and to which he had no legitimate claim. He believed, or affected to believe, that he was descended from the de Balzacs d'Entragues, whose history goes back to the Crusade, and he had the coat-of-arms of the same placed on his plate and paper. When some one had the courage and candor to prove to him that he was not descended from the members of this family, he replied: "So much the worse for them." To be the gentilhomme was his most marked puerility, when his vogue as a writer began. Then he played the character of a modern Alcibiades, dressed himself in fashionable and conspicuous garments, carried the noted cane, frequented the *loge infernale* at the theater and several noted salons. But this existence did not last long, for it was unnatural, and Balzac soon retired from it, after enjoying his triumph in the character of lion, and gratifying his vanity with the parade.

When the idea of a book presented itself to him, he disappeared. He has been heard to say to himself: "To work, my friend, to work; cut loose from every lien which attaches you to gross humanity; isolate yourself from the world entire; a truce to reasons; roll up your sleeves, spit in your hands, en avant la besogne, dig like a nigger!" Then he shut his door to all the world, even his best friends, and worked eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. No letters were opened during the period of

labor. He was cloistered in absolute solitude; the shutters and curtains were closed, and he wrote by the light of four candles, habited in his Dominican robe, as far away from the life of Paris as if he had been in the interior of Africa. From the middle of the night, till eleven or twelve in the morning, there was no interruption; if he felt sleepy, he woke himself with black coffee; at twelve, he breakfasted with eggs, bread, and cold water, finishing with a cup of black coffee, and went back to his table; after a light dinner, toward evening he slept six hours. When he became more exhausted than usual under this regimen, the rubicund Rose, his cook, softly approached with a plate of fragrant soup and tremblingly offered it to him, which he harshly and peremptorily declined. "But Monsieur will become seriously ill." "Rose, you annoy me—get out." Then, repenting of his treatment of her, he would call her back, eat the soup, and admonish her solemnly not to attempt it again under pain of dismissal. This was his life for four, six, or perhaps eight weeks. He disappeared fat, rosy, and came forth pale, flabby, with a black circle around his eyes, and a *chef-d'œuvre* in his hands. After this travail, he allowed himself a holiday license. He has been known on one of these occasions to consume at a single dinner, one hundred Ostend oysters, a dozen mutton chops, a young duck with turnips, a pair of roasted partridges, a sole normande, and several pears, the whole accompanied with copious libations of wine. Morally, his work had a good effect on him. The formidable studies of Jean Jacques Rousseau brought misanthropy in their wake, and those of Molière, melancholy. Balzac issued from his labors serene and cheerful.

Sometimes, in the small hours of the morning, when the brain refused its task, even under the inspiration of strong coffee, he went out into the night and took long walks. At his cottage—The Jardies—in the Ville d'Avray, in the neighborhood of Paris, a privileged few went occasionally to dine, when the host only appeared as the repast was served, and sometimes not at all. Without ceremony, he left his guests and retired to bed. Sometimes, he was so absorbed in his literary plans, his guests could get nothing from him but monosyllables; but, generally, he was a good *convive*, and entered into the conversation with that zest which characterized him in all he did.

He was a boy as long as he lived. He possessed that naïveté which often accom-

panies genius, and was always hopeful and enthusiastic. When he played with his sister's children, he romped as if he were one of them. He wrote a book for them. Delphine Girardin enlisted him in acrobatic exercises of language, such as making puns and capping verses, neither of which could he do well, and he wrestled with ardor in these bouts. A contemporary has left a portrait of him engaged in this way in Madame Girardin's salon, "sitting on his shoulders," his white waistcoat pushed up negligently on his breast, his brow absorbed in thought.

According to the American average, he was something under the usual height; but, in France, he was of medium stature. Toward the latter part of his life, he was thick, fat, with large shoulders; the hair turning to gray, long, and ill combed; the face of a rubicund monk of the olden time; the mouth large and teeth solid; mustaches small, and the eyes bright and of strange attraction. His laugh is said to have been so loud and deep as to cause the crystal to vibrate on the table. This profound cachinnation was often the preliminary to the anecdotes which he told—bursting out in a way to cause surprise in those who did not know him. When, in a preoccupied mood, a Rabelaisian joke was told him, one saw it stealing into his face, which became radiant with mirth; his great breast heaved and his lungs sent out what is popularly called in English-speaking countries, a horse-laugh. This mighty risibility was so hearty and natural as to be contagious. He was far from being elegant; his clothes always seemed to fit him badly. He cared little for conventional forms; in reading a play at the foyer of the Odéon in presence of women, he opened his waistcoat and buckled up his braces two or three holes with what the feminine mind doubtless thought was the equanimity of a savage.

The persuasive powers of Balzac were so remarkable that he won his hearers over to his improbable projects and views. Something after the style of Poe's "Gold Bug," he pretended to have discovered the place where the treasure of Toussaint L'Ouverture was buried near Point-à-Pitre. He exercised such magnetism in his account of the hidden treasure that he persuaded Théophile Gautier and Jules Sandeau of its authenticity, each of whom was to receive one-quarter of the loot, he requiring the services of two trusty friends to aid him. They actually went so far as to look at some shovels and

picks. It is hardly necessary to say that they never discovered the treasure; they had no money to pay their passage and the project was reluctantly abandoned. One of the trio made public confession of his participation in the scheme, begging his readers not to quiz him too much therefor, and throwing the blame on the irresistible magnetism of Balzac.

He has been known to interrupt himself in the middle of one of his accounts of how to become rich, accusing himself of idleness and *bavardage*. Every moment was precious, and, abruptly leaving his hearer, he locked himself in and wrought like a giant. The most active Yankee, with his proverb of "time is money," was prodigal of his minutes compared to Balzac. Loss of time was remorse. He loved his work, but he also loved the glory and riches which it was to bring, and in which his faith was absolute.

The acquisition of riches in some romantic and sudden fashion was the dream of his life. It was the pain of Tantalus,—for wealth always eluded him. In the early part of his career, he became convinced that there was still considerable silver in the silver mines abandoned by the Romans through their imperfect refining process, and he made a voyage to Sardinia to assure himself of it; but naively communicated his project to the captain of the ship on which he embarked at Marseilles, who availed himself of the idea and made a fortune.

In imagination he reveled in the possession of gold and precious stones, of sumptuous apartments and magnificent equipages. He lived in his characters, and especially in "Facino Cane," in which is painted the scene of tons of gold and piles of precious stones, hidden away in a Venetian vault. During this period he talked of nothing else than wonderful discoveries of this kind, and indeed, at all times, the power of money was one of his principal themes.

He could not keep money, and often spent it before he made it,—hence his debts. He was always surrounding himself, after his literary success, with objects of luxury beyond his means. The simple cord which girded his monachal robe was changed to a chain of Venetian gold, to which were attached a paper-cutter and a pair of scissors of the same metal. He was always discounting the prospective profits of his books, and his account was generally overdrawn with his publisher. He was always estimating in francs and centimes the value of his work, and believed in his future wealth as

Napoleon believed in his star. Some day the fickle princess, unheeding other adorers making genuflexions before her, was to guide the wheel to the door of Balzac and pour out the horn of plenty before him. In moments of expansion, he gave a description of the contents of the cornucopia as if they were spread before him, and con-

to rent for the sale of his pine-apples, but fortunately none were vacant. Eureka! There was no use worrying himself any more about money. The solution was found in pine-apples, and in ten days afterward pine-apples were never mentioned.

This was the history of most of his money-making projects. Once he walked in from

The Jardies to Paris, several miles, at two o'clock in the morning, and woke up one of his friends, telling him to get up immediately and dress himself. What was the matter? Was his house on fire; had a calamity befallen his friends or relatives? No; he had invented a scheme for getting rich. There was no time to be lost; it was a question of millions—it was always a question of millions with Balzac—which were to be found in a mine of Corsica. On hearing this the friend, not a little annoyed, turned over, saying that he thought it would keep until the morrow. At the time the public gaming-houses existed, he explained to Jules Sandeau and his publisher, an infallible theory for winning enormous amounts of money, and waited at the corner of the street while one of them with 60 francs followed his instructions in a neighboring establishment. On his return the man of the theory demanded eagerly the result. Nothing. Whereupon Balzac, still hopeful, went into a jeweler's shop of the Palais Royal and borrowed 40 francs, with which the same person returned to give the theory a new trial, and came back,

as before, with nothing. Balzac continued to explain his system, when Sandeau called his attention to the fact that in his calculation he had forgotten the double zero. This omission astonished Balzac greatly, and he added, after a pause, that without the unfortunate ciphers they would be millionaires. One of his companions, after tearing himself away from the fascination of his tongue and his eye, said to a friend that if he had not done so he would have become as crazy as Balzac himself. Afterward, when laughed at for his wild schemes, Balzac joined in the mirth as heartily as the rest, for he was good-hearted—in short a *bon enfant*.

He established a semi-weekly journal, which, like all his enterprises, was to be a great success, and got together a group of



TOMB OF BALZAC.

structed castles in Spain without number and of unparalleled magnificence.

His imagination always traveled ahead of actual results. If one of his volumes brought in good returns, they were to be ten times as great in the volume to follow—and he was ready to prove it to his listener with a torrent of eloquence which bore away obstacles as if they were feathers.

One of his singular plans for the attainment of the wealth which, for the time, absorbed him, was the cultivation of pine-apples at The Jardies, containing four or five acres, and he made it out that the growing of this fruit would produce him an immense revenue. He argued the matter with his friends and had an answer for every objection; he took Théophile Gautier with him along the Boulevard to look for a shop

men of letters to write for it. He preached to them the hygiene of a true literary life; they were to cloister themselves away from the world, drink water, go to bed at six in the evening, rise at midnight and work till morning, employ the day in correcting what was done at night, and in making studies and notes for the ensuing nocturnal labor, avoid tobacco and dissipation. Balzac was so eloquent on this theme that he induced some of these Parisians to follow his regimen for a few days; but, naturally, they soon gave it up. Every Saturday at dinner there was a reunion of the writers of the "*Chronique de Paris*,"—the name of the journal,—the chief of whom were Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, Léon Gozlan, Gustave Planche, and Alphonse Karr, besides Balzac. The last named presided at these banquets, and was always full of the journal. One or two of these Bohemians thought there was so much newspaper talk as to interfere with the eating, and especially the drinking. They were hardly seated before Balzac asked them respectively if they brought manuscript, to which they were generally constrained to answer in the negative. Thus they showed little punctuality in their work, but they could always be relied upon for dinner. They venerated the talent of their chief, but he was so naively vain as to subject himself to no little raillery, and he, such a shrewd observer when it was not a question of himself, did not see that he was quizzed. The mild, good-natured Gautier naturally was not one of the authors of this kind of play. The Bixio on these occasions was usually Alphonse Karr; and once he crowned Balzac with flowers, and hailed him as the great master. The master was like a child with a new bauble, and gave himself over to that Homeric laughter for which he was famed. After the repast there was an hour or two of smoking, although Balzac detested tobacco in every form. He told the smokers they would never be great writers; the practice took off the edge of their energy and finesse; their plans ended in smoke, etc. He especially tried to persuade the amiable Gautier to abandon the habit, but that Oriental of the Seine sighed, smiled sadly, and continued to smoke.

One of Balzac's ideas was that thirteen men of talent, firmly united, could arrive at

the possession of power and wealth, and he endeavored to put it to practice. Through eloquence and conviction he, as usual, communicated his enthusiasm to several of his friends, among others Gautier, Sandeau, and Léon Gozlan, and organized them into an association under the name of the "*Cheval Rouge*." With that love of mystery which characterized Balzac, and which he pushed to a point that was infantile, he made his first appointment with his colleagues in an out-of-the-way tavern called the "*Cheval Rouge*" on the bank of the Seine, where they dined, each paying his quota. To insure the mystery of the association, the place of meeting was changed after each repast. If one of their number made a novel, its praises were to be sounded with tongue and written with pen by the rest of the "*horses*," for by this name they were known to each other. If another wrote a poem, a political article, or an archaeological study, or what not, the same rules were to be observed. Thus, in this mutual admiration society, whatever a member did was to be proclaimed by a dozen voices as superb. They were to affect not to know each other, or very slightly, and Balzac illustrated this agreement in a drawing-room where he met Gautier and pretended not to be acquainted with him, although there were people present who were probably aware of their intimacy. At the first opportunity the naïf "*chief horse*" sent a glance of intelligence to his fellow which plainly said: "Observe and admire—see how finely I am playing it." According to the astute leader, they were going to become deputies, peers, and ministers, and rule the country. Before these results were attained, however, the society was dead. Gautier thought the demise was principally owing to the inability of the "*horses*" to pay for their oats.

At last, when he had attained the age of fifty, the princess, with the cornucopia, for whom he had been looking all his life, really came. She proved to be an estimable and wealthy Russian woman of rank, to whom the author was married; but she came too late, and the victim, a short time after the union, succumbed, from the effects of his immoderate use of strong coffee and his extraordinary night-work.

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



INEZ HAS AN ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DRESSED DAY.

"A visit should be of three days length.

1. The Rest Day. 2. The Dressed Day.

3. The Pressed Day."

—MISS FERRIER.

THE respect due to a reception so courteous as that with which the Colonels Troviño and Rodriguez welcomed the party, compelled a stay in Nacogdoches over one full day. In truth Philip Nolan had advised a stay so long, and had told the ladies that he had a thousand ways of informing himself at what moment they should leave the Fort to proceed westward. The morning of the day after the arrival of the ladies was

spent in a prolonged breakfast—in which the Señora did her best to show her guests that the resources of a military post were not contemptible. And indeed she succeeded. When she had made it certain that they were not too much fatigued by their five days' ride from the river, she took order to assemble at supper all the officers of the command and their wives, and the preparations for this little fête filled the Colonel's quarters with noisy bustle, quite unusual, through the morning.

In the midst of this domestic turmoil,—not so different, after all, from what Eunice and Inez had seen on the plantation, when Silas Perry had brought up an unexpected com-

pany of guests,—a new turmoil broke out in the square, and called most of the occupants of the house 'out upon the arcade which fronted it. The Lady Troviño was not too dignified to join the groups of curious inquirers, and she did not return at once to her guests.

Ransom did come in, under the pretense of asking if they needed anything, but really because there was news to tell. He satisfied himself that in this dark inner room there were no eavesdroppers, and that those heavy stone walls had no ears; and then he indulged himself, though in a low tone, in the forbidden luxury of the vernacular.

"Pray what is it, Ransom?" asked Inez, speaking always in Spanish.

"All nonsense," said the old man,—*"all nonsense—told 'em so myself, but they would not hear to me. Spanishers and niggers all on 'em, nothin' but greasers—don't know nothin', told 'em so—all nonsense."*

Then after a pause:—

"White gal 'z okl as you be, Een"—this was his short-hand way of saying "Miss Inez," when he was off guard.

"White gal dressed jest like them Injen women ye see down on the levy,—they caught her up here among the Injens, and brought her away,—she can't speak nothin' but Injen, and they don't know what she says. They brought her down from up there among the Injens where they caught her,—she's dressed jest like them Injen women ye see on the levy;—but she's a white gal—old as you be, Een."

Inez knew by long experience that when one of Ransom's speeches had thus balanced itself,—by repetition backward to the beginning, as a musical air returns to the key-note,—she might put in a question without disturbing him.

"Who found her, Ransom? Who brought her in?"

"Squad o' them soldiers;—call 'em soldiers, ain't soldiers, none on 'em; ain't one on 'em can stand the Choctaw Injens two minutes. Was ten on 'em goin' along, and had a priest with 'em,—n' they met a lot o' Injens half-starved, they said. Men was clean lost; hadn't got no arrows, and couldn't git no game. Didn't b'long here—got down here'n got lost; didn't know nothin'. Injens had this white gal, white as you be, Een,—n' the priest said he wouldn't gin 'em nothin' ef they wouldn't let him have the white gal. They didn't want to, but he made 'em, he did;—said they should not

have nothin' ef they wouldn't let him have the white gal. White as you be she is, Miss Eunice."

Inez was all excited by this time, and begged her aunt to join the party in the arcade,—which they did.

True enough, just under the gallery, was this tall wild girl,—of singularly clear brunette complexion, but of features utterly distinct from those of an Indian squaw. Eunice and Inez, indeed, both felt that the girl was not of Spanish, but of Anglo-Saxon or Scotch-Irish blood, though, in the unpopularity of their own lineage in Nacogdoches, neither of them thought it best to say so. Three or four of the Mexican women of the post were around the girl,—some of them examining her savage ornaments, some of them plying her with tortillas and fruit, and even milk,—under the impression that she must be hungry. The girl herself looked round, not without curiosity, and in a dozen pretty ways showed that she was not of the same phlegmatic habit as her recent possessors.

In a few moments the Señora Troviño returned, having given some orders for the poor girl's comfort, the results of which immediately appeared.

But when she called the girl to her, most kindly, and when she came under the arcade as she was beckoned, the ladies could make no progress in communicating with her. She seemed to have no knowledge of Spanish, nor yet of French. If she had been taken prisoner from either a Spanish or French settlement, it was when she was so young that she had forgotten their language.

Inez tried her with "madre" and "padre;" the Señora Troviño pointed reverently to a crucifix and a Madonna with folded hands. But the girl showed no other curiosity than for the other articles of taste or luxury—if such simple adornments can be called such.

"Still, Eunice," cried Inez, "I am sure she understood 'mamma.' Say 'ma' to her alone."

Meanwhile Madame Troviño called one and another woman and servant who had some smattering of Indian dialects; but the girl would smile good-naturedly, and could make nothing of what they said. But this suggested to Eunice that she might beckon to Blackburn, the hunter, who was lounging in the group in front, and in a whisper she bade him address the girl in the Choctaw dialect.

This language was wholly distinct from any of the dialects of the west of the Mis-

issippi—as these, indeed, changed completely, even between tribes whose hunting-grounds were almost the same.

Blackburn did as he was bidden, but without the least success. But in a moment he fell back on the gift of silence, and began in the wonderful pantomime, which the ladies had already seen so successful between Nolan and the Lipan chief.

The girl smiled most intelligently, nodded assent, and in the most vivid, rapid and active gesture entered on a long narration, if it may be called so, of her life with the Indians. Blackburn sometimes had to bid her be more slow, and repeat herself. But it was clear enough that they were both on what he would have called the right trail, and he was coming at a full history of her adventures.

But a new difficulty arose when Blackburn was to interpret what he had learned. He made a clumsy effort in a few words of bread-and-butter Spanish, such as all Western men picked up in the groceries and taverns at Natchez. But this language was very incompetent for what he had to tell. Still the good fellow knew that he must not speak English in the presence of these greasers, and he bravely struggled on in a Spanish, which was as unintelligible as his Choctaw.

In the midst of this confusion Ransom came to the front and addressed him boldly:

"Est-ce-que vous ne parlez Français bien, mon camarade. Then speak hog English, but I'll tell 'em it's Dutch. Say parlez vous at the beginning, and we monsieur at the end."

Then he turned to the Señora Troviño, and bowed with a smile, and told her that the man was a poor ignorant dog from Flanders, who had been in the woods as a hunter ever since he came abroad as a boy; that he spoke very little French, and that very badly, but that he, Ransom, had seen him so much that he could understand him.

Then he turned to Blackburn:

"N'oubliez pas, mon ami,—don't forget a word I tell you. Pepper it well, and don't git us hanged for nothin'. Ensuite—tout ensemble—oui, monsieur."

"Oui, monsieur, vraiment," said Blackburn bravely. "The gal don't remember when she did not live with the redskins. Sacrement! parbleu! mon Dieu!—but she does not remember her own mother, who died ten years ago. Parlez vous Français, Saint Denis! Since then she has lived as they all live. Comment, monsieur. She says

she wants to go to the East—that her mother bade her go there—*morbleu! sacrement! oui, monsieur.* She says the redskins wasn't kind to her, and wasn't hard on her, but didn't give her enough to eat, and made her walk when her feet was sore. *Mère de Dieu, sacrement! Saint Denis—bon jour!*"

It was clear enough that poor Blackburn's French had been mostly picked up among the voyagers on the river, and, alas! from their profane, rather than their ethical or æsthetic moments. It may be doubted whether to the Señora Troviño, the poor smattering would not have betrayed rather than helped the poor fellow, but that her sympathies were so wholly engrossed by the condition of the captive that she cared little by what means her story was interpreted.

In a moment more Ransom had explained it in voluble Spanish.

"Ask him for her name, Ransom; ask if she knew her mother's name; ask him how old she is," cried Inez eagerly.

"She says the Indians call her the White Hawk, but that her mother called her Mary, and bade her never forget," said the old man, really wiping his eyes. "She says she is sixteen summers old."

Inez seized the girl's hand and said "Marie"—of which she made nothing; but when the girl said squarely "Mary," "Mary"—and then said "Ma"—"Ma"—"Ma," the poor captive's face flushed for the first time; and she seized both Inez's hands, repeated all these syllables after her, and broke into a flood of tears.

"Ma-ry," said Eunice slowly to the Señora Troviño, "it is the way they pronounce Marie in the eastern provinces."

In a moment more appeared the portly and cheerful Father Andrés, who had by an accident been cut off from the principal company of their tribe, and by a series of misfortunes had lost their horses and most of their weapons. They were loath to throw themselves on Spanish hospitality, and well they might be. Still, when the troopers had struck their trail and overtaken them, the savages were in great destitution and well-nigh starving. They were out of their own region—were trying to return to it on foot, and were living as they might on

Ransom's story was substantially correct. This was a little band of Apaches, who had by an accident been cut off from the principal company of their tribe, and by a series of misfortunes had lost their horses and most of their weapons. They were loath to throw themselves on Spanish hospitality, and well they might be. Still, when the troopers had struck their trail and overtaken them, the savages were in great destitution and well-nigh starving. They were out of their own region—were trying to return to it on foot, and were living as they might on

such rabbits as they could snare, and such wild fruits as they could find. Father Andrés, with a broader humanity, had agreed to give a broken-down mule and a quarter of venison as a ransom for the girl, and both parties had been well satisfied with the exchange.

For the girl herself,—she was tall, graceful in movement, eminently handsome, with features of perfect regularity, eyes large and black, and with her head fairly burdened with the luxurious masses of hair, which were gathered up with some savage ornament, but insisted upon curling in a most un-Indian-like way. There was a singular unconsciousness in her demeanor, like that of an animal. Inez said she never knew that you were looking at her. Once and again, in this little first interview, she started to her feet, and stood erect and animated, with an eagerness which the Spanish women around her, or their Indian servants, never showed and could not understand. Perhaps she never seemed so attractive as in these animated pantomimes in which she answered their questions, or explained the detail of their past history.

Soon after the arrival of Father Andrés, Harrod returned from riding with the officers. He explained to Donna Isabella that he had acquired some knowledge of the Indian pantomime in his hunting expeditions. By striking out one superfluous interpreter from the chain, he gave simplicity and animation to the stranger's narrative.

She remembered perfectly well many things that her mother had told her, though she showed only the slightest knowledge of her mother's language. But, on this point, Harrod and the ladies from Orleans were determined to try her more fully when they were alone. The village, whatever it was, of her birthplace had been fortified against savages. But a powerful tribe had attacked it, and, after long fighting, the whites had surrendered. But what was surrender to such a horde? So soon as they had laid down their weapons the Indians had slaughtered every man, and every boy large enough to carry arms. Next they had killed, for convenience' sake, every child not big enough to travel with them in their rapid retreat. The women they had kept, and if any woman chose to keep her baby the whim was indulged. Such a baby was this "Ma-ry"—the White Hawk just now rescued. Her mother had clung to her in every trial. Long, long before the White Hawk could remember anything, she and her mother had been sold

to some other tribe, which took them far from other captives of their own race. With this tribe—who were Apaches, of Western Texas—she had lived ever since she could remember. She had always heard of whites. She had always known she was one of them. But she had never seen a white man till yesterday.

"And now you are with us, you will stay with us," said Donna Isabella, eagerly.

The girl did not so much as notice her appeal. For she happened to be looking on one of the thousand marvels around her, so that she did not catch the eagerness of the Spanish lady's eye, and she understood not a syllable of her language. Harrod touched her gently, and repeated the appeal to her in a pantomime which the others could partly follow.

Then the White Hawk smiled,—oh! so prettily,—and replied in a pantomime which they could not follow; but she placed her hand in Donna Isabella's, in Eunice's, and in Inez's in rapid succession, just pausing long enough before each to give the assurance of loyalty.

"She says that she promised her mother every night, before she slept, that she would go to her own people,—the whites. Whenever she can go to the rising sun to find them, she must go. But she says she is sure you three will be true to her, and that she will be true to you. She says she must find her mother's brothers and sisters, and she says you must be her guides."

Inez's eyes were brimming with tears.

"Can we find them, Monsieur Philippe? How can we find them? Where was this massacre, and when?"

The Spanish officers shrugged their shoulders at this, and said that, alas, there was only too much of such cruelty all along the frontier. The story, Harrod said, was like that of the massacre at Fort Loudon, but that was too long ago. The truth was, that for seventy years, from the time when the Indians of Natchez sacrificed the French garrison there, down to that moment, such carnage had been everywhere. Harrod told the ladies afterward that in only seven years, about the time of which the White Hawk spoke, fifteen hundred of the people of Kentucky had been killed or taken prisoners, and as many more on the Ohio River above Kentucky. Which village of a hundred, therefore, was White Hawk's village, or which mother of a thousand was hers, it would be hard to tell.

But Eunice thought that in that eye and

face she saw the distinct sign of that Scotch-Irish race, which carries with it wherever it emigrates such matchless beauty of color, whether for women or for men. But of this, to their Spanish friends she said nothing.

So unusual a ripple in the stagnant life of the garrison threw back the memory of the arrival of the ladies from Orleans quite in the distance. Still, when the evening came; and the Donna Isabella's guests gathered, it proved that the several ladies of the little "society" had not been unmindful of the duties they owed to fashion. Most of them were attired in the latest styles of Mexico and Madrid which were known to them. Others relied boldly on the advices they had received from their correspondents, and wore what they supposed the latest fashion of Europe outside of Spain. All came eager with curiosity to see what were the latest dates from Orleans and from Paris. With some difficulty, and in face of many protests from Ransom, Eunice and Inez were able to indulge them. It was necessary to open some packs which had been put up for San Antonio, and San Antonio only.

Ransom said this was impossible. Eunice said it must be done. Ransom said he would not do it. Eunice said that then she should have to do it herself. Ransom then knew that he had played his last card, went and opened the packs in question, brought them to the ladies, and declared that it was the easiest thing in life to do so, and that, in fact, they ought to be opened, because they needed the air. For such was Ransom's way when he was met face to face.

We ought to tell our fair readers how these two ladies were dressed on that October evening. Not so different in the effect at a distance from the costumes of to-day. But the waists of their frocks were very close under their arms, as if they were the babes of 1876 at the baptismal font. For the rest the skirts were scant, as Inez's diary tells me, and the trimming was their glory.

Would you like to see Madame Fantine's account of the dress which Inez wore that evening? It is "*Coiffure à l'hirondelle*. Robe à soie bleue à demi traine; la jupe garnie des paillettes." Now paillettes were little round steel spangles.

There! Is not that the loyal and frank way for the novelist of the nineteenth century when he has his heroine's costume to describe.

But Madame Fantine could not have described the White Hawk's dress—"Ma-ry's." And, after all, she was the belle of the evening. The Donna Isabella

and Inez, principally Inez, had devoted themselves to her toilette through the afternoon. To dress her as a Christian woman had been Donna Isabella's first idea. But, to say truth, Donna Isabella's idea of Christianity was not unlike that of the missionaries in Africa, whose first great triumph was the persuading the natives to bury their dead in coffins. If the Donna Isabella could have seen the White Hawk in a mantilla and long silk wrapper, she would have been as well satisfied as Padre Andreas if he could place baptismal waters on her forehead. To such costume White Hawk herself objected. Could she have spoken Hebrew she would have said, with Jesse's son: "I have not proved them." And here our pretty Inez proved her loyal friend. How charming it was to see these lovely girls together! No! White Hawk had come to them in savage costume—and so it was best that she should come to the party. Only these feathers must be crisp and new. And the presidio was quite competent to furnish crisp new crane's feathers. This doeskin tunic—yes, it did have a bad smell—even Inez had to confess that. But the quartermaster produced a lovely new doeskin, at the sight of which those black eyes of White Hawk's flashed fire; and what with Inez's needle, and Eunice's, and the Mexican maid of Donna Isabella, and White Hawk's own nimble fingers, every pretty fringe, every feather, with every bead and every shell from the old wilderness-worn dress, were transferred in an hour to the new robe. As for hair, as Inez said, there was not a major's wife, nor a captain's, at the party, but envied White Hawk her magnificent coiffure.

For slippers—*alias* moccasins—they were fain to go to the store-house of the presidio again, and select one of the smallest pair they found there made ready for women's wear. They gave these to White Hawk, who laughed merrily. Before the "party" began they were embroidered with the brightest colors, discovered only White Hawk knew where or how.

Thus appareled, White Hawk certainly drew all eyes. Inez confessed that she paled her ineffectual fires. Her ivory fan, fresh from Paris, did not win the homage, she said, which White Hawk won by her crane's feathers.

"And what could you expect," said the enthusiastic girl, "when she has those wonderful cheeks, those blazing eyes, and that heavenly smile. Eunice, if you do not

take her to Antonio with us, why Eunice, I shall die!"

The garrison, at its best, furnished twelve ladies—confessed as ladies—when there was any such occasion for festivity as this evening. Of gentlemen, as at all military posts, there was no lack. The frontier garrison towns of Mexico presented at that time a series of curious contrasts. Gentlemen of the best training of Europe, who had, perhaps, brought with them ladies of the highest culture—as Governor Herrera had at this very time—were stationed for years, in the discharge of the poor details of frontier duty, in the midst of the simplest and most ignorant people in Christendom. In the same garrison would be young Mexican gentlemen—in training for the same service—not deficient in the external marks of a gentleman, but without any other culture than training in the details of tactics. Between the wives was a broader contrast, perhaps, than between the husbands. Very few Mexican ladies of the Spanish blood, "Creoles," if we may take the expression of the day, were educated for any conversation with intelligent men, or expected to bear a share in it. But such a lady as Madame Herrera, with whom the persevering reader of these pages will meet, or the Señora Maria Caberairi, or the Señora Marguerite Valois, accustomed to the usages of Europe, lived as rational beings. That is, they received visits and discharged the duties of an elegant hospitality. Such a protest against the Oriental seclusion which, perhaps, the Moors introduced into Spanish life, whether in Old Spain or in New Spain, met with no favor from the handsome, indolent and passive ladies who made up the majority of garrison society. And the line was marked with perfect distinctness, on this occasion, between four on the one side and eight on the other, of the ladies who attended at Donna Maria's ball.

This contrast added greatly to the lively Inez's enjoyment of the evening. She had no lack of good partners, only eager to take her out to the minuet. The lively girl showed that she, at least, had no objection to talking to young officers, and that she had enough to say to them.

"Do not disgrace your duenna," said Eunice, laughing, as Inez left her on one of these campaigns of conquest. And Inez said:

"Dearest duenna, if I could only use a fan as well as you do."

Harrod said to Eunice that he should

find his occupation gone, now that there was a little army of Dons and hidalgos only too eager to take charge of the ladies of his convoy. Indeed, in brilliancy of costume, the gentlemen of the party quite held their own in comparison with even the French and Spanish toilets of the ladies. The dragoons wore a short blue coat, with red cape and cuffs, with small-clothes of blue velvet, always open at the knee. Every gentleman brought with him a tall dress hat, such as the modern reader associates with banditti on the stage. It was etiquette to bring this even into the ball-room, because the ribbon of gay colors with which it was bound was supposed to be a lady's gift and a mark of gallantry. Many of the men were tall and handsome, and you would have said that dancing and cards were the only business of their lives.

Although Inez had spent her whole life in what was called a Spanish colony—in a town which thought much of itself—while Nacogdoches was but a garrison post, she had never seen, till now, any of the peculiar forms of Spanish society. Orleans held its head very high in the social way, but it was as a French city. The governors and their courts could make no head against the proud Gallicism of the people they found there, and French travelers said with pride that Spaniards were "*Francised*," but Frenchmen were not "*Espanoled*" in Orleans.

The minuet was at that moment the property of the world. The fandango and the bolero were dances Inez had never seen before; nor would she have shed tears if she had been told she should never see them again. The White Hawk, who joined even merrily in the gayeties of the evening, seemed hurt and annoyed at the intimacies of the fandango, and showed that she was glad when it was over. None of the strangers indeed could take part in it, and they observed that a part of the ladies among their hosts would not take part in it. Naturally enough, the talk turned on National Dances, in a circle of such varied nationalities. The White Hawk frankly and simply performed an Apache *pas de seul* for the surprise and amusement of her hosts, so soon as she found they would take pleasure from it. And then, after a little conference between Donna Maria and her husband, and a word with Colonel Rodriguez the Commander of the Garrison, one of the band-men was sent out to bring in a party of dancers from the vulgar crowd

without, who would show a pure Mexican dance to the visitors.

This was the dance of the Matachines,—which dates back even to the Court of Montezuma. A boy, gayly dressed, rushed in with his bride. These were Montezuma and Malinche. The girl's rattle took the place of the castanets of the fandango. In an instant more the other dancers, armed also with rattles, followed in two parallel rows, soon breaking into four, and a large man with a hideous mask,—the devil of the scene,—whip in hand, ruled the pageant. Nobody but Montezuma and Malinche escaped his blows.

At times the Emperor and his bride sat in chairs which were placed, for their thrones, and received from the other dancers the most humble protestations.

Friar Andrés said that the whole was typical of astronomical truths. Perhaps it was. I remember Margaret Fuller once told me, who write these words, what the quadrille called "Pantalon" typified. If I only remembered! That is the figure where the gentleman leaves his partner for a while in captivity on the other side.

Meanwhile all the men were not occupied in minuets, in fandangos, in boleros, or in fanning ladies. Parties of officers, not inconsiderable, sat at cards in the card-rooms, and if one could judge from their cries now and then, the play was exciting and high.

In such amusements the "dressed day" came to a close, and it stole an hour even from the day of departure.

CHAPTER IX.

TALKING AND WALKING.

"Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest I'll venture."—MILTON.

It was decided in solemn assembly, the next morning, that the White Hawk should join the party of travelers for San Antonio. Donna Maria had seen too much of garrison life to wish to keep the girl longer than was necessary, at a post like Nacogdoches. Indeed, if she ever were to seek her birth-place, it must be from such a point as San Antonio, and not from a garrison town. Eunice and Inez gladly took the care of her,—and Colonel Troviño formally prepared a new passport which should describe her and her condition also.

"I have added your name, Monsieur Philippe," said the hospitable Colonel. "I

see you joined the party after the Marquis's pass was filled. Ah me! the Marquis is growing a little drowsy after all!" And he laughed with that conceit with which a rival bureau always detects errors in the administration of the establishment "over the way."

And so, after every conceivable delay, innumerable adios and commendations to the Virgin, the little party started again. To the last, Blackburn, Richards, Adams and King were taken for granted as part of the party. They asked no questions,—and the Colonel, with all his formalities, never asked them where they joined or where they were to leave.

With no prospect of other detention before arriving at San Antonio, they all pushed out into what was very nearly desert country.

The afternoon was well advanced, when they made the halt which with an earlier start would have been made earlier,—for a rest from the saddle, and to give the beasts a chance for food. The ladies sat on their shawls a little away from the caravan proper, and Harrod, with some help from Ransom, improvised a screen from the wind by stretching his own blanket above some stakes driven into the ground.

The first care had been to send notes and messages to Capt. Nolan, who was supposed to be not far away. These were intrusted to Blackburn, and to old Cæsar, whom Blackburn had persuaded to join him for a few days. After their departure, the encampment took on an air of tranquil repose.

"We are as happy as Arabs," said Inez.

"As happy as Ma-ry here would be in your father's salon on the plantation," said Harrod. "Ask her if she sees anything piquant or strange in lunching *al fresco* here."

"Ask her," said Eunice, "what she makes of Ransom's Boston crackers; and whether she would rather have a rabbit *à la mesquit*."

"Ah well!" said Harrod, "the rarity of the thing is all very well, but when Miss Inez here has lunched twenty days more *al fresco* she will be glad to find herself in her aunt's inner chamber——"

"As Ma-ry will after twenty days of the salon life,—to find herself on a mustang horse, riding after antelopes," said Inez,—this time sadly.

"Miss Inez, I do not believe a word of it."

"A word of what?"

"Of what you are afraid of,—that this girl has become a child of the forest and is going to love mustangs and antelopes and mesquit bushes, and grilled rabbits, more than she will love books and guitars and the church and a Christian home. Blood is a good deal thicker than water, Miss Inez, and blood will tell!"

"Seventeen years go a good way," Mr. Harrod; "and she must be as old as I am," said Inez, as if she herself were the person of most experience in this world.

"But seventeen centuries go farther," said he, and I may say eighteen, lacking two months, I believe. Oh, Miss Inez, trust a man who has seen white skins, and black skins, and red skins, and olive skins, and skins so dirty that they had no color. Trust me who speak to you. If the sins of the fathers go to the children for the third and fourth generation,"—there was no banter in his tone now; but all this was in serious earnest—"shall not the virtues of the mothers,—and their loves and even their fancies, and their tastes? Shall not their faith and hope, shall not their prayer, have a hold deeper than a little calico or flannel? Does not your commandment say 'through all generations for those who love Him,' and do you not suppose that means something?"

It was the first time Harrod had spoken with quite this earnestness of feeling. To Eunice it was not unexpected, however. She had seen from his first salute at the encampment that he was every inch a man. To Inez there was all the satisfaction which comes to every girl of yesterday when some person of insight sees that she is a woman to-day. The change from boy to man takes years, and is marked by a thousand slow graduations. The change from girl to woman is well-nigh immediate. But the woman just born cannot scream out: "The world is all changed to me. Why will you talk to me, as if I were playing with my doll." All the same is she grateful to him or her who finds out this change. And so Inez was grateful to William Harrod now.

"You see," said Harrod, "I was born close to the frontier, and since I can remember I have been on it and of it. Dear old Daniel Boone—have you ever 'hearn tell' of him, Miss Perry? Dear old Daniel Boone—many is the time that he has spent the weeks of a winter-storm and clearing at my father's, and many is the tramp that I have taken with him and with his sons. I fired his rifle before I was ten years old. Yes! and I have seen this thing

always. Why! when I was a little boy I have seen our dear Elder Brainerd take these savage boys, and be good to them and helpful, and let them cheat him and lie to him, and since then I have seen them go off like hawks when they smelt carrion. And I have seen—well I have seen Daniel Boone, who had slept under the sky as they sleep, had starved as they starve, had frozen as they freeze—and he would come to my dear mother's table as perfect and finished a gentleman as there is in Orleans or Paris. Dear Miss Perry, there is such a thing as race, and blood does tell!"

"And I hope it tells in something better than choice of places to lunch in," said Inez.

"Yes indeed," said the young fellow, who was on one of his hobbies now. "You shall see that your pretty Ma-ry will be a lady of the land, if you can once see her in her land. As for these *greasers*, I do not know that I rate them as of much more help to her than so many Caddoes or Apaches. Oh dear! how I hate them!" and he laughed heartily.

"Pray do not say so to Inez," said her aunt. "You do not guess yet how hard I find it to make her loyal to her sovereign."

"Most estimable of duennas," cried Inez, "pray do not say that again for a week. Let me mildly represent to your grace, that your unsuspected loyalty to the most gracious of masters, and to the loveliest of queens, has led you to make this protest daily since her Majesty's sacred birthday—blessed be her gracious life, and her sweet memory—recalled to your loveliness's recollection your duty to your honored sovereign. There, you darling old tease, can I not do it as well as you can? And do not the adjectives and compliments roll out rather more graciously in the language of Squam Bay than even in the glorious Castilian itself? Oh dear! I wish I could set Ransom to translate one of the Bishop's prelections on royalty into genuine Yankee."

"Do it yourself," said Harrod, who was rapidly gaining all Nolan's enthusiasm for the old man.

And Inez attempted a rapid imitation.

"There," said she, "it is the day of our Lady of the Sacred Torch, and by a miraculous coincidence, it happens also to be the day of the Santissima Luisa, the patron saint of my beloved, most honored, and never-to-be-forgotten queen and sovereign lady. And as the Bishop rides to the cathedral, by a great misfortune the wheels of the carriage of the most right-reverend and

best-beloved Father come off in the fosse or ditch just in front of the palace of the Governor of my most gracious sovereign Charles the Fourth, and the holy Father is thrown forward into the mud."

"Inez, you shall not run on so."

"Dear duenna, hold your peace; I shall, and I will. And all shall be said decently and in order."

"Word is carried of the misfortune to the cathedral, where Ransom is waiting in the sacristy with a note from Miss Eunice Perry, heretic though she be, and fated to be burned when her time comes, inviting the most reverend and beloved Father to dinner. Ransom observes the dangers to the elect, should the prolocution in honor of my gracious and never-to-be-forgotten queen be omitted. By a happy instinct he slips off his white jacket and with grace and ease slips on the tunic, which seems to him most to resemble the Calvinistic gown of his childhood, and then, preceded by acolytes and followed by thurifers, he mounts to the pulpit just as the faithful are turning away disappointed, and says:

"'It's all nonsense, 'n I told the Bishop so last time I see him. I says, says I, them hubs to the wheel of your coach ain't fit for nothin', they ain't, and ef you will ride in it you'll break down some day, an' good enough for you. 'N now he has broke down jest as I told him he would, 'n he can't preach the Queen's sermon. I tell you the Queen ain't much, but she's a sight better than you deserve, any on you. Ye ain't fit to have a Queen, none on ye; ye don't know nothin', 'n ye don't know what a real good Queen is. Ye'd git more'n ye've got any rights to ef ye had old George the Third, the beggar, 'n he's the wust King that ever was or ever will be. The Queen's birthday is to-day, so they sez, but they's all liars, and don't know nothin', as how should they, seein' they's all Catholics and niggers together, and ain't learned nothin'. I tell the Bishop they ain't no good preachin' to such a crew as you be, but becous he can't come himself I've come to tell ye all ye may go home.'"

"Inez, you shall not run on so," said Eunice, really provoked that the girl who had so much deep feeling in her, should sweep into such arrant nonsense.

"Dearest Aunt Eunice, you are afraid that I shall lose my reputation in the eyes of dear White Hawk and of Mr. Harrod. Would you, perhaps, be so kind as to preach the Queen's sermon yourself?"

"That is a way she has, Mr. Harrod, and I recommend it to you, if you are ever so fortunate as to have the education of a young lady of seventeen intrusted to you."

"This dear Aunt Eunice of mine, who is the loveliest and kindest duenna that ever was in this world—if I do say so—she will rebuke me for my sins, because I do not sin to please her, and then she will set the example of the way the thing ought to be done."

"For instance, suppose I am tempted by the spirit of evil to imitate the Donna Dulcinea del Tobago, I call her, because her husband, the Chief Justice, smokes all day long; suppose I am tempted to imitate her solo, accompanied by the harpsichord, I sit down at my piano-forte and I just begin,

'Oh happy souls, by death at length set free,'

when my dear aunt says, 'You shall not do so, Inez, it is very wrong.' And then I begin again, and she says, 'Inez, it is very improper.' And then if I begin a third time, she says, 'Inez, if you will do anything so absurd, pray do it correctly; let mesit there. I will show you how she sings it,' and then she makes the Donna Dulcinea ten times as absurd as I could, because she has heard her ten times as often. You are the dearest old aunt that ever was, and I am the worst tease that ever was born."

And she flung herself on the neck of her aunt and kissed her again and again.

Meanwhile, the White Hawk sat amused beyond expression, and mystified quite as much by what was to her only a pantomime, in which she could not make out one term in ten.

As Inez ceased her eulogy, she looked around upon the girl, and caught the roguish twinkle of her eye, and could not but turn to her and kiss her as eagerly as she had kissed her aunt, though from a sentiment wholly different.

For both these ladies watched the White Hawk with the feeling with which you would watch an infant, mingled with that with which you regard a woman. "What does she think? How does all this seem? What would she say if she could speak to us?"

The range of her pantomime and the spirit and truth of Harrod's interpretation of it, were enough to express things and to make them feel, just up to a certain point, that here was a woman closely tied to them, sympathizing with them, as they, indeed, with her. But where things stopped, and ideas began, just where they wanted language

most, language stopped for them, and White Hawk seemed like a child of whose resources even they knew nothing. It was a comfort to Inez to overwhelm her with this storm of kisses, and a comfort to the other also.

"She must learn to speak to us. And while we are on the trail here, she shall learn her own language. We will not make her talk about 'your loftiness,' and 'your serenity,' Miss Eunice."

"Dear, dear Ma-ry," said the girl, turning to her again, and speaking very slowly, as if that would help, "do say something to me. Talk baby-talk, dear Ma-ry."

And then she tried her with "ma-ma." And, as before, it was very certain that "Ma-ry" knew what these syllables meant. And with a wild eagerness she would listen to what Inez said to her, and then would try to form words like Inez's words. Perhaps she had some lingering memory of what her mother had taught her, but the words would not come.

"Then, if I cannot teach you, you shall teach me, dear Ma-ry." And so the two girls began, with Harrod's aid, to work out the chief central signs of the language of pantomime. And when Inez found her chance, she would make "Ma-ry" repeat in English this word or that, which the girl caught quickly. The readiness of her organs for this speech was enough to show that she had had some training in it when she was yet very young.

In this double schooling the girls passed the afternoon, for many miles after they were all in the saddle again. Indeed, it became occupation and amusement for all the leaders of the party, for day after day, in their not very eventful journey. Their fortune did not differ from that of most travelers in such an expedition. The spirit and freshness of an open-air life lifted them well over the discomforts of a beginning, and when the bivouac, the trail, and the forest began to be an old story, the experience gained in a thousand details made compensation for the lack of novelty and consequent excitement. For some days from Nacogdoches the trail led them through woods, only occasionally broken by little prairies. A little Spanish post at the Trinity River, and once or twice the humble beginnings of some settler, on the trail, vary the yellow pages of poor little Inez's diary. But the party were beginning to grow reckless, in comparison with their caution at the outset—reckless merely because they had been so favored in the weather and in the monotonous safety of their march, when they were recalled, only too suddenly,

to the sense of the danger which always hangs over such travelers in the wilderness.

Harrod had sent on his men in advance, as had come to be the custom, with directions to select the position for the camp, and have the ladies' tents ready before the caravan proper arrived. Adams and Richards found that a bayou known as the Little Brassos, was so swollen that the passage would be perhaps circuitous, and certainly difficult, and, with fit discretion, fixed their camp on high land above the water's edge, although by this location the party made a march shorter, by an hour, than was usual. Nobody complained, however, of the early release from the saddle, the two young people least of all. A few minutes were enough for them to refit themselves, and there was then half an hour left before the late dinner or early supper—now called by one name, and now by another—which always closed the day.

Harrod's directions were absolute, and Ransom's as well, that there should be no straggling, not the least, from the camp; and the girls were least inclined of any to disregard them. Certainly poor little Inez had no thought of disobedience, when she pointed out to Harrod a little knoll, hardly five rods from where they stood, and said to him that it must command a better view of the bayou than they had at the camp itself, and she would try once again if she could make any manner of sketch there, which would serve as a suggestion of the journey to her father. For both Eunice and Inez had cultivated some little talent they had in this way; and besides the fiddle-faddle in work on ivory which was a not unusual accomplishment for French ladies in their time, each of them had tried to train herself, and Eunice had, with some success, trained Inez in drawing, in the open air, from nature. In the close forest of the first few days from Nacogdoches, Inez had found few opportunities for her little sketch-book, and Harrod encouraged her in her proposal now, and promised to join her so soon as the horses were all unpacked and fitly tethered for the night.

Inez sat there for a minute, made the notes in her diary which in yellow ink on yellow paper still appear on that page, and then left the book open while she ran down to the edge of the bayou to fill the water-bottle of her paint-box. She was surprised and interested to see the variety of the foot-marks of the different beasts who had come to the same spot before her for

drink. A large log of a fallen tree lay over the water, and the fearless girl, who was not without practice in such gymnastics in her plantation life, ran out upon it, to fill her little flask with water, as clear as she could find.

Here her view up and down the little lake—for lake it seemed—widened on each side. The sky was clouded so that Inez lost the lights of the afternoon sun, but still it was a scene of wonderful beauty. The dark shadows, crimson and scarlet, of the autumn foliage, the tall, clear-cut oak, whose lines were so sharp against the sky, were all perfectly reflected in the water, with a distinctness so vivid that she had only to bend her head and look under her arm to make the real heavens seem the deception, and the reflection the reality. From the distance her attention was gradually called to her own shore—a great water-snake poked his head above the water and really seemed to look at her for a moment, then with an angry flash broke the smooth surface for a moment and plunged out of sight. Great bunches of water-grapes hung near her, bright leaves of persimmon, red oak and red bay, swamp oak and tupelo were all around her, and tempted her to make a little bouquet for the supper-table. Her quarters in the branches of the fallen tree were not extensive. But the girl was active, and was diligently culling her various colors, when her eye caught sight in the water of a treasure she had coveted since she met the Caddo Indians, the great seed-vessels, namely, of the gigantic water-lily of those regions, the *Nelumbo lutea*, or sacred "bean of India."

Were they beyond reach? If they were, Ransom would come down for her in a minute in the morning, before they started. But, if she had not this provoking hat and shawl on, could she not clamber down to the water's edge among the small branches, and with a stick break them off so they could be floated in? It was worth the trial. And so the girl hung up the offending hat with the shawl, broke off the strongest bough she could manage, and descended to the water's edge again for her foraging.

It took longer than she meant, for the rattles were very provoking. Rattles, be it said, these great seed-vessels are, in the Indian economies, and it was for rattles in dancing that Miss Inez thought them so well worth collecting. But with much pulling and hauling, three of them consented to loosen themselves from their anchorage, and,

to Inez's delight, began to float slowly across to the other side of her little cove. Now she had only to run around there and secure her prizes. But, as she turned to recover her hat and shawl, and to work shoreward with her not forgotten bouquet, looking out through the bushes upon the little opening in the shrubbery which had been her path, the girl saw what she knew in an instant must be the gigantic Texas panther, quietly walking down to the water, with two little cubs at its side. Inez was frightened; of that there is no doubt. And to herself she owned she was frightened. She would have been frightened had she met the beast on the traveled trail. But here the panther had her at disadvantage. She had, however, the presence of mind to utter no sound. If the panther had not made her out hidden in the shrubbery, she would not call his attention. Would he be good enough to lap his water and go his way, perhaps?

So she waited, her heart in her mouth, not daring to wink, as she looked through the little opening in the tupelo beside her. These, then, were the foot-marks which she had been wondering about, and had thought might be the prints of bears. Bears, indeed! Much did she know of bears! Would the creature never be done? What did she know about panthers? Did panthers drink enough for nine days, like camels? At last the panther had drunk enough—and the little panthers. But then another process began. They all had to make their ablutions. If Inez had not been wretched she could have laughed to see the giant beast lapping her paws, just as her dear old Florinda did at home, and purring its approval over the little wretches, as they did the same. But now she had rather cry than laugh. Should she have to stay here all night? Had she better stay all night, or risk everything by a cry that they could hear at camp? Would they hear her at the camp if she did cry?

There is no reason to suppose that the poor girl was left twenty minutes in her enforced silence, stiff with the posture in which she stood, and cold with fear and with the night mist which, even before the sun went down, began to creep up from the bayou. But it seemed to her twenty hours, and well it might. Still, it did not last forever. The cubs at last finished washing the last claw of the last leg, and the old lady panther, or old gentleman, whichever the sex may have been, seemed satisfied that here was no

place for spending the night. Perhaps some rustle in the shrubbery gave sign of game. Anyway, without noise, the great beast turned on its tracks, paused a moment, and then made one great bound inland, followed by the little ones. Inez had some faith left in her in the power of the human voice, and she did her best to stimulate their flight by one piercing scream, which she changed into a war-whoop, according to the best directions which White Hawk had given her. A feminine war-whoop—a war-whoop of the soprano or treble variety—but still a war-whoop. As such it was received apparently by the panthers, who made no tarry, but were seen no more.

Inez hastened to avail herself of her victory. Hat and shawl were recovered. Firmly and quickly she extricated herself from the labyrinth of boughs of the fallen cotton-wood tree, and almost ran, in her nervous triumph, along its trunk to the shore. Up the beaten pathway she ran, marking now the fresh impression of the beasts' tracks before her. Once and again she cried aloud, hoping that she might be heard in the camp. She had left, and remembered she had left, her note-book and her sketch-book on the knoll. But they might go. For herself, the sight of the tents was all in all, and she turned from the path she followed as she came down, all the more willingly because she saw the panthers had followed it also, to run along the broader way, better marked, which kept upon the level to the beaten trail of travel.

"Broader way and better marked." Oh, Inez, Inez, broad is the way that leads to destruction, and how many simple wood-farers, nay, how many skilled in wood-craft, have remembered this text when it was too late to profit by it. Three minutes were enough to show the girl that this better-marked track did not lead to the traveled trail. It turned off just as it should not do, and it clung to the bayou. This would never do. They would miss her at the tents and be frightened. Panther or no panther, she would go up over the knoll. So she turned back on her steps and began to run now, because she knew how nervous her aunt would be. And again the girl shouted cheerily—called, on the highest key, and sounded her newly learned war-whoop.

But, as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Anyway, she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panthers'

tracks. She had seen them as she ran down, and as she came up. She hurried on, but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost?

Why Inez had to confess to herself,—that she was lost just a little bit,—but nothing to be afraid of,—but still lost enough to talk about afterward, she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile, from camp. As soon as they missed her,—and by this time they had missed her,—they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way! What a fool she was ever to leave the knoll?

So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened, and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by, and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over every thing, she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails, which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink, would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left,—this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last, as this perplexity increased, she was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken by her own voice, and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cotton-wood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark, and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she

alone would find them. But by this time she was sure that if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake, even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise too, as the night came on, and a fine rain that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were tempted for a moment to abandon her sentry beat, and try this wild experiment or that to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way,—then she

would stop, and cry out and sound her war-whoop. Then she would take up her sentry march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it were near midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,—and then again, and listened again. One more gun! But then! No more! Poor Inez. Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it were not so piteously dark! If she could only work half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry beats made put together. But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father,—what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD FOLKS' PARTY.

"AND now what shall we do next Wednesday evening?" said Jessie Hyde in a business-like tone. "It is your turn, Henry, to suggest."

Jessie was a practical, energetic young lady, whose blue eyes never relapsed into the dreaminess to which that color is subject. She furnished the go for the club. Especially she furnished the go for Henry Long, who had lots of ideas, but without her, to stir him up, was as dull as a flint without a steel.

There were six in the club, and all were present to-night in Jessie's parlor. The evening had been given to a little music, a little dancing, a little card-playing, and a good deal of talking. It was near the hour set by the club rule for the adjournment of its reunions, and the party had drawn their chairs together to consult upon the weekly recurring question, what should be done at the next meeting by way of special order of amusement. The programmes were alter-

nately reading, singing, dancing, whist; varied with evenings of miscellaneous sociality like that which had just passed. The members took turns in suggesting recreations. To-night it was Henry Long's turn, and to him accordingly the eyes of the group turned at Jessie's question.

"Let's have an old folks' party" was his answer.

Considering that all of the club were yet at ages when they celebrated their birthdays with the figure printed on the cake, the suggestion seemed sufficiently irrelevant.

"In that case," said Frank Hays, "we shall have to stay at home."

Frank was an alert little fellow, with a jaunty air, to whom, by tacit consent, all the openings for jokes were left, as he had a taste that way.

"What do you mean, Henry?" inquired George Townsley, a thick-set, sedate young man, with an intelligent, but rather phlegmatic, look.

"My idea is this," said Henry, leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his long legs crossed before him. "Let us dress up to resemble what we expect to look like fifty years hence, and study up our demeanor to correspond with what we expect to be and feel like at that time, and just call on Mary next Wednesday evening to talk over old times, and recall what we can, if anything, of our vanished youth, and the days when we belonged to the social club at C—."

The others seemed rather puzzled in spite of the explanation. Jessie sat looking at Henry in a brown study as she traced out his meaning.

"You mean a sort of ghost party," said she finally; "ghosts of the future, instead of ghosts of the past."

"That's it exactly," answered he. "Ghosts of the future are the only sort worth heeding. Apparitions of things past are a very impractical sort of demonology, in my opinion, compared with apparitions of things to come."

"How in the world did such an odd idea come into your head?" asked pretty Nellie Tyrrell, whose dancing black eyes were the most piquant of interrogation points, with which it was so delightful to be punctured, that people were generally slow to gratify her curiosity.

"I was beginning a journal this afternoon," said Henry, "and the idea of Henry Long, *etat. 70*, looking over the leaves, and wondering about the youth who wrote them so long ago, came up to my mind."

Henry's suggestion had set them all thinking, and the vein was so unfamiliar that they did not at once find much to say.

"I should think," finally remarked George, "that such an old folks' party would afford a chance for some pretty careful study, and some rather good acting."

"Fifty years will make us all not far from seventy. What shall we look like then, I wonder?" musingly asked Mary Fellows.

She was the demurest, dreamiest of the three girls; the most of a woman, and the least of a talker. She had that poise and repose of manner which are necessary to make silence in company graceful.

"We may be sure of one thing, anyhow, and that is, that we shall not look and feel at all as we do now," said Frank. "I suppose," he added, "if, by a gift of second sight, we could see to-night, as in a glass, what we shall be at seventy, we should

entirely fail to recognize ourselves, and should fall to disputing which was which."

"Yes, and we shall doubtless have changed as much in disposition as in appearance," added Henry. "Now, for one, I've no idea what sort of a fellow my old man will turn out. I don't believe people can generally tell much better what sort of old people will grow out of them than what characters their children will have. A little better perhaps, but not much. Just think how different sets of faculties and tastes develop and decay, come into prominence and retire into the background, as the years pass. A trait scarcely noticeable in youth tinges the whole man in age."

"What striking dramatic effects are lost because the drama of life is spun out so long instead of having the ends brought together," observed George. "The spectators lose the force of the contrasts because they forget the first part of every rôle before the latter part is reached. One fails in consequence to get a realizing sense of the sublime inconsistencies of every life-time."

"That difficulty is what we propose, in a small way, to remedy next Wednesday night," replied Henry.

Mary professed some scruples. It was so queer, she thought it must be wrong. It was like tempting Providence to take for granted issues in His hands, and masquerade with uncreated things like their own yet unborn selves. But Frank reminded her that the same objection would apply to any arrangement as to what they should do next week.

"Well, but," offered Jessie, "is it quite respectful to make sport of old folks, even if they are ourselves?"

"My conscience is clear on that point," said Frank. "It's the only way we can get even with them for the deprecating, contemptuous way in which they will allude to us over their snuff and tea, as callow and flighty youth, if indeed they deign to remember us at all, which isn't likely."

"I'm all tangled up in my mind," said Nellie with an air of perplexity, "between these old people you are talking about and ourselves. Which is which? It seems odd to talk of them in the third person, and of ourselves in the first. Aren't they ourselves too?"

"If they are, then certainly we are not," replied Henry. "You may take your choice."

"The fact is," he added, as she looked still more puzzled, "there are half a dozen of

each one of us, or a dozen if you please, one in fact for each epoch of life, and each slightly or almost wholly different from the others. Each one of these epochs is foreign and inconceivable to the others, as ourselves at seventy now are to us. It's as hard to suppose ourselves old as to imagine swapping identities with another. And when we get old it will be just as hard to realize that we were ever young. So that the different periods of life are to all intents and purposes different persons, and the first person of grammar ought to be used only with the present tense. What we were, or shall be, or do, belongs strictly to the third person."

"You would make sad work of grammar with that notion," said Jessie, smiling.

"Grammar needs mending just there," replied Henry. "The three persons of grammar are really not enough. A fourth is needed to distinguish the ego of the past and future from the present ego, which is the only true one."

"Oh, you're getting altogether too deep for me," said Jessie. "Come, girls, what in the world are we going to get to wear next Wednesday?"

"Sure enough!" cried they with one accord, while the musing look in their eyes gave place to a vivacious and merry expression.

"My mother isn't near as old as we're going to be. Her things won't do," said Nellie.

"Nor mine," echoed Jessie; "but perhaps Mary's grandmother will let us have some of her things."

"In that case," suggested Frank, "it will be only civil to invite her to the party."

"To be sure, why not?" agreed Jessie. "It is to be an 'old folks' party, and her presence will give a reality to the thing."

"I don't believe she'll come," said George. "You see being old is dead earnest to her, and she won't see the joke."

But Mary said she would ask her anyway, and so that was settled.

"My father is much too large in the waist for his clothes to be of any service to me," said George lugubrously.

But Frank reminded him that this was a hint as to his get-up, and that he must stuff with pillows that the proverb might be fulfilled, "like father like son."

And then they were rather taken aback by Henry's obvious suggestion that there was no telling what the fashion in dress would be in A. D. 1925, "even if," he added, "the scientists leave us any A. D. by that

time," though Frank remarked here that A. D. would answer just as well as *Anno Darwinis*, if worst came to worst. But it was decided that there was no use trying after prophetic accuracy in dress, since it was out of the question, and even if attainable would not suggest age to their own minds as would the elderly weeds which they were accustomed to see.

"It's rather odd, isn't it," said Jessie gravely, "that it didn't occur to anybody, that in all probability not over one or two of us at most will be alive fifty years hence."

"Let's draw lots for the two victims, and the rest of us will appear as ghosts," suggested Frank, grimly.

"Poor two," sighed Nellie. "I'm sorry for them. How lonely they will be. I'm glad I haven't got a very good constitution."

But Henry remarked that Jessie might have gone further and said just as truly that none of them would survive fifty years, or even ten.

"We may, some of us, escape the pang of dying as long as that," said he, "but that is but a trifle, and not a necessary incident of death. The essence of mortality is change, and we shall be changed. Ten years will see us very different persons. What though an old dotard calling himself Henry Long is stumping around fifty years hence, what is that to me? I shall have been dead a half century by that time."

"The old gentleman you speak so lightly of will probably think more tenderly of you than you do of him," said Jessie.

"I don't believe it," answered Henry. "In fact, if we were entirely true to nature next Wednesday, it would spoil the fun, for we probably should not, if actually of the age we pretend, think of our youth once a year, much less meet to talk it over."

"Oh, I don't think so," protested Nellie. "I'm sure all the story-books and poetry say that old folks are much given to reviewing their youth in a pensive, regretful sort of way."

"That's all very pretty, but it's all gammon in my opinion," responded Henry. "The poets are young people who know nothing of how old folks feel, and argue only from their theory of the romantic fitness of things. I believe that reminiscence takes up a very small part of old persons' time. It would furnish them little excitement, for they have lost the feelings by which their memories would have to be interpreted to become vivid. Remembering is dull business at best. I notice that most persons,

even of eventful lives, prefer a good novel to the pleasures of recollection. It is really easier to sympathize with the people in a novel or drama than with our past selves. We lose a great source of recreation just because we can't recall the past more vividly."

"How shockingly Henry contradicts to-night," was the only reply Nellie deigned to this long speech.

"What shall we call each other next Wednesday?" asked Mary. "By our first names, as now?"

"Not if we are going to be prophetically accurate," said Henry. "Fifty years hence, in all probability, we shall, most of us, have altogether forgotten our present intimacies and formed others, quite inconceivable now. I can imagine Frank over there, scratching his bald head with his spectacle tips, and trying to recall me. 'Hen. Long, Hen. Long,—let me think; name sounds familiar, and yet I can't quite place him. Didn't I know him at C—, or was it at college? Bless me, how forgetful I'm growing.'"

They all laughed at Henry's bit of acting. Perhaps it was only sparkles of mirth, but it might have been glances of tender confidence that shot between certain pairs of eyes betokening something that feared not time. This is in no sort a love story, but such things can't be wholly prevented.

The girls, however, protested that this talk about growing so utterly away from each other was too dismal for anything, and they wouldn't believe it anyhow. The old-fashioned notions about eternal constancy were ever so much nicer. It gave them the cold shivers to hear Henry's *ante-mortem* dissection of their friendship, and that young man was finally forced to admit that the members of the club would probably prove exceptions to the general rule in such matters. It was agreed, therefore, that they should appear to know each other at the old folks' party.

"All you girls must, of course, be called 'Mrs.' instead of 'Miss,'" suggested Frank, "though you will have to keep your own names, that is unless you prefer to disclose any designs you may have upon other people's;" for which piece of impertinence Nellie, who sat next him, boxed his ears,—for the reader must know that these young people were on a footing of entire familiarity and long intimacy.

"Do you know what time it is?" asked Mary, who, by virtue of the sweet sedateness of her disposition, was rather the mistress of the company.

"It's twelve o'clock, an hour after the club's curfew."

"Well," remarked Henry, rousing from the fit of abstraction in which he had been pursuing the subject of their previous discussion, "it was to be expected we should get a little mixed as to chronology over such talk as this."

"With our watches set fifty years ahead, there'll be no danger of overstaying our time next Wednesday, anyhow," added Frank.

Soon the girls presented themselves in readiness for out-doors, and, in a pleasant gust of good-byes and parting jests, the party broke up.

"Good-bye for fifty years," Jessie called after them from the stoop as the merry couples walked away in the moonlight.

The following week was one of numerous consultations among the girls. Grandmother Fellows's wardrobe was pretty thoroughly rummaged under that good-natured old lady's superintendence, and many were the queer effects of old garments upon young figures which surprised the steady-going mirror in her quiet chamber.

"I'm afraid I can never depend on it again," said Mrs. Fellows.

She had promised to be at the party.

"She looked so grave when I first asked her," Mary explained to the girls, "that I was sorry I spoke of it. I was afraid she thought we wanted her only as a sort of convenience to help out our pantomime by the effect of her white hair. But in a minute she smiled in her cheery way, and said, as if she saw right through me: 'I suppose, my child, you think being old a sort of misfortune, like being hunchbacked or blind, and are afraid of hurting my feelings, but you needn't be. The good Lord has made it so that at whichever end of life we are, the other end looks pretty uninteresting, and if it won't hurt your feelings to have somebody in the party who has got through all the troubles you have yet before you I should be glad to come.' That was turning the tables for us pretty neatly, eh, girls?"

The young ladies would not have had the old lady guess it for worlds, but truth compels me to own that all that week they improved every opportunity furtively to study Mrs. Fellows's gait and manner, with a view to perfecting their parts.

Frank and George met a couple of times in Henry's room to smoke it over and settle details, and Henry called on Jessie to arrange several concerted features of the programme,

and for some other reasons for aught I know.

As each one studied his or her part and strove in imagination to conceive how they would act and feel as old men and old women, they grew more interested, and more sensible of the mingled pathos and absurdity of the project, and its decided general effect of queeriness. They all set themselves to make a study of old age in a manner that had never occurred to them before, and never does occur to most people at all. Never before had their elderly friends received so much attention at their hands.

In the prosecution of these observations they were impressed with the entire lack of interest generally felt by people in the habits and manners of persons in other epochs of life than their own. In respect of age, as in so many other respects, the world lives on flats, with equally little interest in or comprehension of the levels above or below them. And a surprising thing is that middle age is about as unable to recall and realize youth as to anticipate age. Experience seems to go for nothing in this matter.

They thought they noticed, too, that old people are more alike than middle aged people. There is something of the same narrowness and similarity in the range of their tastes and feelings that is marked in children. The reason they thought to be that the interests of age have contracted to about the same scope as those of childhood before it has expanded into maturity. The skein of life is drawn together to a point at the two ends and spread out in the middle. Middle age is the period of most diversity, when individuality is most pronounced. The members of the club observed with astonishment that, however affectionately we may regard old persons, we no more think of becoming like them than of becoming negroes. If we catch ourselves observing their senile peculiarities, it is in a purely disinterested manner, with a complete and genuine lack of any personal concern as with a state to which we are coming.

They could not help wondering if Henry were not right about people never really growing old, but just changing from one personality to another. They found the strange inability of one epoch to understand or appreciate the others, hard to reconcile with the ordinary notion of a persistent identity.

Before the end of the week the occupation of their minds with the subject of old age produced a singular effect. They began to regard every event and feeling from a

double stand-point, as present and as past, as it appeared to them and as it would appear to an old person.

Wednesday evening came at last, and a little before the hour of eight, five venerable figures, more or less shrouded, might have been seen making their way from different parts of the village toward the Fellows mansion. The families of the members of the club were necessarily in the secret, and watched their exit with considerable laughter from behind blinds. But to the rest of the villagers it has never ceased to be a puzzle who those elderly strangers were who appeared that evening and were never before or since visible. For once the Argus-eyed curiosity of a Yankee village, compared with which French or Austrian police are easy to baffle, was fairly eluded.

Eight o'clock was the hour at which the old folks' party began, and the reader will need a fresh introduction to the company which was assembled at that time in Mary Fellows's parlor. Mary sat by her grandmother, who from time to time regarded her in a half-puzzled manner, as if it required an effort of her reasoning powers to re-assure her that the effect she saw was an illusion. The girl's brown hair was gathered back under a lace cap, and all that appeared outside it was thickly powdered. She wore spectacles, and the warm tint of her cheeks had given place to the opaque saffron hue of age. She sat with her hands in her lap, their fresh color and dimpled contour concealed by black lace half-gloves. The fullness of her young bosom was carefully disguised by the arrangement of the severely simple black dress she wore, which was also in other respects studiously adapted to conceal, by its stiff and angular lines, the luxuriant contour of her figure. As she rose and advanced to welcome Henry and Jessie, who were the last to arrive, it was with a striking imitation of the tremulously precipitate step of age.

Jessie being rather taller than the others, had affected the stoop of age very successfully. She wore a black dress spotted with white, and her whitened hair was arranged with a high comb. She was the only one without spectacles or eye-glasses. Henry looked older and feebler than any of the company. His scant hair hung in thin and long white locks, and his tall, slender figure had gained a still more meager effect from his dress, while his shoulders were bowed in a marked stoop; his gait was rigid and jerky. He assisted himself with a gold-

headed cane, and sat in his chair leaning forward upon it.

George, on the other hand, had followed the hint of his father's figure in his make up, and appeared as a rubicund old gentleman, large in the waist, bald, with an apoplectic tendency, a wheezy asthmatic voice and a full white beard.

Nellie wore her hair in a row of white curls on each side of her head, and in every detail of her dress and air affected the coquettish old lady to perfection, for which, of course, she looked none the younger. Her cheeks were rouged to go with that style.

Frank was the ideal of the sprightly little old gentleman. With his brisk air, natty eye-glasses, cane and gloves, and other items of dress in the most correct taste, he was quite the old beau. His white hair was crispy, brushed back, and his snowy mustache had rather a rakish effect.

Although the transformation in each case was complete, yet quite enough of the features, expression, or bearing, was apparent through the disguise to make the members of the party entirely recognizable to each other, though less intimate acquaintances would perhaps have been at first rather puzzled. At Henry's suggestion they had been photographed in their costumes, in order to compare the ideal with the actual when they should be really old.

"It isn't much trouble, and the old folks will enjoy it some day. We ought to consider them a little," Henry had said, meaning by "the old folks" their future selves.

It had been agreed that, in proper deference to the probabilities, one, at least, of the girls ought to illustrate the fat old lady. But they found it impossible to agree which should sacrifice herself, for no one of the three could, in her histrionic enthusiasm, quite forget her personal appearance. Nellie flatly refused to be made up fat, and Jessie as flatly, while both the girls had too much reverence for the sweet dignity of Mary Fellows's beauty to consent to her taking the part, and so the idea was given up.

It had been a happy thought of Mary's to get her two younger sisters, girls of eleven and sixteen, to be present, to enhance the venerable appearance of the party by the contrast of their bloom and freshness.

"Are these your little granddaughters?" inquired Henry, benevolently inspecting them over the tops of his spectacles as he patted the elder of the two on the head, a liberty she would by no means have allowed

him in his proper character, but which she now seemed puzzled whether to resent or not.

"Yes," replied Mary, with an indulgent smile. "They wanted to see what an old folks' party was like, though I told them they wouldn't enjoy it much. I remember I thought old people rather dull when I was their age."

Henry made a little conversation with the girls, asking them the list of fatuous questions by which adults seem fated to illustrate the gulf between them and childhood in the effort to bridge it.

"Annie, dear, just put that ottoman at Mrs. Hyde's feet," said Mary to one of the little girls. "I'm so glad you felt able to come out this evening, Mrs. Hyde! I understood you had not enjoyed good health this summer."

"I have scarcely been out of my room since spring, until recently," replied Jessie. "Thank you, my dear," (to the little girl), "but Dr. Sanford has done wonders for me. How is your health now, Mrs. Fellows?"

"I have not been so well an entire summer in ten years. My daughter, Mrs. Tarbox, was saying the other day that she wished she had my strength. You know she is quite delicate," said Mary.

"Speaking of Dr. Sanford," said Henry, looking at Jessie, "he is really a remarkable man. My son has such confidence in him, that he seemed quite relieved when I had passed my grand climacteric and could get on his list. You know he takes no one under sixty-three. By the way, Governor," he added, turning around with some ado, so as to face George, "I heard he had been treating your rheumatism lately. Has he seemed to reach the difficulty?"

"Remarkably," replied George, tenderly stroking his right knee in an absent manner. "Why, don't you think I walked half the way home from my office the other day when my carriage was late?"

"I wonder you dared venture it," said Jessie with a shocked air. "What if you had met with some accident!"

"That's what my son said," answered George. "He made me promise never to try such a thing again; but I like to show them occasionally that I'm good for something yet."

He said this with a "he, he," of senile complacency, ending in an asthmatic cough, which caused some commotion in the company. Frank got up and slapped him on

the back, and Mary sent Annie for a glass of water.

George being relieved, and quiet once more restored, Henry said to Frank:

"By the way, Doctor, I want to congratulate you on your son's last book. You must have helped him to the material for so truthful a picture of American manners in the days when we were young. I fear we have not improved much since then. There was a simplicity, a naturalness in society fifty years ago, that one looks in vain for now. There was, it seems to me, much less regard paid to money, and less of morbid social ambition. Don't you think so, Mrs. Tyrrell?"

"It's just what I was saying only the other day," replied Nellie. "I'm sure I don't know what we're coming to nowadays. Girls had some modesty when I was young," and she shook her head with its rows of white curls with an air of mingled reprobation and despair.

"Did you attend Prof. Merryweather's lecture last evening, Mrs. Hyde?" asked Frank, adjusting his eye-glasses and fixing Jessie with that intensity of look by which old persons have to make up for their failing eyesight. "The hall was so near your house, I didn't know but you would feel like venturing out."

"My daughters insisted on my taking advantage of the opportunity, it is so seldom I go anywhere of an evening," replied Jessie, "and I was very much interested, though I lost a good deal owing to the carrying on of a young couple in front of me. When I was a girl, young folks didn't do their courting in public."

Mary had not heard of the lecture, and Frank explained that it was one of the tersemi-centennial course on American society and politics fifty years ago.

"By the way," remarked George, "did you observe what difficulty they are having in finding enough survivors of the civil war to make a respectable squad. The papers say that not over a dozen of both armies can probably be secured, and some of the cases are thought doubtful at that."

"Is it possible!" said Henry. "And yet, too, it must be so; but it sounds strangely to one who remembers as if it were yesterday, seeing the grand review of the Federal armies at Washington, just after the war. What a host of strong men was that, and now scarcely a dozen left. My friends, we are getting to be old people. We are almost through with it."

Henry sat gazing into vacancy over the tops of his spectacles, while the old ladies wiped theirs and sniffed and sighed a little. Finally, Jessie said:

"Those were heroic days. My little granddaughters never tire of hearing stories about them. They are strong partisans, too. Jessie is a fierce little rebel, and Sam is an uncompromising Unionist, only they both agree in denouncing slavery."

"That reminds me," said Frank, smiling, "that our little Frankie came to me yesterday with a black eye he got for telling Judge Benson's little boy that people of his complexion were once slaves. He had read it in his history, and appealed to me to know if it wasn't true."

"I'm not a bit surprised that the little Benson boy resented the imputation," said George. "I really don't believe that more than half the people would be certain that slavery ever existed here, and I'm sure that it rarely occurs to those who do know it. No doubt that company of old slaves at the centennial—that is, if they can find enough survivors, will be a valuable historical reminder to many."

"Dr. Hays," said Nellie, "will you settle a question between Mrs. Hyde and myself? Were you in C—, it was then only a village, along between 1870 and '80, about forty or fifty years ago?"

"No—and yet, come to think—let me see—when did you say?" replied Frank, doubtfully.

"Between 1870 and '80, as nearly as we can make out, probably about the middle of the decade," said Nellie.

"I think I was in C— at about that time. I believe I was still living with my father's family."

"I told you so," said Nellie to Jessie, and, turning again to Frank, she asked:

"Do you remember anything about a social club there?"

"I do," replied Frank with some appearance of interest. "I recall something of the sort quite distinctly, though I suppose I haven't thought of it for twenty years. How did you ever hear of it, Mrs. Hyde?"

"Why, I was a member," replied she briskly, "and so was Mrs. Tyrrell. We were reminded of it the other day by a discovery Mrs. Tyrrell made in an old bureau drawer of a photograph of the members of the club in a group, taken probably all of fifty years ago, and yellow as you can imagine. There was one figure that resembled you, Doctor, as you might have looked then, and I

thought too that I recalled you as one of the members; but Mrs. Tyrrell could not, and so we agreed to settle the matter by appealing to your own recollection."

"Yes, indeed," said Frank, "I now recall the club very perfectly, and it seems to me Governor Townsley was also in it."

"Yes, I think I was a member," assented George, "though my recollections are rather hazy."

Mary and Henry, being appealed to, failed to remember anything about the club, the latter suggesting that probably it flourished before he came to C—. Jessie was quite sure she recalled Henry, but the others could not do so with much positiveness.

"I will ask Mrs. Long when I get home," said Henry. "She has always lived at C—, and is great for remembering dates. Let's see; what time do you think it was?"

"Mrs. Tyrrell and I concluded it must have been between 1873 and 1877," said Jessie; adding slyly, "for she was married in 1877. Mrs. Tyrrell, did you bring that old photograph with you? It might amuse them to look at it."

Nellie produced a small picture, and, adjusting their spectacles and eye-glasses, they all came forward to see it. A group of six young people was represented, all in the very heyday of youth. The spectators were silent, looking first at the picture, and then at each other.

"Can it be," said Frank, "that these were ever our pictures? I hope, Mrs. Tyrrell, the originals had the forethought to put the names on the back, that we may be able to identify them."

"No," said she, "we must guess as best we can. First, who is that?" pointing to one of the figures.

"That must be Mrs. Hyde, for she is taller than the others," suggested Grandma Fellows.

"By the same token, that must be Mrs. Tyrrell, for she is shorter," said Jessie; "though, but for that, I don't see how we could have told them apart."

"How oddly they did dress in those days!" said Mary.

"Who can that be?" asked Frank, pointing to the finest-looking of the three young men. If that is one of us, there was more choice in our looks than there is now—eh, Townsley?"

"No doubt," said George, "fifty years ago somebody's eye scanned those features with a very keen sense of proprietorship. What a queer feeling it would have given

those young things to have anticipated that we should ever puzzle over their identities in this way!"

They finally agreed on the identity of Jessie, Nellie, and Frank, and of George also, on his assuring them that he was once of slender figure. This left two figures which nobody could recognize, though Jessie insisted that the gentleman was Henry, and Mary thought the other young lady was a Miss Fellows, a girl of the village, who, she explained, had died young many, many years ago.

"Don't you remember her?" she asked them, and her voice trembled with a half-genuine sort of self-pity, as if, for a moment, she imagined herself her own ghost.

"I recall her well," said Frank; "tall, grave, sweet, I remember she used to realize to me the abstraction of moral beauty when we were studying Paley together."

"I don't know when I have thought so much of those days as since I received cards for your golden wedding, Judge," said Nellie to Henry, soon after. "How many of those who were present at your wedding will be present at your golden wedding do you suppose?"

"Not more than two or three," replied Henry, "and yet the whole village was at the wedding."

"Thank God," he said a moment after, "that our friends scatter before they die. Otherwise old people like us would do nothing but attend funerals during the last half of our lives. Parting is sad, but I prefer to part from my friends while they are yet alive, that I may feel it less when they die. One must manage his feelings or they will get the better of him."

"It is a singular sensation," said George, "to outlive one's generation. One has at times a guilty sense of having deserted his comrades. It seems natural enough to outlive any one contemporary, but unnatural to survive them as a mass,—a sort of risky thing, fraught with the various vague embarrassments and undefined perils threatening one who is out of his proper place. And yet one doesn't want to die though convinced he ought to, and that's the cowardly misery of it."

"Yes," said Henry, "I had that feeling pretty strongly when I attended the last reunion of our alumni, and found not one survivor within five classes of me. I was isolated. Death had got into my rear and cut me off. I felt ashamed and thoroughly miserable."

Soon after, tea was served. Frank vindicated his character as an old beau by a tottering alacrity in serving the ladies, while George and Henry, by virtue of their more evident infirmity, sat still and allowed themselves to be served. One or two declined tea as not agreeing with them at that hour.

The loquacious herb gave a fresh impulse to the conversation, and the party fell to talking in a broken, interjectory way of youthful scenes and experiences, each contributing some reminiscence, and the others chiming in and adding scraps, or perhaps confessing their inability to recall the occurrences.

"What a refinement of cruelty it is," said Henry at last, "that makes even those experiences which were unpleasant or indifferent when passing, look so mockingly beautiful when hopelessly past."

"Oh, that's not the right way to look at it, Judge," broke in Grandma Fellows, with mild reproof. "Just think rather how dull life would be looking forward or backward if past or coming experiences seemed as uninteresting as they mostly are when right at hand."

"Sweet memories are like moonlight," said Jessie, musingly. "They make one melancholy, however pleasing they may be. I don't see why, any more than why moonlight is so sad spite of its beauty; but so it is."

The fragile tenure of the sense of personal identity is illustrated by the ease and completeness with which actors can put themselves in the place of the characters they assume, so that even their instinctive demeanor corresponds to the ideal, and their acting becomes nature. Such was the experience of the members of the club. The occupation of their mind during the week, with the study of their assumed characters, had produced an impression that had been deepened to an astonishing degree by the striking effect of the accessories of costume and manner. The long continued effort to project themselves mentally into the period of old age was assisted in a startling manner by the illusion of the senses produced by the decrepit figures, the sallow and wrinkled faces, and the white heads of the group.

Their acting had become spontaneous. They were perplexed and bewildered as to their identity and in a manner carried away by the illusion their own efforts had created. In some of the earlier conversation of the evening there had been occasional jests and

personalities, but the talk had now become entirely serious. The pathos and melancholy of the retrospections in which they were indulging became real. All felt that if it was acting now, it was but the rehearsal of a coming reality. I think some of them were for a little while not clearly conscious that it was not already reality, and that their youth was not for ever vanished. The sense of age was weighing on them like a nightmare. In very self-pity voices began to tremble and bosoms heaved with suppressed sobs.

Mary rose and stepped to the piano. It indicated how fully she had realized her part, that, as she passed the mirror, no involuntary start testified to surprise at the aged figure it reflected. She played in a minor key an air to the words of Tennyson's matchless piece of pathos,

"The days that are no more,"

accompanying herself with a voice rich, strong, and sweet. By the time she had finished, the girls were all crying.

Suddenly Henry sprang to his feet, and, with the strained, uncertain voice of one waking himself from a nightmare, cried:

"Thank God, thank God, it is only a dream," and tore off the wig, letting the brown hair fall about his forehead. Instantly all followed his example, and in a moment the transformation was effected. Brown, black, and golden hair was flying free; rosy cheeks were shining through the powder where handkerchiefs had been hastily applied, and the bent and tottering figures of a moment ago had given place to broad-shouldered men and full-breasted girls. Henry caught Jessie around the waist, Frank Nellie, and George Mary, and with one of the little girls at the piano, up and down the room they dashed to the merriest of waltzes in the maddest round that ever was danced. There was a reckless abandon in their glee, as if the lust of life, the glow and fire of youth, its glorious freedom, and its sense of boundless wealth, suddenly set free, after long repression, had intoxicated them with its strong fumes. It was such a moment as their life-time would not bring again.

It was not till, flushed and panting, laughing and exhausted, they came to a pause, that they thought of Grandma Fellows. She was crying, and yet smiling through her tears.

"Oh, grandma," cried Mary, throwing her arms around her, and bursting into

tears, "we can't take you back with us. Oh, dear."

And the other girls cried over her, and kissed her in a piteous, tender way, feeling as if their hearts would break for the pity of it. And the young men were conscious of moisture about the eyes as they stood looking on.

But Grandma Fellows smiled cheerily, and said:

"I'm a foolish old woman to cry, and you mustn't think it is because I want to be young again. It's only because I can't help it."

Perhaps she couldn't have explained it better.

LEVIATHAN.

BETWIXT the bleak rock and the barren shore
Rolled miles of hoary waves that hissed with frost,
And from the bitter north with sullen roar
Swept the wild wind, and the wild water tossed.

In the cold sky, hard, pitiless and drear,
The sun dropped down; but ere the world grew gray,
A sweet, reluctant rose-tint, sad and clear,
Stained icy crags and leagues of leaping spray.

Midway between the lone rock and the shore
A fountain fair sprang skyward suddenly,
And sudden fell, and yet again once more
The column rose, and sank into the sea.

Silent, ethereal, mystic, delicate,
Flushed with delicious glow of fading rose,
It grew and vanished, like some genie great,
Some wild, thin phantom, woven of winter snows.

'Twas the foam-fountain of the mighty whale,
Rising each time more far and faint and dim.
All his huge strength against the thundering gale
He set; no hurricane could hinder him!

There came to me a gladness in the sight,
A pleasure in the thought of life so strong,
Daring the elements, and making light
Of winter's wrathful power of wreck and wrong.

I gloried in his triumph o'er the vast
Blind rage of nature. All her awful force,
The terror of her tempest full she cast
Against him, yet he kept his ponderous course.

For her worst fury he nor stayed nor turned.
'Twas joy to think in such tremendous play
Through the sea's cruelty, all unconcerned,
Leviathan pursued his placid way!

GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. AND MRS. CONROY AT HOME.

THE manner in which One Horse Gulch received the news of Gabriel Conroy's marriage was characteristic of that frank and outspoken community. Without entering upon the question of his previous shameless flirtation with Mrs. Markle—the baleful extent of which was generally unknown to the camp—the nearer objections were based upon the fact that the bride was a stranger and consequently an object of suspicion, and that Gabriel's sphere of usefulness in a public philanthropic capacity would be seriously impaired and limited. His very brief courtship did not excite any surprise in a climate where the harvest so promptly followed the sowing, and the fact, now generally known, that it was he who saved the woman's life after the breaking of the dam at Black Cañon, was accepted as a sufficient reason for his success in that courtship. It may be remarked here that a certain grim disbelief in feminine coyness obtained at One Horse Gulch. That the conditions of life there were as near the perfect and original condition of mankind as could be found anywhere, and that the hollow shams of society and weak artifices of conventionalism could not exist in that sincere atmosphere, were two beliefs that One Horse Gulch never doubted.

Possibly there was also some little envy of Gabriel's success, an envy not based upon any evidence of his superior courage, skill, or strength, but only of the peculiar "luck," opportunity or providence, that had enabled him to turn certain qualities very common to One Horse Gulch to such favorable account.

"Toe think," said Jo. Briggs, "thet I was allowin'—only thet very afternoon—to go up that cañon arter game, and didn't go from some derved foolishness or other, and yer's Gabe, hevin' no call to go thar, jest comes along, accidental like, and, dern my skin! but he strikes onto a purty gal and a wife the first lick!"

"Thet's so," responded Barker, "it's all

luck. Thar's thet Cy. Dudley, with plenty o' money and wantin' a wife bad, and ez is goin' to Sacramento to-morrow to prospect fur one, and he hez been up and down that cañon time outer mind, and no dam ever said 'break' to him! No, sir! Or take my own case; on'y last week when the Fiddletown coach went over the bank at Dry Creek, wasn't I the fust man thar ez cut the leaders adrift and bruk open the coach-door and helped out the passengers? And wot passengers? Six Chinymen by Jinks—and a blasted Greaser! Thet's my luck!"

There were few preliminaries to the marriage. The consent of Olly was easily gained. As an act of aggression and provocation toward Mrs. Markle, nothing could offer greater inducements. The superior gentility of the stranger, the fact of her being a stranger, and the expeditiousness of the courtship coming so hard upon Mrs. Markle's fickleness commended itself to the child's sense of justice and feminine retaliation. For herself, Olly hardly knew if she liked her prospective sister; she was gentle, she was kind, she seemed to love Gabriel—but Olly was often haunted by a vague instinct that Mrs. Markle would have been a better match—and with true feminine inconsistency she hated her the more for it. Possibly she tasted also something of the disappointment of the baffled match-maker in the depths of her childish consciousness.

It may be fairly presumed that the former Mrs. Devarges had confided to no one but her lawyer the secret of her assumption of the character of Grace Conroy. How far or how much more she had confided to that gentleman was known only to himself; he kept her secret whatever might have been its extent, and received the announcement of her intended marriage to Gabriel with the superior smile of one to whom all things are possible from the unprofessional sex.

"Now that you are about to enter into actual possession," said Mr. Maxwell, quietly buttoning up his pocket again, "I suppose you will not require my services immediately." It is said, upon what authority I

know not, that Madame Devarges blushed slightly, heaved the least possible sigh as she shook her head and said "I hope not" with an evident sincerity that left her legal adviser in some slight astonishment.

How far her intended husband participated in this confidence I do not know. He was evidently proud of alluding to her in the few brief days of his courtship as the widow of the "great Doctor Devarges," and his knowledge of her former husband to some extent mitigated in the public mind the apparent want of premeditation in the courtship. "To think of the artfulness of that man," said Sal confidently to Mrs. Markle, "and he a-gittin' up sympathy about his sufferin's at Starvation Camp, and all the while a-carryin' on with the widdler of one o' them onfortunets. No wonder that man was queer! Wot you allowed in the innocents o' yer heart was bashfulness was jest conscience. I never let on to ye, Mrs. Markle, but I allus noticed thet thet Gabe never could meet my eye."

The flippant mind might have suggested that as both of Miss Sarah's eyes were afflicted with a cast, there might have been a physical impediment to this exchange of frankness, but then the flippant mind never enjoyed the confidence of this powerful young woman.

It was a month after the wedding, and Mrs. Markle was sitting alone in her parlor, whither she had retired after the professional duties of supper were over, when the front door opened and Sal entered. It was Sunday evening, and Sal had been enjoying the brief recreation of gossip with the neighbors, and, as was alleged by the flippant mind before alluded to, some coquettish conversation and dalliance with certain youth of One Horse Gulch.

Mrs. Markle watched her handmaid slowly remove an immense straw "flat" trimmed with tropical flowers, and then proceed to fold away an enormous plaid shawl which represented quite another zone, and then her curiosity got the better of her prudence.

"Well, and how did ye find the young couple gettin' on, Sal?"

Sal too well understood the value of coyly-withheld information to answer at once, and with the instincts of a true artist she affected to misunderstand her mistress. When Mrs. Markle had repeated her question Sal replied with a sarcastic laugh:

"Axin yer pardin fur manners, but you

let on about the young couple, and *she* forty if *she's* anythin'."

"Oh, no, Sal," remonstrated Mrs. Markle with reproachful accents, and yet a certain self-satisfaction; "you're mistaken, sure."

"Well," said Sal, breathlessly slapping her hands on her lap, "if pearl powder and another woman's har and fancy doin's beggiles folks it ain't Sal ez is among the folks fooled. No, Sue Markle. Ef I ain't lived long enough with a woman ez owns to thirty-three and hez—ef it wuz my last words and God is my jedge—the neck and arms of a gal of sixteen, not to know when a woman is trying to warm over the scraps of forty year with a kind o' hash o' twenty, then Sal Clark ain't got no eyes, thet's all."

Mrs. Markle blushed slightly under the direct flattery of Sal, and continued:

"Some folks says *she's* purty."

"Some men's meat is other men's pizen," responded Sal sententiously, unfastening an enormous black velvet zone, and apparently permitting her figure to fall into instant ruin.

"How did they look?" said Mrs. Markle after a pause, recommending her darning, which she had put down.

"Well, purty much as I allowed they would from the first. Thar ain't any love wasted over thar. My opinion is thet he's sick of his barg'in. She runs the house and ev'ry thing that's in it. Jest look at the critter! She's just put that thar Gabe up to prospecting all along the ledge here, and that fool's left his diggin's and hez been running hither and yon, making ridiclus holes all over the hill jest to satisfy thet woman, and she ain't satisfied neither. Take my word for it, Sue Markle, thar's suthin' wrong thar. And then thar's thet Olly—"

Mrs. Markle raised her eyes quickly and put down her work. "Olly," she repeated with great animation—"poor little Olly! what's gone of her?"

"Well," said Sal, with an impatient toss of her head, "I never did see what thar wuz in that peart and sassy piece for any one to take to—leastwise a woman with a child of her own. The airs and graces thet thet Olly would put on wuz too much. Why, she hedn't been nigh us for a month, and the day afore the wedding what does that limb do but meet me and sez, sez she, 'Sal, ye kin tell Mrs. Markle as my brother Gabe ez goin' to marry a lady—a lady,' sez she. 'Thar ain't goin' to be enny Pikes about our cabin.' And thet child only eight

years! Oh, git out thar! I ain't no patience!"

To the infinite credit of a much abused sex, be it recorded that Mrs. Markle overlooked the implied slur, and asked:

"But what about Olly?"

"I mean to say," said Sal, "thet thet child hain't no place in thet house, and thet Gabe is jest thet weak and mean spirited ez to let thet woman have her own way. No wonder thet the child was crying when I met her out in the woods yonder."

Mrs. Markle instantly flushed, and her black eyes snapped ominously. "I should jest like to ketch—" she began quickly, and then stopped and looked at her companion. "Sal," she said with swift vehemence, "I must see thet child."

"How?"

The word in Sal's dialect had a various, large, and catholic significance. Mrs. Markle understood it, and repeated briefly:

"Olly—I must see her—right off!"

"Which?" continued Sal.

"Here," replied Mrs. Markle; "anywhere. Fetch her when you kin."

"She won't come."

"Then I'll go to her," said Mrs. Markle, with a sudden and characteristic determination that closed the conversation, and sent Sal back viciously to her unwashed dishes.

Whatever might have been the truth of Sal's report, there was certainly no general external indication of the facts. The newly married couple were, to all appearances, as happy and contented, and as enviable to the masculine inhabitants of One Horse Gulch as any who had ever built a nest within its pastoral close. If a majority of Gabriel's visitors were gentlemen, it was easily attributed to the preponderance of males in the settlement. If these gentlemen were unanimously extravagant in their praise of Mrs. Conroy, it was as easily attributable to the same cause. That Gabriel should dig purposeless holes over the hill-side, that he should for the time abandon his regular occupation in his little modest claim in the cañon, was quite consistent with the ambition of a newly married man.

A few evenings after this, Gabriel Conroy was sitting alone by the hearth of that new house, which popular opinion and the tastes of Mrs. Conroy seemed to think was essential to his new condition. It was a larger, more ambitious, more expensive, and perhaps less comfortable dwelling than the

one in which he has been introduced to the reader. It was projected upon that credit which a man of family was sure to obtain in One Horse Gulch, where the immigration and establishment of families and household centers were fostered even at pecuniary risks. It contained, besides the chambers, the gratuitous addition of a parlor, which at this moment was adorned and made attractive by the presence of Mrs. Conroy, who was entertaining a few visitors that, under her attractions, had prolonged their sitting until late. When the laugh had ceased and the door closed on the last lingering imbecile, Mrs. Conroy returned to the sitting-room. It was dark, for Gabriel had not lighted a candle yet, and he was occupying his favorite seat and attitude before the fire.

"Why! are *you* there?" said Mrs. Conroy gayly.

Gabriel looked up, and with that seriousness which was habitual to him, replied:

"Yes."

Mrs. Conroy approached her lord and master, and ran her thin, claw-like fingers through his hair with married audacity. He caught them, held them for a moment with a kindly, caressing, and yet slightly embarrassed air that the lady did not like. She withdrew them quickly.

"Why didn't you come into the parlor?" she said, examining him curiously.

"I didn't admire to to-night," returned Gabriel with grave simplicity, "and I reckoned you'd get on as well without me."

There was not the slightest trace of bitterness nor aggrieved sensitiveness in his tone or manner, and although Mrs. Conroy eyed him sharply for any latent spark of jealousy, she was forced to admit to herself that it did not exist in the quiet, serious man before her. Vaguely aware of some annoyance in his wife's face, Gabriel reached out his arm, and, lightly taking her around her waist, drew her to his knee. But the very act was so evidently a recognition of a certain kind of physical and moral weakness in the creature before him—so professional—so, as Mrs. Conroy put it to herself,—“like as if I were a sick man,” that her irritation was not soothed. She rose quickly and seated herself on the other side of the fire-place. With the same implied toleration Gabriel had already displayed, he now made no attempt to restrain her.

Mrs. Conroy did not pout as another woman might have done. She only smiled a haggard smile that deepened the line of her nostril into her cheek and pinched her

thin, straight nose. Then she said, looking at the fire:

"Ain't you well?"

"I reckon not—not overly well."

There was a silence, both looking at the fire.

"You don't get anything out of that hill-side?" asked Mrs. Conroy at last, pettishly.

"No," said Gabriel.

"You have prospected all over the ridge?" continued the woman impatiently.

"All over!"

"And you don't find anything?"

"Nothin'," said Gabriel. "Nary. Thet is," he added with his usual cautious deliberation, "thet is—nothin' o' any account. The gold, ef there is any, lies lower down in the gulch, whar I used to dig. But I kept at it jest to satisfy your whim. You know, July, it *was* a whim of yours," he continued, with a certain gentle deprecatoriness of manner.

A terrible thought flashed suddenly upon Mrs. Conroy. Could Dr. Devarges have made a mistake? Might he not have been delirious or insane when he wrote of the treasure? Or had the Secretary deceived her as to its location? A swift and sickening sense that all she had gained, or was to gain, from her scheme, was the man before her—and that *he* did not love her as other men had—asserted itself through her trembling consciousness. Mrs. Conroy had already begun to fear that she loved this husband, and it was with a new sense of yearning and dependence that she in her turn looked deprecatingly and submissively into his face and said:

"It *was* only a whim, dear—I dare say a foolish one. It's gone now. Don't mind it!"

"I don't," said Gabriel simply.

Mrs. Conroy winced.

"I thought you looked disappointed," she said after a pause.

"It ain't thet I was thinkin' on, July; it's Olly," said Gabriel.

There is a limit even to a frightened woman's submission.

"Of course," she said sharply, "Olly, Olly again and always. I ought to have remembered that."

"Thet's so," said Gabriel with the same exasperating quiet. "I was reckonin' jest now, ez thar don't seem to be any likeliness of you and Olly's gettin' on together, you'd better separate. Thar ain't no sense goin' on this way, July—no sense et all. And the worst o' the hull thing ez thet Olly ain't gettin' no kinder good outer it—no way!"

Mrs. Conroy was very pale and dangerously quiet as Mr. Conroy went on.

"I've allers allowed to send that child to school, but she don't keer to go. She's thet foolish, thet Olly is, thet she doesn't like to leave me, and I reckon I'm thet foolish too thet I don't like to hev her go. The only way to put things square ez this—"

Mrs. Conroy turned and fixed her gray eyes upon her husband, but she did not speak.

"You'd better go away," continued Gabriel quietly, "for a while. I've heerd afore now that it's the reg'lar thing for a bride to go away and visit her mother. You hain't got no mother," said Gabriel thoughtfully, "hev ye?—that's bad. But you was a sayin' the other day suthin' about some business you had down at 'Frisco. Now it would be about the nateral sort o' thing for ye to go thar fur two or three months, jest till things get round square with Olly and me."

It is probable that Gabriel was the only man from whom Mrs. Conroy could have received this humiliating proposition without interrupting him with a burst of indignation. Yet she only turned a rigid face toward the fire again with a hysterical laugh.

"Why limit my stay to two or three months?" she said.

"Well, it might be four," said Gabriel simply—"it would give me and Olly a longer time to get things in shape."

Mrs. Conroy rose and walked rigidly to her husband's side.

"What," she said huskily, "what if I were to refuse?"

Gabriel looked as if this suggestion would not have been startling or inconsistent as an abstract possibility in woman, but said nothing.

"What," continued Mrs. Conroy, more rapidly and huskily, "what if I were to tell *you* and that brat to go! What," she said, suddenly raising her voice to a thin, high soprano, "what if I were to turn you both out of this house—*my* house! off this land—*my* land! Eh? eh? eh?" she almost screamed, emphasizing each interrogatory with her thin hand on Gabriel's shoulder, in a desperate but impotent attempt to shake him.

"Certingly, certingly," said Gabriel calmly. "But thar's somebody at the door, July," he continued quietly as he rose slowly and walked into the hall.

His quick ear had detected a knocking

without above the truculent pitch of Mrs. Conroy's voice. He threw open the door, and disclosed Olly and Sal standing upon the threshold.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Sal was first to recover the use of that noble organ the tongue.

"With chills and ager in every breath—it's an hour if it's five minutes that we've stood here," she began, "pounding at that door. 'You're interrupting the young couple, Sal,' sez I, 'comin' yer this time o' night, breakin' in, so to speak, on the holiest confidences,' sez I; 'but it's business, and onless you hev thet to back you, Sarah Clark,' I sez, 'and you ain't a woman ez ever turned her back on thet or them, you ain't no call there.' But I was to fetch this child home, Mrs. Conroy," continued Sal, pushing her way into the little sitting-room, "and —"

She paused, for the room was vacant. Mrs. Conroy had disappeared.

"I thought I heerd —" said Sal, completely taken aback.

"It was only Gabe," said Olly, with the ready mendacity of swift feminine tact. "I told you so. Thank you Sal for seeing me home. Good-night, Sal," and with a dexterity that smote Gabriel into awe and admiring silence, she absolutely led the breathless Sal to the door and closed it upon her before that astonished female could recover her speech.

Then she returned quietly, took off her hat and shawl, and, taking the unresisting hand of her brother, led him back to his former seat by the fire. Drawing a low stool in front of him, she proceeded to nestle between his knees—an old trick of hers—and, once more taking his hand, stroked it between her brown fingers, looked up into his face, and said:

"Dear old Gabe!"

The sudden smile that irradiated Gabriel's serious face would have been even worse provocation to Mrs. Conroy than his previous conduct.

"What was the matter, Gabe?" said Olly—"what was she saying when we came in?"

Gabriel had not, since the entrance of his sister, thought of Mrs. Conroy's parting speech and manner. Even now its full significance did not appear to have reached him.

"I disremember, Olly," he replied, looking down into Olly's earnest eyes, "suthin' or other; she was techy, thet's all."

"But wot did she mean by saying that the house and lands was hers?" persisted the child.

"Married folks, Olly," said Gabriel, with the lazy, easy manner of vast matrimonial experience, "married folks hev little jokes and ways o' thar own. Bein' onmarried yourself, ye don't know. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' thet's all—thet's what she meant, Olly. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' Did you hev a good time down there?"

"Yes," said Olly.

"You'll hev a nice time here soon, Olly," said Gabriel.

Olly looked incredulously across the hall toward the door of Mrs. Conroy's chamber.

"Thet's it, Olly," said Gabriel, "Mrs. Conroy's goin' to Frisco to see some friends. She's thet bent on goin' thet nothin' 'ill stop her. Ye see Olly, it's the fashion fur new married folks to kinder go way and visit absent and sufferin' friends. Thar's them little ways about the married state, that, bein' onmarried yourself, you don't sabe. But it's all right, she's goin'. Bein' a lady, and raised, so to speak, 'mong fashi'n'ble people, she's got to folly the fashi'n. She's goin' for three months, mebbe four. I disremember now wot's the fashi'n'ble time. But she'll do it, Olly."

Olly cast a penetrating look at her brother.

"She ain't goin' on my account, Gabe?"

"Lord love the child, no! Wot put thet into your head, Olly? Why—" said Gabriel with cheerful mendacity, "she's been takin' a shine to ye o' late. On'y to-night, she was wonderin' whar you be."

As if to give credence to his words, and much to his inward astonishment, the door of Mrs. Conroy's room opened, and the lady herself, with a gracious smile on her lips and a brightly beaming eye, albeit somewhat reddened around the lids, crossed the hall, and, going up to Olly, kissed her round cheek.

"I thought it was your voice, and, although I was just going to bed," she added gayly with a slightly apologetic look at her charming dishabille, "I had to come in and be sure it was you. And where have you been, you naughty girl? Do you know I shall be dreadfully jealous of this Mrs. Markle. Come and tell me all about her. Come. You shall stay with me to-night, and we won't let brother Gabe hear our little secrets—shall we? Come!"

And before the awe-struck Gabriel could

believe his own senses she had actually whisked the half-pleased, half-frightened child into her own room, and he was left standing alone. Nor was he the less amazed, although relieved of a certain undefined anxiety for the child, when, a moment later, Olly herself, thrust her curly head out of the door, and, calling out, "Good-night, old Gabe," with a mischievous accent, shut and locked the door in his face. For a moment Gabriel stood petrified on his own hearthstone. Was he mistaken, and had Mrs. Conroy's anger actually been nothing but a joke? Was Olly really sincere in her dislike of his wife? There was but one apparent solution to these various and perplexing problems, and that was the general incomprehensibility of the sex.

"The ways o' women is awful onsartin," said Gabriel, as he sought the solitary little room which had been set apart for Olly, "and somehow I ain't the man ez hez the gift o' findin' them out."

And with these reflections he went apologetically, yet, to a certain extent, contentedly, as was his usual habit, to bed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH THE TREASURE IS FOUND—AND LOST.

As no word has been handed down of the conversation that night between Olly and her sister-in-law, I fear the masculine reader must view their subsequent conduct in the light of Gabriel's abstract proposition. The feminine reader—to whose well known sense of justice and readiness to acknowledge a characteristic weakness, I chiefly commend these pages—will of course require no further explanation, and will be quite ready to believe that the next morning Olly and Mrs. Conroy were apparently firm friends, and that Gabriel was incontinently snubbed by both of these ladies as he deserved.

"You don't treat July right," said Olly one morning to Gabriel, during five minutes that she had snatched from the inseparable company of Mrs. Conroy.

Gabriel opened his eyes in wonder. "I hain't been 'round the house much, because I allowed you and July didn't want my kempany," he began apologetically, "and ef it's shortness of provisions, I've fooled away so much time, Olly, in prospectin' that ledge that I had no time to clar up and get any dust. I reckon, may be, the

pork bar'l is low. But I'll fix thet straight soon, Olly, soon."

"But it ain't thet, Gabe—it ain't provisions—it's—it's—O! you ain't got no sabe ez a husband—thar!" burst out the direct Olly, at last.

Without the least sign of resentment, Gabriel looked thoughtfully at his sister.

"Thet's so—I reckon thet *is* the thing. Not hevin' been married afore, and bein', so to speak, strange and green-handed, like as not I don't exactly come up to the views of a woman ez hez hed thet experience. And her husband a savang! a savang! Olly, and a larned man."

"You're as good as him!" ejaculated Olly, hastily, whose parts of speech were less accurately placed than her feelings, "and I reckon she loves you a heap better, Gabe. But you ain't quite lovin' enough," she added as Gabriel started. "Why thar was thet young couple thet came up from Simpson's last week and stayed over at Mrs. Markle's. Thar was no end of the attentions thet thet man paid to thet thar woman—fixin' her shawl, histin' the winder and puttin' it down, and askin' after her health every five minnits—and they'd sit and sit, just like this"—here Olly, in the interests of domestic felicity, improvised the favorite attitude of the bridegroom as far as the great girth of Gabriel's waist and chest could be "clipped" by her small arms.

"Wot! afore folks?" asked Gabriel, looking down a little shamefully on the twining arms of his sister.

"Yes—in course—afore folks. Why, they want it to be known that they're married."

"Olly," broke out Gabriel desperately, "your sister-in-law ain't thet kind of a woman. She'd reckon thet kind o' thing was low."

But Olly only replied by casting a mischievous look at her brother, shaking her curls, and with the mysterious admonition "Try it!" left him, and went back to Mrs. Conroy.

Happily for Gabriel, Mrs. Conroy did not offer an opportunity for the exhibition of any tenderness on Gabriel's part. Although she did not make any allusion to the past, and even utterly ignored any previous quarrel, she still preserved a certain coy demeanor toward him, that, while it relieved him of an onerous duty, very greatly weakened his faith in the infallibility of Olly's judgment. When, out of respect to that judgment, he went so far as to throw his arms ostentatiously around his wife's waist, one Sunday,

while perambulating the single long public street of One Horse Gulch, and that lady, with great decision, quietly slipped out of his embrace, he doubted still more.

"I did it on account o' wot you said, Olly, and darn my skin if she seemed to like it at all, and even the boys hangin' around seemed to think it was queer. Jo Hobson snickered right out."

"When was it?" said Olly.

"Sunday."

Olly (sharply): "Where?"

Gabriel: "On Main-street."

Olly (apostrophizing heaven with her blue eyes): "Ef thar ever was a God-forsaken blunderin' mule, Gabe, it's you!"

Gabriel (mildly and thoughtfully): "Thet's so."

Howbeit, some kind of a hollow truce was patched up between these three belligerents, and Mrs. Conroy did not go to San Francisco on business. It is presumed that the urgency of her affairs there was relieved by correspondence, for during the next two weeks she expressed much anxiety on the arrival of the regular tri-weekly mails. And one day it brought her not only a letter, but an individual of some importance in this history.

He got down from the Wingdam coach amid considerable local enthusiasm. Apart from the fact that it was well known that he was a rich San Francisco banker and capitalist, his brusque, sharp energy, his easy, skeptical familiarity and general contempt for and ignoring of everything but the practical and material,—and, above all, his reputation for success, which seemed to make that success a wholesome business principle rather than good fortune,—had already fascinated the passengers who had listened to his curt speech, and half oracular axioms. They had forgiven dogmatisms voiced in such a hearty manner, and emphasized, possibly, with a slap on the back of the listener. He had already converted them to his broad materialism,—less, perhaps, by his curt rhetoric than by the logic of his habitual business success, and the respectability that it commanded. It was easy to accept skepticism from a man who evidently had not suffered by it. Radicalism and democracy are much more fascinating to us when the apostle is in comfortable case and easy circumstances, than when he is clad in fustian, and consistently out of a situation. Human nature thirsts for the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but would prefer to receive it from the happy owner of

a latch-key to the Garden of Eden, than the pilferer who had just been ejected from the premises.

It is probable, however, that the possessor of these admirable qualities had none of that fine scorn for a mankind accessible to this weakness, which at present fills the breast of the writer, and, I trust, the reader of these pages. If he had, I doubt if he would have been successful. Like a true hero, he was quite unconscious of the quality of his heroism, and utterly unable to analyze it. So that, without any previous calculations, or pre-arranged plan, he managed to get rid of his admirers, and apply himself to the business he had in hand without either willfully misleading the public of One Horse Gulch, or giving the slightest intimation of what that real business was. That the general interests of One Horse Gulch had attracted the attention of this powerful capitalist—that he intended to erect a new Hotel or "start" an independent line of stage-coaches from Sacramento, were among the accepted theories. Everybody offered him vast and gratuitous information, and out of the various facts and theories submitted to him, he gained the particular knowledge he required without asking for it. Given a reputation for business shrewdness and omnipresence in any one individual, and the world will speedily place him beyond the necessity of using them.

And so in a casual, general way, the stranger was shown over the Length and Breadth and Thickness and Present and Future of One Horse Gulch. When he had reached the further extremity of the Gulch he turned to his escort—"I'll make the inquiry you ask now."

"How?"

"By telegraph—if you'll take it."

He tore a leaf from a memorandum-book and wrote a few lines.

"And you?"

"Oh, I'll look around here—I suppose there's not much beyond this?"

"No, the next claim is Gabriel Conroy's."

"Not much account, I reckon?"

"No? it pays him grub!"

"Well—dine with me at three o'clock, when and where you choose—you know best. Invite whom you like. Good-bye!" and the great man's escort, thus dismissed, departed, lost in admiration of the decisive promptitude and liberality of his guest.

Left to himself, the stranger turned his footsteps in the direction of Gabriel Conroy's claim. Had he been an admirer of Nature,

or accessible to any of those influences which a contemplation of wild scenery is apt to produce in weaker humanity, he would have been awed by the gradual transition of a pastoral landscape to one of uncouth heroics. In a few minutes he had left the belt of sheltering pines and entered upon the ascent of a shadowless, scorched and blistered mountain, that here and there in places of vegetation had put on the excrescences of scoria, or a singular eruption of crust, that, breaking beneath his feet in slippery gray powder, made his footing difficult and uncertain. Had he been possessed of a scientific eye, he would have noted here and there the evidences of volcanic action, in the sudden depressions, the abrupt elevations, the marks of disruption and upheaval, and the river-like flow of debris that protruded a black tongue into the valley below. But I am constrained to believe that the stranger's dominant impression was simply one of heat. Half-way up the ascent he took off his coat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Nevertheless, certain peculiarities in his modes of progression showed him to be not unfamiliar with mountain travel. Two or three times during the ascent he stopped, and, facing about, carefully re-surveyed the path beneath him. Slight as was the action, it was the unfailing sign of the mountaineer, who recognized that the other side of a mountain was as yet an un-determined quantity, and was prepared to retrace his steps if necessary. At the summit he paused and looked around him.

Immediately at his feet the Gulch which gave its name to the settlement, and from which the golden harvest was gathered, broadened into a thickly wooded valley. Its quivering depths were suffused by the incense of odorous gums and halms liberated by the fierce heat of the noonday sun that rose to his face in soft, tremulous waves and filled the air with its heated spices. Through a gap in the cañon to the west, a faint, scarcely distinguishable line of cloud indicated the Coast Range. North and south, higher hills arose, heavily terraced with straight colonnades of pines, that made the vast black monolith on which he stood appear blacker and barer by contrast. Higher hills to the east—one or two peaks—and between them in the sunlight odd-looking, indistinct, vacant intervals—blanks in the landscape as yet not filled in with color or expression. Yet the stranger knew them to be snow, and for a few moments seemed fascinated—gazing at them with a

fixed eye and rigid mouth, until, with an effort, he tore himself away.

Scattered over the summit were numerous holes that appeared to have been recently sunk. In one of them the stranger picked up a fragment of the crumbled rock and examined it carelessly. Then he slowly descended the gentler slope toward the west, in a direction of a claim wherein his quick eye had discovered a man at work. A walk of a few moments brought him to the bank of red clay, the heap of tailings, the wooden sluice-box, and the pan and shovel which constituted the appurtenances of an ordinary claim. As he approached nearer, the workman rose from the bank over which he was bending, and, leaning on his pick, turned his face to the new-comer. His broad, athletic figure, his heavy blonde beard, and serious, perplexed eyes, were unmistakable. It was Gabriel Conroy.

"How are ye?" said the stranger, briskly extending a hand which Gabriel took mechanically. "You're looking well! Recollect *you*, but you don't recollect me. Eh?" He laughed curtly, in a fashion as short and business-like as his speech, and then fixed his eyes rather impatiently on the hesitating Gabriel.

Gabriel could only stare, and struggle with a tide of thick-coming remembrances. He looked around him; the sun was beating down on the old familiar objects, everything was unchanged—and yet this face, this voice—

"I'm here on a matter of business," continued the stranger briskly, dismissing the question of recognition as one unessential to the business on hand—"and—what have you got to propose?" He leaned lightly against the bank and supported himself by thrusting Gabriel's pickaxe against the bank, as he waited a reply.

"It's Peter Dumphy," said Gabriel in an awe-stricken voice.

"Yes. You recollect me now! Thought you would. It's five years and over—ain't it! Rough times them, Gabriel—warn't they? Eh! But *you're* lookin' well—doin' well, too. Hey? Well—what do you propose to do about this claim? Haven't made up your mind—hey? Come then—I'll make a proposition. First—I suppose your title's all right, hey?"

It was so evident from Gabriel's dazed manner, that, apart from his astonishment at meeting Peter Dumphy, he did not know what he was talking about, that Dumphy paused.

"It's about those specimens," he added, eying Gabriel keenly, "the specimens you sent me."

"Wot specimens?" said Gabriel vaguely, still lost in the past.

"The ones your wife sent me,—all the same thing, you know."

"But it ain't," said Gabriel with his old truthful directness. "You better talk to her 'bout that. Thet's her look-out. I reckon now she *did* say suthin'," continued Gabriel, meditatively, "about sendin' rock to Frisco to be tested, but I didn't somehow get to take an interest in it. Leastways it's her funeral. You'd better see her."

It was Mr. Dumphy's turn to be perplexed. In his perfect misapprehension of the character of the man before him, he saw only skillful business evasion under the guise of simplicity. He remembered, moreover, that in the earlier days of his prosperity as Dumphy & Jenkins, Commission Merchants, he was himself in the habit of referring customers with whom he was not ready to treat, to Jenkins, very much as he had just now been referred to Mrs. Conroy.

"Of course," he said briskly; "only I thought I'd save time, which is short with me to-day, by coming directly to you. May not have time to see her. But you can write."

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, "p'raps its just as well in the long run. Ef ye don't see her, she'll know it ain't your fault. I'll let on that much to her." And having disposed of this unimportant feature of the interview, he continued, "Ye haven't heard naught o' Grace—ye mind Grace? Dumphy!—a purty little girl ez was with me up thar. Ye ain't heerd anything o' her—nor seen her, may be—hev you?"

Of course this question at such a moment was to Mr. Dumphy susceptible of only one meaning. It was that Mrs. Conroy had confessed everything to Gabriel, and that he wished to use Dumphy's complicity in the deceit as a lever in future business transactions. Mr. Dumphy felt he had to deal with two consummate actors—one of whom was a natural hypocrite. For the first time in his life he was impatient of evil. We never admire truth and sincerity so highly as when we find it wanting in an adversary.

"Ran off with some fellow, didn't she? Yes, I remember. You won't see her again. It's just as well for you! I'd call her dead, anyway."

Although Dumphy was convinced that Gabriel's interest in the fate of his sister was

hypocritical, he was not above a Christian hope that this might wound a brother's feelings. He turned to go.

"Can't you come back this way and hev a little talk about ol' times?" said Gabriel, warming toward Dumphy under the magic of old associations, and ignoring with provoking unconsciousness the sting of his last speech. "There's Olly ez 'ud jest admire to see ye. Ye mind Olly?—the baby, Grace's little sister, growed a fine, likely gal now. See yer," continued Gabriel with sudden energy, putting down his pick and shovel, "I'll jess go over thar with ye now."

"No! no!" said Dumphy quickly. "Busy! Can't! 'Nother time! Good-day; see you again some time. So long!" and he hurriedly departed, retracing his steps until the claim and its possessor were lost in the intervening foliage.

Then he paused, hesitated, and then, striking across the summit of the hill, made his way boldly to Gabriel's cottage.

Either Mrs. Conroy was expecting him, or had detected him coming through the woods, for she opened the door to him and took him into her little parlor with a graciousness of demeanor and an elaboration of toilet that would have been dangerous to any other man. But, like most men with a deservedly bad reputation among women, Mr. Dumphy always rigidly separated any weakness of gallantry from his business.

"Here only for a few moments. Sorry can't stay longer. You're looking well!" said Mr. Dumphy.

Mrs. Conroy said she had not expected the pleasure of a personal interview; Mr. Dumphy must be so busy always.

"Yes. But I like to bring good news myself. The specimens you sent have been assayed by first-class, reliable men. They'll do. No gold—but eighty per cent. silver. Hey! P'raps you expected it."

But Mr. Dumphy could see plainly from Mrs. Conroy's eager face that she had not expected it:

"Silver," she gasped—"eighty per cent!"

He was mystified, but relieved. It was evident that she had not consulted anybody else, and that he was first on the ground. So he said curtly:

"What do you propose?"

"I don't know," began the lady. "I haven't thought—"

"Exactly," interrupted Dumphy. "Haven't got any proposition. Excuse me—but" (taking out his watch) "time's nearly up. Look here. Eighty per cent.'s big thing!

But Silver mine takes Gold mine to run it. All expense first—no profit till you get down. Works, smelting—cost twenty per cent. Here's my proposition. Put whole thing in joint-stock company. 100 shares. Five millions capital. You take 50 shares. I'll take 25—dispose of other twenty-five as I can. How's that? Hey? You can't say? Well—think of it!"

But all Mrs. Conroy could think of was two and a half millions! It stared at her, stretching in gigantic ciphers across the room. It blazed in golden letters on checks—it rose on glittering piles of silver coin to the ceiling of the parlor. Yet she turned to him with a haggard face and said:

"But this—this money—is only in prospective."

"Cash your draft for the sum ten minutes after the stock's issued. That's business."

With this certainty Mrs. Conroy recovered herself.

"I will talk—with—my husband," she said.

Mr. Dumphy smiled—palpably, openly, and shamelessly. Mrs. Conroy colored quickly, but not from the consciousness Mr. Dumphy attributed to her, of detected cunning. She had begun to be ashamed of the position she believed she occupied in this man's eyes, and fearful that he should have discovered her husband's indifference to her.

"I've already seen him," said Mr. Dumphy quietly.

The color dropped from Mrs. Conroy's cheeks.

"He knows nothing of this," she said faintly.

"Of course," said Dumphy, half contemptuously, "he said so; referred to you. That's all right. That's business."

"You did not tell him—you dared not—" she said excitedly.

Mr. Dumphy looked curiously at her for a moment. Then he rose and shut the door.

"Look here," he said, facing Mrs. Conroy in a hard matter-of-fact way, "do you mean to say that what that man—your husband—said, was true? That he knows nothing of you; of the circumstances under which you came here?"

"He does not—I swear to God he does not," she said passionately.

It was inexplicable, but Mr. Dumphy believed her.

"But how will you explain this to him? You can do nothing without him."

"Why should he know more? If he has

discovered this mine, it is *his*—free of any gift of mine—as independent of any claim of mine as if we were strangers. The law makes him the owner of the mine that he discovers, no matter on whose land it may be found. In personating his sister, I only claimed a grant to the land. He has made the discovery which gives it its value! Even that sister," she added with a sudden flash in her eyes—"even that sister, were, she living, could not take it from him now!"

It was true! This woman, with whose weakness he had played, had outwitted them all, and slipped through their fingers, almost without stain or blemish. And in a way so simple! Duped as he had been, he could hardly restrain his admiration, and said, quite frankly and heartily:

"Good—that's business."

And then—ah me! this clever creature—this sharp adventuress, this Anonyma Victrix began to cry and to beg him not to tell *her* husband!

At this familiar sign of the universal feminine weakness Dumphy pricked up his ears and arts again.

"Where's your proof that your husband is the first discoverer?" he said curtly, but not unkindly. "Won't that paper that Dr. Devarges gave his sister show that the Doctor was really the discoverer of this lead?"

"Yes, but Dr. Devarges is dead, and I hold the paper."

"Good!" He took out his watch. "I've five minutes more. Now look here. I'm not going to say that you haven't managed this thing well—d—d well—you have!—and that you can, if you like, get along without me!—you can! See! I'm not going to say that I went into this thing without the prospect of making something out of it myself. I have! That's business. The thing for you to consider now is this: understanding each other as we do, couldn't you push this thing through better with my help—and helping me—than to go elsewhere? Understand me! You could find a dozen men in San Francisco who would make you as good an offer and better! But it wouldn't be to their interest to keep down any unpleasant reminders of the past as it would be mine. You understand?"

Mrs. Conroy replied by extending her hand.

"To keep my secret from every one—from *him*," she said earnestly.

"Certainly—that's business!"

Then these two artful ones shook hands with a heartfelt and loyal admiration and

belief for each other that I fear more honest folks might have profited by, and Mr. Dumphy went off to dine.

As Mrs. Conroy closed the front door Olly came running in from the back piazza. Mrs. Conroy caught her in her arms and discharged her pent-up feelings, and, let us hope, her penitence, in a joyful and passionate embrace. But Olly struggled to extricate herself. When at last she got her head free, she said angrily:

"Let me go. I want to see him."

"Who—Mr. Dumphy?" asked Mrs. Conroy, still holding the child, with a half-hysterical laugh.

"Yes. Gabe said he was here. Let me go, I say!"

"What do you want with him?" asked her captor with shrill gayety.

"Gabe says—Gabe says—let me go, will you? Gabe says he knew——"

"Whom?"

"My dear, dear sister Grace! There! I didn't mean to hurt you—but I must go!"

And she did, leaving the prospective possessor of Two and a Half Millions, vexed, suspicious, and alone.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. DUMPHY MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

PETER DUMPHY was true to his client. A few days after he had returned to San Francisco he dispatched a note to Victor, asking an interview. He had reasoned that, although Victor was vanquished and helpless regarding the late discovery at One Horse Gulch, yet his complicity with Mrs. Conroy's earlier deceit might make it advisable that his recollection of that event should be effaced. He was waiting a reply when a card was brought to him by a clerk. Mr. Dumphy glanced at it impatiently, and read the name of "Arthur Poinsett." Autocrat as Dumphy was in his own counting-house and business circle, the name was one of such recognized power in California that he could not ignore its claims to his attention. More than that, it represented a certain respectability and social elevation, which Dumphy, with all his skepticism and democratic assertion, could not with characteristic shrewdness afford to undervalue. He said, "Show him in," without lifting his head from the papers that lay upon his desk.

The door opened again to an elegant-looking young man, who lounged carelessly into the awful presence without any of that awe with which the habitual business visitors

approached Peter Dumphy. Indeed it was possible that never before had Mr. Dumphy's door opened to one who was less affected by the great capitalist's reputation. Nevertheless, with the natural ease of good breeding, after depositing his hat on the table, he walked quietly to the fire-place, and stood with his back toward it with courteous, but perhaps too indifferent patience. Mr. Dumphy was at last obliged to look up.

"Busy, I see," yawned Poinsett, with languid politeness. "Don't let me disturb you. I thought your man said you were disengaged. Must have made a mistake."

Mr. Dumphy was forced to lay aside his pen and rise, inwardly protesting.

"You don't know me by my card. I have the advantage, I think," continued the young man, with a smile, "even in the mere memory of faces. The last time I saw you was—let me see—five years ago. Yes! you were chewing a scrap of buffalo hide to keep yourself from starving."

"Philip Ashley," said Mr. Dumphy in a low voice, looking hastily around, and drawing nearer the stranger.

"Precisely," returned Poinsett, somewhat impatiently raising his own voice. "That was my *nom de guerre*. But Dumphy seems to have been your real name after all."

If Dumphy had conceived any idea of embarrassing Poinsett by the suggestion of an *alias*, in his case, he could have dismissed it after this half-contemptuous recognition of his own proper cognomen. But he had no such idea. In spite of his utmost effort he felt himself gradually falling into the same relative position—the same humble subordination he had accepted five years before. It was useless to think of his wealth, of his power, of his surroundings. Here in his own bank parlor he was submissively waiting the will and pleasure of this stranger. He made one more desperate attempt to regain his lost prestige.

"You have some business with me, eh? Poinsett!" He commenced the sentence with a dignity and ended it with a familiarity equally inefficacious.

"Of course," said Poinsett carelessly, shifting his legs before the fire. "Shouldn't have called otherwise on a man of such affairs, at such a time. You are interested, I hear, in a mine recently discovered at One Horse Gulch on the Rancho of The Blessed Innocents. One of my clients holds a grant, not yet confirmed, to the Rancho."

"Who?" said Mr. Dumphy, quickly.

"I believe that is not important nor

essential for you to know until we make a formal claim," returned Arthur quietly, "but I don't mind satisfying your curiosity. It's Miss Dolores Salvatierra."

Mr. Dumphy felt relieved, and began with gathering courage and brusqueness, "That don't affect—"

"Your mining claim; not in the least," interrupted Arthur quietly. "I am not here to press or urge any rights that we may have. We may not even submit the grant for patent. But my client would like to know something of the present tenants, or, if you will, owners. You represent them, I think? A man and wife. The woman appears first as a spinster, assuming to be a Miss Grace Conroy, to whom an alleged transfer of an alleged grant was given. She next appears as the wife of one Gabriel Conroy, who is, I believe, an alleged brother of the alleged Miss Grace Conroy. You'll admit, I think, it's a pretty mixed business, and would make a pretty bad showing in court. But this adjudication we are not yet prepared to demand. What we want to know is this—and I came to you, Dumphy, as the man most able to tell us. Is the sister or the brother real—or are they both impostors? Is there a legal marriage? Of course *your* legal interest is not jeopardized in any event."

Mr. Dumphy partly regained his audacity.

"You ought to know—you ran away with the real Grace Conroy," he said, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Did I? then this is not she, if I understand you. Thanks! And the brother—"

"Is Gabriel Conroy, if I know the man," said Dumphy, shortly, feeling that he had been entrapped into a tacit admission. "But why don't you satisfy yourself?"

"You have been good enough to render it unnecessary," said Arthur, with a smile. "I do not doubt your word. I am, I trust, too much of a lawyer to doubt the witness I myself have summoned. But who is this woman?"

"The widow of Dr. Devargès."

"The *real* thing?"

"Yes, unless Grace Conroy should lay claim to that title and privilege. The old man seems to have been pretty much divided in his property and affections."

The shaft did not apparently reach Arthur, for whom it was probably intended. He only said, "Have you legal evidence that she *is* the widow? If it were a fact, and a case of ill-treatment or hardship, why it might abate the claim of my client, who

is a rich woman, and whose sympathies are of course in favor of the real brother and real sister. By the way, there is another sister, isn't there?"

"Yes, a mere child."

"That's all. Thank you, I sha'n't trespass further upon your time. Good day."

He had taken up his hat and was moving toward the door. Mr. Dumphy, who felt that whatever might have been Poinsett's motives in this interview, he, Dumphy, had certainly gained nothing, determined to retrieve himself, if possible, by a stroke of audacity.

"One moment," he said, as Poinsett was carefully settling his hat over his curls. "You know whether this girl is living or not. What has become of her?"

"But I don't," returned Poinsett, calmly, "or I shouldn't come to *you*."

There was something about Poinsett's manner that prevented Dumphy from putting him in the category of "all men," that both in his haste and his deliberation Mr. Dumphy was apt to say "were liars."

"When and where did you see her last?" he asked, less curtly.

"I left her at a hunter's cabin near the North Fork while I went back for help. I was too late. A relief party from the valley had already discovered the other dead. When I returned for Grace she was gone—possibly with the relief party. I always supposed it was the expedition that succored you."

There was a pause, in which these two scamps looked at each other. It will be remembered that both had deceived the relief party in reference to their connections with the unfortunate dead. Neither believed, however, that the other was aware of the fact. But the inferior scamp was afraid to ask another question that might disclose his own falsehood; and the question which might have been an embarrassing one to Arthur, and have changed his attitude toward Dumphy, remained unasked. Not knowing the reason of Dumphy's hesitation, Arthur was satisfied of his ignorance, and was still left the master. He nodded carelessly to Dumphy and withdrew.

As he left the room he brushed against a short, thick-set man, who was entering at the same moment. Some instinct of mutual repulsion caused the two men to look at each other. Poinsett beheld a sallow face, that, in spite of its belonging to a square figure, seemed to have a consumptive look; a face whose jaw was narrow and whose lips were always half-parted over white,

large and protruding teeth; a mouth that apparently was always breathless—a mouth that Mr. Poinsett remembered as the distinguishing and unpleasant feature of some one vaguely known to him professionally. As the mouth gasped and parted further in recognition, Poinsett nodded carelessly in return, and, attributing his repulsion to that extraordinary feature, thought no more about it.

Not so the new-comer. He glanced suspiciously after Arthur and then at Mr. Dumphy. The latter, who had recovered his presence of mind and his old audacity, turned them instantly upon him.

"Well! What have you got to propose?" he said, with his usual curt formula.

"It is you have something to say; you sent for me," said his visitor.

"Yes. You left me to find out that there was another grant to that mine. What does all this mean, Ramirez?"

Victor raised his eyes and yellow fringes to the ceiling, and said, with a shrug,

"*Quien sabe?* there are grants—and grants!"

"So it seems. But I suppose you know that we have a title now better than any grant—a mineral discovery!"

Victor bowed and answered with his teeth, "*We, eh?*"

"Yes, I am getting up a company for her husband."

"Her husband—good!"

Dumphy looked at his accomplice keenly. There was something in Victor's manner that was vaguely suspicious. Dumphy, who was one of those men to whose courage the habit of success in all things was essential, had been a little shaken by his signal defeat in his interview with Poinsett, and now became irritable.

"Yes—her husband. What have you got to propose about it, eh? Nothing? Well, look here. I sent for you to say that as everything now is legal and square, you might as well dry up in regard to her former relations or your first scheme. You sabe?" Dumphy became slangy as he lost his self-control. "You are to know nothing about Miss Grace Conroy."

"And there is no more any sister, eh—only a wife?"

"Exactly."

"So."

"You will of course get something for these preliminary steps of yours, although you understand they have been useless, and

that your claim is virtually dead. You are in fact in no way connected with her present success. Unless—unless," added Dumphy, with a gratuitous malice that defeat had engendered, "unless you expect something for having been the means of making a match between her and Gabriel."

Victor turned a little more yellow in the thin line over his teeth. "Ha! ha! good—a joke," he laughed. "No, I make no charge to you from that; not even to you. No—ha! ha!" At the same moment had Mr. Dumphy known what was passing in his mind he would have probably moved a little nearer the door of his counting-room.

"There's nothing we can pay you for but silence. We may as well understand each other regarding that. That's your interest; it's ours only so far as Mrs. Conroy's social standing is concerned, for I warn you that exposure might seriously compromise you in a business way, while it would not hurt us. I could get the value of Gabriel's claim to the mine advanced to-morrow, if the whole story were known to-night. If you remember, the only evidence of a previous discovery exists in a paper in our possession. Perhaps we pay you for that. Consider it so, if you like. Consider also that any attempt to get hold of it legally or otherwise would end in its destruction. Well, what do you say? All right. When the stock is issued I'll write you a check; or perhaps you'd take a share of stock?"

"I would prefer the money," said Victor, with a peculiar laugh.

Dumphy affected to take no notice of the sarcasm. "Your head is level, Victor," he said, returning to his papers. "Don't meddle with stocks. Good day!"

Victor moved toward the door. "By the way, Victor," said Dumphy, looking up, calmly, "if you know the owner of this lately discovered grant, you might intimate that any litigation wouldn't pay. That's what I told their counsel a moment ago."

"Poinsett?" asked Victor, pausing, with his hand on the door.

"Yes! But as he also happens to be Philip Ashley—the chap who ran off with Grace Conroy, you had better go and see him. Perhaps he can help you better than I. Good day."

And, turning from the petrified Victor, Mr. Dumphy, conscious that he had fully regained his prestige, rang his bell to admit the next visitor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. JACK HAMLIN TAKES A HOLIDAY.

FOR some weeks Mr. Hamlin had not been well, or, as he more happily expressed it, had been "off color." The celebrated Dr. Duchesne, an ex-army surgeon, after a careful diagnosis, had made several inquiries of Jack, in a frank way that delighted Mr. Hamlin, and then had said very quietly,

"You are not doing justice to your profession, Jack. Your pulse is 75, and that won't do for a man who habitually deals *faro*. Been doing pretty well lately, and having a good time, eh? I thought so! You've been running too fast, and under too high pressure. You must take these weights off the safety valve, Jack—better take the blower down altogether. Bank your fires and run on half steam. For the next two months I shall run you. You must live like a Christian." Noticing the horror of Jack's face, he added, hastily, "I mean, go to bed before midnight, get up before you want to, eat more and drink less, don't play to win, bore yourself thoroughly, and by that time I'll be able to put you back at that table as strong and cool as ever. You used to sing, Jack; sit down at the piano and give me a taste of your quality. * * * There, that'll do; I thought so! You're out of practice and voice. Do that every day, for a week, and it will come easier. I haven't seen you stop and talk to a child for a month. What's become of that little boot-black that you used to bedevil? I've a devilish good mind to send you to a foundling hospital for the good of the babies and yourself. Find out some poor *ranchero* with a dozen children, and teach 'em singing. Don't mind what you eat, as long as you eat regularly. I'd have more hopes of you, Jack, if I'd dragged you out of Starvation Camp, in the Sierras, as I did a poor fellow, six years ago, than finding you here in these luxurious quarters. Come! Do as I say, and I'll stop that weariness, dissipate that giddiness, get rid of that pain, lower that pulse, and put you back where you were. I don't like your looks, Jack, at all. I'd buck against any bank you ran, all night."

From which the intelligent reader will, I hope and trust, perceive that this popular doctor's ideas of propriety resided wholly in his intentions. With the abstract morality of Hamlin's profession as a gambler he did not meddle; with his competency to practice that profession only was he concerned. Indeed so frank was he in

his expression, that a few days later he remarked to a popular clergyman, "I must put you under the same treatment as I did Jack Hamlin—do you know him?—a gambler and a capital fellow; you remind me of him. Same kind of trouble—cured him as I will you." And he did.

The result of which advice was that in two weeks Mr. Jack Hamlin found himself dreadfully bored and *ennuyé*, but loyal to his trust with his physician, wandering in the lower coast counties. At San Luis Rey, he attended a bull-fight, and was sorely tempted to back the bull heavily, and even conceived the idea of introducing a grizzly bear, taking all the odds himself, but remembered his promise and fled the fascination. And so the next day, in a queer old-fashioned diligence, he crossed the coast range, and drifted into the quiet Mission of San Antonio. Here he was so done up and bored with the journey and the unpromising aspect of the town, that he quietly yielded his usual profane badinage of the landlord to his loyal henchman and negro body-servant "Pete," and went to bed at the solitary "Fonda," in the usual flea-infested bedroom of the Spanish California inn.

"What does she look like, Pete?" said Jack, languidly.

Pete, who was familiar with his master's peculiarities of speech, knew that the feminine pronoun referred to the town, and responded with great gravity:

"De fac' is, Mahs Jack, dah don't peah to be much show heah foh you. Deys playin' three-card monte in the bah room, but 'tain't no squar game. It 'ud do you no good, it might jess rile you. Deys a fass pinto hoss hitched to a poss in de yard—a hoss dat de owner don't seem to understand nohow. If you was right smart agin, I might let you go down dar and get a bet outer some o'dem Greasers. But 'twon't do nohow. Deys a kind o' school—Sunday-school, I reckon—nex doah. Lots o' little children saying prayers, singin' and praisin' de Lord, sah."

"What day is this?" asked Jack, with sudden trepidation.

"Sunday, sah."

Jack uttered a plaintive groan and rolled over.

"Give one of those children a quarter, and tell him there's another quarter waiting for him up here."

"You won't get no child to fool wid dis day, Mahs Jack, shuah. Deys bound to get licked when dey goes. Folks is mighty

hard on dem boys, Sunday, sah; and it's de Lord's day, Mahs Jack."

Partly for the sake of horrifying his attendant, who, notwithstanding his evil associations, was very devout, Jack gave way to violent denunciation of any system of theology that withheld children from romping with him any day he might select.

"Open that window," he groaned, finally, "and shove the bed alongside of it. That'll do. Hand me that novel. You needn't read to me to-day; you can finish that 'Volney's Ruins' another time."

It may be remarked here that it had been Jack's invalid habit to get Pete to read to him. As he had provided himself with such books as were objectionable to Pete, as they were always utterly incomprehensible when filtered through his dialect, and as he always made the reader repeat the more difficult words, he extracted from this diversion a delicious enjoyment, which Pete never suspected.

"You can go now," he said, when Pete had arranged him comfortably. "I sha'n't want you this afternoon. Take some money. I reckon you won't find any church of your kind here, but if anybody interferes with you, jest lambaste him! If you can't do it, jest spot him, and I will! (Mr. Hamlin never allowed anybody but himself to object to his follower's religious tendencies.) Have a good time, Pete! Don't tangle yourself up if you can help it. The liquor about here is jest pizen."

With this parting adjuration Mr. Hamlin turned over and tried to devote himself to his book. But after reading a few lines the letters somehow got blurred and indistinct, and he was obliged to put the book down with a much graver recollection of the doctor's warning than he had ever had before. He was obliged to confess to a singular weariness and lassitude that had become habitual, and to admit that he had more pain at times than—as he put it—"a man ought to have." The idea of his becoming blind or paralyzed dawned upon him gradually, at first humorously; wondering if he couldn't deal faro as well without the use of his legs, for instance, which were of no account to a man under the table; if there could not be raised cards for the blind as well as raised letters. The idea of feeling a "pair" or a "flush" amused him greatly, and then he remembered more gravely poor Gordon, who, becoming gradually paralyzed, blew his brains out. "The best thing he could do," he soliloquized seriously. The

reflection, however, had left such a depressing effect upon his mind that the exaltation of liquor for a moment seemed to be the proper thing for him; but the next moment, remembering his promise to the doctor, he changed his mind, and—with an effort—his reflections.

For relief he turned his paling face to the window. It gave upon a dusty court-yard, the soil of which was pulverized by the pawing of countless hoofs during the long, dry summer; upon a tiled roof that rose above an adobe wall, over which again rose the two square whitewashed towers of the Mission church. Between these towers he caught a glimpse of dark green foliage, and beyond this the shining sea.

It was very hot and dry. Scarcely a wave of air stirred the curtains of the window. That afternoon the trade-winds which usually harried and bullied the little Mission of San Antonio did not blow, and a writhing weeping willow near the window, that whipped itself into trifling hysterics on the slightest pretext, was surprised into a stony silence. Even the sea beyond glittered and was breathless. It reminded Jack of the mouth of the man he met in Sacramento at the hotel, and again had quarreled with in San Francisco. And there, absolutely, was the man, the very man, gazing up at the hotel from the shadows of the court-yard. Jack was instantly and illogically furious. Had Pete been there he would at once have sent an insulting message; but, while he was looking at him, a sound rose upon the air which more pleasantly arrested his attention.

It was an organ. Not a very fine instrument, nor skillfully played. But an instrument that Jack was passionately fond of. I forgot to say that he had once occupied the position of organist in the Second Presbyterian Church of Sacramento, until a growing and more healthy public sentiment detected an incongruity between his secular and Sunday occupations, and a prominent deacon, a successful liquor-dealer, demanded his resignation. Although he afterward changed his attentions to a piano, he never entirely lost his old affections. To become the possessor of a large organ, to introduce it gradually, educating the public taste, as a special feature of a first-class gambling saloon, had always been one of Jack's wildest ambitions. So he raised himself upon his elbow and listened. He could see also that the adjacent building was really a recent addition to the old Mission church, and that what appeared to be a recess in

the wall was only a deeply embrasured window. Presently a choir of fresh young voices joined the organ. Mr. Hamlin listened more attentively; it was one of Mozart's masses with which he was familiar.

For a few moments he forgot his pain and lassitude, and lying there hummed in unison. And then, like a true enthusiast, unmindful of his surroundings, he lifted his voice—a very touching tenor, well known among his friends—and joined in, drowning, I fear, the feebler pipe of the little acolytes within. Indeed, it was a fine sight to see this sentimental scamp, lying sick nigh unto dissolution through a dissipated life and infamous profession, down upon his back in the dingy *cuarto* of a cheap Spanish inn, voicing the litanies of Madame the Virgin. Howbeit, once started in he sang it through, and only paused when the antiphonal voices and organ ceased. Then he lifted his head, and, leaning on his elbow, looked across the court-yard. He had hoped for the appearance of some of the little singers, and had all ready a handful of coin to throw to them, and a few of those ingenious epithets and persuasive arguments by which he had always been successful with the young. But he was disappointed. "I reckon school ain't out yet," he said to himself, and was about to lie down again, when a face suddenly appeared at the grating of the narrow window.

Mr. Hamlin as suddenly became breathless, and the color rose to his pale face. He was very susceptible to female beauty, and the face that appeared at the grating was that of a very beautiful Indian girl. He thought, and was ready to swear, that he had never seen anything half so lovely. Framed in the recess of the embrasure as a shrine, it might have been a shadowed devotional image, but that the face was not so angelically beautiful as it was femininely fascinating, and that the large deeply fringed eyes had an expression of bright impatience and human curiosity. From his secure vantage behind the curtain Mr. Hamlin knew that he could not be seen, and so lay and absorbed this lovely bronze apparition which his voice seemed to have evoked from the cold bronze adobe wall. And then, as suddenly, she was gone, and the staring sunlight and glittering sea beyond seemed to Mr. Hamlin to have gone too.

When Pete returned at sunset, he was amazed and alarmed to find his master dressed and sitting by the window. There was a certain brightness in his eye and an

unwonted color in his cheek that alarmed him still more.

"You ain't bin and gone done nuffin ag'in de doctor's orders, Mahs Jack?" he began.

"You'll find the whisky flask all right, unless you've been dippin' into it, you infernal old hypocrite," responded Jack cheerfully, accepting the implied suspicion of his servant. "I've dressed myself because I'm goin' to church to-night, to find out where you get your liquor. I'm happy because I'm virtuous. Trot out that 'Volney's Ruins' and wade in. You're gettin' out o' practice, Pete. Stop. Because you're religious, blank you, do you expect me to starve? Go and order supper first! Stop. Where in blank are you going? Here you've been gone three hours on an errand for me, and blank me if you ain't runnin' off without a word about it."

"Gone on an errand foh' you, sah?" gasped the astonished Pete.

"Yes! Didn't I tell you to go round and see what was the kind of religious dispensation here?" continued Jack with an unmoved face. "Didn't I charge you particularly to observe if the Catholic Church was such as a professing Christian and the former organist of the Second Presbyterian Church of Sacramento could attend? And now I suppose I've got to find out myself. I'd bet ten to one you ain't been there at all, blank you!"

In sheer embarrassment Pete began to brush his master's clothes with ostentatious and apologetic diligence, and said:

"I'se no Papist, Mahs Jack, but if I'd thought—"

"Do you suppose, blank you, I'm going to sit here without my supper while you abuse the Catholic Church—the only church, blank me, that a gentleman—" but the frightened Pete was gone.

The Angelus bell had just rung, and it lacked a full half hour yet before vespers, when Mr. Hamlin lounged into the old Mission church. Only a few figures knelt here and there—mere vague, black shadows in the gloom. Aided, perhaps, more by intuition than the light of the dim candles on the high altar, he knew that the figure he looked for was not among them; and seeking the shadow of a column he calmly waited its approach. It seemed a long time. A heavy-looking woman, redolent of garlic, came in and knelt nearly opposite. A yellow vaquero, whom Mr. Hamlin recalled at once as one he had met on the road hither,—a man whose Spanish profanity,

incited by unruly cattle, had excited Jack's amused admiration,—dropped on his knees, and with equally characteristic volubility began a supplication to the Virgin. Then two or three men, whom Jack recognized as the monte-players of the "Fonda," began, as it seemed to Jack, to bewail their losses in lachrymose accents. And then Mr. Hamlin, highly excited, with a pulse that would have awakened the greatest concern of his doctor, became nervously and magnetically aware that some one else was apparently waiting and anxious as himself, and had turned *his* head at the entrance of each one of the congregation. It was a figure Jack had at first overlooked. Safe in the shadow of the column, he could watch it without being seen himself. Even in the gloom he could see the teeth and eyes of the man he had observed that afternoon—his old antagonist at Sacramento.

Had it been anywhere else, Jack would have indulged his general and abstract detestation of Victor by instantly picking a quarrel with him. As it was, he determined upon following him when he left the church—of venting on him any possible chagrin or disappointment he might then have, as an excitement to mitigate the unsupportable dreariness of the Mission. The passions are not so exclusive as moralists imagine, for Mr. Hamlin was beginning to have his breast filled with wrath against Victor, in proportion as his doubts of the appearance of the beautiful stranger grew stronger in his mind, when two figures momentarily darkened the church porch, and a rustle of silk stole upon his ear. A faint odor of spice penetrated through the incense. Jack looked up, and his heart stopped beating.

It was she. As she reached the stall nearly opposite she put aside her black veil, and disclosed the same calm, nymph-like face he had seen at the window. It was doubly beautiful now. Even the strange complexion had for Jack a bewildering charm. She looked around, hesitated for a moment, and then knelt between the two monte players. With an almost instinctive movement Jack started forward, as if to warn her of the contaminating contact. And then he stopped, his own face crimsoned with shame. For the first time he had doubted the morality of his profession.

The organ pealed out; the incense swam; the monotonous voice of the priest rose upon the close, sluggish air, and Mr. Jack Hamlin dreamed a dream. He had dispossessed the cold, mechanical organist, and

seating himself at the instrument, had summoned all the powers of reed and voice to sing the pæans—ah, me! I fear not of any abstract Being, but of incarnate flesh and blood. He heard her pure, young voice lifted beside his; even in that cold, passionless commingling there was joy unspeakable, and he knew himself exalted. Yet he was conscious even in his dream, from his own hurried breathing, and something that seemed to swell in his throat, that he could not have sung a note. And then he came back to his senses, and a close examination of the figure before him. He looked at the graceful shining head, the rich lace veil, the quiet elegance of attire, even to the small satin slipper that stole from beneath her silken robe—all united with a refinement and an air of jealous seclusion, that somehow removed him to an immeasurable distance.

The anthem ceased, the last notes of the organ died away, and the lady rose. Half an hour before, Jack would have gladly stepped forward to have challenged even a passing glance from the beautiful eyes of the stranger; now a timidity and distrust new to the man took possession of him. He even drew back closer in the shadow as she stepped toward the pillar, which supported on its face a font of holy water. She had already slipped off her glove, and now she leaned forward—so near he could almost feel her warm breath—and dipped her long, slim fingers into the water. As she crossed herself with the liquid symbol Jack gave a slight start. One or two drops of holy water thrown from her little fingers had fallen on his face.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VICTOR MAKES A DISCOVERY.

HAPPILY for Mr. Hamlin, the young girl noticed neither the effect of her unconscious baptismal act, nor its object, but moved away slowly to the door. As she did so, Jack stepped from the shadow of the column and followed her with eyes of respectful awe and yearning. She had barely reached the porch, when she suddenly and swiftly turned and walked hurriedly back, almost brushing against Mr. Hamlin. Her beautiful eyes were startled and embarrassed, her scarlet lips parted and paling rapidly, her whole figure and manner agitated and discomposed. Without noticing him she turned toward the column, and under the pretext of using the holy water took hold of the

font and leaned against it, as if for support, with her face averted from the light. Jack could see her hands tighten nervously on the stone, and fancied that her whole figure trembled as she stood there.

He hesitated for a moment and then moved to her side; not audaciously and confident, as was his wont with women, but with a boyish color in his face, and a timid, half embarrassed manner.

"Can I do anything for you, Miss?" he said falteringly. "You don't seem to be well. I mean, you look tired. Sha'n't I bring you a chair? It's the heat of this blasted hole—I mean it's so warm here. Sha'n't I go for a glass of water, a carriage?"

Here she suddenly lifted her eyes to his, and his voice and presence of mind utterly abandoned him.

"It is nothing," she said, with a dignified calm, as sudden and as alarming to Jack as her previous agitation—"nothing," she added, fixing her clear eyes on his, with a look so frank, so open, and withal, as it seemed to Jack, so cold and indifferent, that his own usually bold glance fell beneath it, "nothing but the heat and closeness; I am better now."

"Shall I—" began Jack awkwardly.

"I want nothing, thank you."

Seeming to think that her conduct required some explanation, she added hastily:

"There was a crowd at the door as I was going out, and in the press I felt giddy. I thought some one—some man—pushed me rudely. I dare say I was mistaken."

She glanced at the porch against which a man was still leaning.

The suggestion of her look and speech—if it were a suggestion—was caught instantly by Jack. Without waiting for her to finish the sentence, he strode to the door. To his wrathful surprise the lounge was Victor. Mr. Hamlin did not stop for explanatory speech. With a single expressive word, and a single dexterous movement of his arm and foot, he tumbled the astonished Victor down the steps at one side, and then turned toward his late companion. But she had been equally prompt. With a celerity quite inconsistent with her previous faintness, she seized the moment that Victor disappeared to dart by him and gain her carriage, which stood in waiting at the porch. But as it swiftly rode away, Mr. Hamlin caught one grateful glance from those wonderful eyes, one smile from those perfect lips, and was happy. What matters that he had an explanation—possibly a quarrel on his hands?

Ah me! I fear this added zest to the rascal's satisfaction.

A hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned and saw the face of the furious Victor, with every tooth at a white heat, and panting with passion. Mr. Hamlin smiled pleasantly.

"Why, I want to know!" he ejaculated, with an affectation of rustic simplicity—"if it ain't you, Johnny. Why, darn my skin! And this is your house? You and St. Anthony in partnership, eh? Well, that gets me! And here I tumbled you off your own stoop, didn't I? I might have known it was you by the way you stood there. Mightn't I, Johnny?"

"My name is not Johnny—*Carimba*!" gasped Victor, almost beside himself with impatient fury.

"Oh, it's that, is it? Any relation to the *Carimbas* of Dutch Flat? It ain't a pretty name. I like Johnny better. And I wouldn't make a row here now. Not to-day, Johnny; it's Sunday. I'd go home. I'd go quietly home, and I'd beat some woman or child to keep myself in training. But I'd go home first. I wouldn't draw that knife, neither, for it might cut your fingers, and frighten the folks around town. I'd go home quietly, like a good nice little man. And in the morning I'd come round to the hotel on the next square, and I'd ask for Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Jack Hamlin, Room No. 29; and I'd go right up to his room, and I'd have such a time with him—such a high old time; I'd just make that hotel swim with blood."

Two or three of the monte-players had gathered around Victor, and seemed inclined to take the part of their countryman. Victor was not slow to improve this moment of adhesion and support.

"Is it dogs that we are, my compatriots?" he said to them bitterly—"and he—this one—a man infamous!"

Mr. Hamlin, who had a quick ear for abusive and interjunctory Spanish, overheard him. There was a swift chorus of "*Carimba*!" from the allies, albeit wholesomely restrained by something in Mr. Hamlin's eye which was visible, and probably a suspicion of something in Mr. Hamlin's pocket which was not visible. But the remaining portion of Mr. Hamlin was ironically gracious.

"Friends of yours, I suppose?" he inquired affably. "'*Carimbas*' all of them, too! Perhaps they'll call with you? May be they haven't time and are in a hurry now?"

If my room isn't large enough, and they can't wait, there's a handy lot o' ground beyond on the next square—*Plaza del Toros*, eh? What did you say? I'm a little deaf in this ear."

Under the pretense of hearing more distinctly, Jack Hamlin approached the nearest man, who, I grieve to say, instantly, and somewhat undignifiedly, retreated. Mr. Hamlin laughed. But already a crowd of loungers had gathered, and he felt it was time to end this badinage, grateful as it was to his sense of humor. So he lifted his hat gravely to Victor and his friends, replaced it perhaps aggressively tilted a trifle over his straight nose, and lounged slowly back to his hotel, leaving his late adversaries in secure but unsatisfactory and dishonorable possession of the field. Once in his own quarters, he roused the sleeping Pete, and insisted upon opening a religious discussion, in which, to Pete's great horror, he warmly espoused the Catholic Church, averring, with several strong expletives, that it was the only religion fit for a white man, and ending somewhat irrelevantly by inquiring into the condition of the pistols.

Meanwhile Victor had also taken leave of his friends.

"He has fled—this most infamous!" he said; "he dared not remain and face us! Thou didst observe his fear, Tiburcio? It was thy great heart that did it!"

"Rather he recognized thee, my Victor, and his heart was that of the coyote."

"It was the Mexican nation, ever responsive to the appeal of manhood and liberty, that made his liver as blanched as that of the chicken," returned the gentleman who had retreated from Jack. "Let us then celebrate this triumph with a little glass."

And Victor, who was anxious to get away from his friends, and saw in the prospective *aguardiente* a chance for escape, generously led the way to the first wine-shop.

It chanced to be the principal one of the town. It had the generic quality—that is, was dirty, dingy, ill-smelling, and yellow with cigarette smoke. Its walls were adorned by various prints—one or two French in origin, excellent in art, and defective in moral sentiment, and several of Spanish origin, infamous in art, and admirable in religious feeling. It had a portrait of Santa Anna, and another of the latest successful revolutionary general. It had an allegorical picture representing the Genius of Liberty descending with all the celestial machinery

upon the Mexican Confederacy. Moved apparently by the same taste for poetry and personification, the proprietor had added to his artistic collection a highly colored American handbill representing the Angel of Healing presenting a stricken family with a bottle of somebody's Panacea. At the further extremity of the low room a dozen players sat at a green baize table absorbed in monte. Beyond them, leaning against the wall, a harp-player twanged the strings of his instrument, in a lugubrious air, with that singular stickiness of touch and reluctance of finger peculiar to itinerant performers on that instrument. The card-players were profoundly indifferent to both music and performer.

The face of one of the players attracted Victor's attention. It was that of the odd English translator—the irascible stranger upon whom he had intruded that night of his memorable visit to Don José. Victor had no difficulty in recognizing him, although his slovenly and negligent working-dress had been changed to his holiday antique black suit. He did not lift his eyes from the game until he had lost the few silver coins placed in a pile before him, when he rose grimly, and, nodding brusquely to the other players, without speaking left the room.

"He has lost five half-dollars—his regular limit—no more, no less," said Victor to his friend. "He will not play again to-night!"

"You know of him?" asked Vincente in admiration of his companion's superior knowledge.

"Si!" said Victor. "He is a jackal, a dog of the Americanos," he added, vaguely intending to revenge himself on the stranger's former brusqueness by this depreciation. "He affects to know our history—our language. Is it a question of the fine meaning of a word?—the shade of a technical expression?—it is him they ask, not us! It is thus they treat us, these heretics! *Carámba!*"

"*Carámba!*" echoed Vincente, with a vague patriotism superinduced by *aguardiente*. But Victor had calculated to unloose Vincente's tongue for his private service.

"It is the world, my friend," he said sententiously. "These Americanos—come they here often?"

"You know the great American advocate—our friend—Don Arturo Poinsett?"

"Yes," said Victor impatiently. "Comes he?"

"Christ! does he not!" laughed Vincente. "Always. Ever. Eternally. He has a client—a widow, young, handsome, rich, eh?—one of his own race."

"Ah! you are wise, Vincente!"

Vincente laughed a weak spirituous laugh.

"Ah, God! it is a transparent fact. Truly—of a verity. Believe me!"

"And this fair client—who is she?"

"Donna Maria Sepulveda!" said Vincente in a drunken whisper.

"How is this? You said she was of his own race."

"Truly, I did. She is *Americana*. But it is years ago. She was very young. When the Americans first came, she was of the first. She taught the child of the widower Don José Sepulveda, herself almost a child, you understand? It was the old story. She was pretty, and poor, and young; the Don grizzled, and old, and rich. It was fire and tow. Eh? Ha! Ha! The Don meant to be kind, you understand, and made a rich wife of the little *Americana*. He was kinder than he meant, and in two years *Carimba!* made a richer widow of the Donna."

If Vincente had not been quite thrown by his potations, he would have seen an undue eagerness in Victor's mouth and eyes.

"And she is pretty—tall and slender like the Americans, eh?—large eyes, a sweet mouth?"

"An angel. Ravishing!"

"And Don Arturo—from legal adviser turns a lover!"

"It is said," responded Vincente with drunken cunning and exceeding archness; "but thou and I, Victor, know better. Love comes not with a brief! Eh? Look, it is an old flame, believe me. It is said it is not two months that he first came here, and she fell in love with him at the first glance. *Absurdo! Disparátado!* Hear me, Victor; it was an old flame; an old quarrel made up. Thou and I have heard the romance before. Two lovers not rich, eh? Good! Separation; despair. The Señorita marries the rich man, eh?"

Victor was too completely carried away by the suggestion of his friend's speech, to conceal his satisfaction. Here was the secret at last. Here was not only a clew, but absolutely the missing Grace Conroy herself. In this young *Americana*—this—widow—this client of her former lover, Philip Ashley, he held the secret of three lives. In his joy he slapped Vincente on the back and swore roundly that he was the wisest of men.

"I should have seen her—the heroine of this romance—my friend. Possibly, she was at mass?"

"Possibly not. She is Catholic, but Don Arturo is not. She does not often attend when he is here."

"As to-day?"

"As to-day."

"You are wrong, friend Vincente," said Victor, a little impatiently. "I was there; I saw her."

Vincente shrugged his shoulders and shook his head with drunken gravity.

"It is impossible, Señor Victor, believe me."

"I tell you, I saw her," said Victor excitedly. "*Borrachon!* She was there! By the pillar. As she went out she partook of *agua bendita*. I saw her; large eyes, an oval face, a black dress and mantle."

Vincente, who, happily for Victor, had not heard the epithet of his friend, shook his head and laughed a conceited drunken laugh.

"Tell me not this, friend Victor. It was not her thou didst see. Believe me, I am wise. It was the Donna Dolores who partook of *agua bendita* and alone. For there is none, thou knowest, that has a right to offer it to her. Look you, foolish Victor, she has large eyes, a small mouth, an oval face. And dark—ah, she is dark!"

"In the dark all are as the devil," quoted Victor impatiently, "how should I know? Who then *is* she?" he demanded almost fiercely, as if struggling with a rising fear. "Who is this Donna Dolores?"

"Thou art a stranger, friend Victor. Hark ye. It is the half-breed *bastardo* of the old Commander of San Ysabel. Yet such is the foolishness of old men she is his heiress! She is rich, and lately she has come into possession of a great grant, very valuable. Thou dost understand, friend Victor? Well, why dost thou stare? She is a recluse. Marriage is not for her; love, love! the tender, the subduing, the delicious, is not for her. She is of the church, my Victor. And to think! thou didst mistake this ascetic, this nun, this little brown novice, this Donna Dolores Salvatierra for the little American coquette. Ha! Ha! It is worth the fee of another bottle! Eh? Victor, my friend! Thou dost not listen. Eh? Thou wouldst fly, traitor. Eh? what's that thou sayest? Bobo! Dupe thyself!"

For Victor stood before him, dumb, but for that single epithet. Was he not a dupe? Had he not been cheated again, and this

time by a blunder in his own malice? If he had really, as he believed, identified Grace Conroy in this dark-faced devotee whose name he now learned for the first time, by what diabolical mischance had he deliberately put her in possession of the forged grant, and so blindly restored her the missing property? Could Don Pedro have been treacherous? Could he have known, could they all—Arthur Poinsett, Dumphy, and Julie Devarges—have known this fact

of which he alone was ignorant? Were they not laughing at him now? The thought was madness.

With a vague impression of being shaken rudely off by a passionate hand, and a drunken vision of a ghastly and passionate face before him uttering words of impotent rage and baffled despair, Vincente, the wise and valiant, came slowly and amazedly to himself lying over a table. But his late companion was gone.

(To be continued.)

WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

VERY few of the men whose force of character has raised them from obscurity to eminence have had to make their way by the aid of slenderer qualifications, or in the face of more insuperable obstacles, than were the lot of the pioneer of American ornithology.

Born at Paisley, in the West of Scotland, in 1766, a younger child of a poor distiller, Alexander Wilson had little education beyond that afforded by the indifferent local school. When he was not yet ten years old he lost his mother, and the introduction of a stepmother into the household led to his removal to the neighboring home of his eldest sister as an apprentice to her husband, William Duncan, a weaver. Thus, at the age of twelve or thirteen, he left school to learn a means of livelihood, which, in more than one emergency of his after-life, stood him in excellent stead. Through three years of apprenticeship, and four others, during which he worked at intervals as a journeyman, the youth stuck to his weaving, though hating it with a cordiality to which he gave utterance in a poem entitled "Groans from the Loom." Throughout this period he addicted himself to those efforts in patriotic verse-making which the success of Burns had made universal among the young Scots of that day. Encouraged by the flattery of his townsmen to devote himself to literature, he determined, when he had reached the age of eighteen, to fly the imprisonment of the loom and gratify his longing for freedom and rural scenes by taking up the calling of a peddler. So far as regarded the enjoyment of nature in the wildness and beauty of Scottish scenery, his enterprise was successful. "These are pleasures," he rhapsodizes in his journal of this time, "which the groveling sons of inter-

est and the grubs of this world know as little of as the miserable spirits doomed to everlasting darkness know of the glorious regions and eternal delights of Paradise." But, as might be expected, no very large gains were in store for a trader whose path was determined less by commercial considerations than by interest in scenes notable for their own romantic beauty or their associations with poets and heroes of tradition. Two successive peddling trips, during which he vainly sought subscribers for his intended publication, left him empty of pocket, but unshaken in resolve. So, in July, 1790, fallaciously trusting to their sale to indemnify his printer, he published his "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious,"—poems of such quality that his admirers have been content to let them sink out of sight, while the poet in after days resented mention of them.

In his mortification at his failure, Wilson left his own town and resumed weaving and solitary study in the seclusion of a neighboring village. From this retirement he was presently enticed by the intelligence that a debating society in Edinburgh was about to discuss the question whether Robert Ferguson or Allan Ramsay had most honored Scottish poetry. He had never read Ferguson's poems, and but a few days remained before that fixed for the debate; but he borrowed the book from a friend, decided the question in his own mind, embodied the result in a poem, did enough over-work at weaving to provide means for the journey, and walked to Edinburgh, where he arrived just in time to take his part in the contest. In the poem which he recited,—*"The Laurel Disputed, or the Merits of Robert Ferguson and Allan Ramsay Contrasted,"*—Wilson espoused the losing side, that of

Ferguson; but his production gained him the applause which he craved, as well as opportunities for publicly reciting two others of his poems before leaving the capital.

These successes, together with the acquaintanceships thus procured with Edinburgh men of letters, and especially with Burns, led him into periodical writing and a meddling with politics that involved him in serious troubles. He had long been infected by that enthusiasm for liberty and reform which filled the minds of men during the earlier days of the French Revolution; and when the storm broke, and the manufacturing interests of Great Britain began to be deranged, he was impelled to give utterance to the faith that was in him by the distresses which fell with peculiar severity upon the artisans of Paisley. In that industrial center, upon the decline of business, there had grown up a bitter feud between the weavers and the capitalists and manufacturers, and among the latter was one who had risen from a low origin to great wealth and influence by dint, it was currently believed, of a long course of avarice and extortion. Upon this obnoxious individual, Wilson, as champion of the weavers, proceeded to wreak vengeance in a galling satire, "The Shark, or Long Mills Detected," in which he exhausted the fertility of the Scottish dialect in epithets of reproach. The artisans were delighted, and the victim proportionately incensed by the severity of this lampoon, which circulated largely, and was generally attributed to Wilson, though evidences of the authorship had been sedulously concealed. He was, however, waylaid by spies as he returned by night from the printer's; papers were found upon him which established his offense; he was tried before the sheriff, and convicted, and was sentenced to undergo a short imprisonment, and with his own hand to burn the libel at the town cross of Paisley—a sentence which he fulfilled on February 6, 1793, surrounded by enthusiastic crowds of his townsmen, who regarded him as a martyr in their cause. This incident, probably, together with the suspicion with which he was thenceforth regarded by those in authority, his own discontent at the oppressions he saw going on about him, and his experience of the small hope of bettering his condition in his own land, led him to dream of seeking political and pecuniary independence beyond the Atlantic. Learning from a newspaper that on the 1st of May in the following year an American ship would sail from Belfast with passengers for Phila-

delphia, he confidentially enlisted his nephew, William Duncan, a boy of sixteen, as the companion of his voyage. He formed the plan of qualifying himself for mercantile employment in America by attending the school of a friend—an attempt which he abandoned after one day's experiment. He provided himself with passage-money by incessant application at the loom, and an economy so rigid, that for four months his expenses of every kind were less than a shilling a week; and, at the appointed time, he bade adieu to the friends and scenes he was never to revisit. The two emigrants set out on foot for Port Patrick, and sailed thence for Belfast, which they reached at so late a day that the ship had already her full complement of passengers; but they elected rather to sleep on the deck during the whole voyage than to turn back; and on the 14th of July, 1794, they arrived at New Castle, Delaware.

Wilson's impatience to set foot on the promised land was such that he chose to disembark at New Castle and proceed thence on foot to Philadelphia, a distance of thirty-three miles. He began life in the New World without a friend to whose hospitality he could appeal, or of whom he could seek advice how to find employment; he had not even a letter of introduction; and he would have been absolutely penniless but for the loan of a few shillings from a fellow-passenger. His first walk was marked by an incident which after events made noteworthy. As he advanced, gun in hand, the pedestrian had scarcely entered the Delaware forests before his attention was arrested by the strange birds, especially by one, whose rich plumage and active habits make it perhaps the most attractive inhabitant of our northern woods, the red-headed woodpecker. This he shot, and years after dwelt with fervor upon his sensations at finding himself possessor of "the most beautiful bird he had ever beheld,"—a judgment which the glowing hues that represent it in the plates of his "Ornithology" fully justify. Arrived in the city, his want of means made it imperatively necessary for him to find immediate occupation; and he applied, with success, to a countryman, a copper-plate printer, who provided him with work for some weeks until he formed a more permanent engagement at his own trade of weaving with a Mr. Joshua Sullivan, a few miles out of Philadelphia. Soon revolting, as usual, against the bondage of the loom, and persuaded by representations of the

excellent field Virginia offered to colonists, he made his way on foot to Sheppardstown, in the part of the State then known as New Virginia,—a locality in which his ideal of Virginia life was so thoroughly dispelled, that he turned back to Sullivan and weaving, with a maledictory tribute to Virginia, whose felicities of meter, syntax, and rhetoric go far to explain the habitual miscarriage of his muse:

"Farewell to Virginia, to Berkeley adieu,
Where, like Jacob, our days have been evil and
few!

So few—they seemed really but one lengthened
curse;

And so bad—that the devil only could have sent
wores."

One more season of perfunctory application to the loom was followed by another peddler's excursion; this time, through the northern parts of New Jersey, in which Wilson spent the autumn of 1795, finding not merely success in the way of trade, but leisure to commit to his journal some shrewd observations on the manners of the people, as well as careful accounts of the natural productions of the region, and of its birds and quadrupeds, that foreshadow the great talent for this kind of description he was ultimately to develop. His tour in New Jersey seems at least to have effaced the impressions of his Virginia experience, since, at this time, he sent home hopeful reports of the country of his adoption, though, if we are to credit the charitable view of his Scottish biographer, "he did this on the principle of the fox who had lost his tail."

Driven from out-of-door employment by the approach of winter, Wilson, now thirty years of age, entered upon what may be considered the second stage of his life and the time of preparation for his life-work, by becoming the master of a village school. At first, he taught near the town of Frankford, which has since become, through the growth of Philadelphia, one of the northern suburbs of that city; then, finding a better situation at Milestown, Pa., he remained there for several years, laboring diligently out of school hours, at once to qualify himself for the instruction of his pupils and to remedy those defects in his own early education of which he was painfully sensible. Among the studies to which he applied himself with most zeal was that of mathematics, at which he soon obtained sufficient practical knowledge to make him the recognized surveyor of the neighborhood, while he in time acquired a considerable proficiency in mathematical sci-

ence. But scarcely had Wilson thus become settled to a definite pursuit, when he was called upon to meet a constant and exhaustive drain upon his slender resources. Poverty and misfortune had come upon that sister with whose husband he had learned weaving; and she had been driven, with her family of small children, to follow her brother and son across the sea. To provide her with an asylum, Wilson had procured a loan from his employer, Sullivan, and had joined William Duncan in the purchase of a farm near the town of Ovid, in Cayuga County, N. Y., and for many years his modest income was forwarded as soon as received, or was even forestalled, in remittances for the relief of his kindred. But all his sacrifices constitute a less impressive evidence of the man's generosity and worth, than the courage with which he sought to inspire his nephews at times when he was himself almost borne down by penury, and by the despondency to which he was constitutionally prone. To William Duncan, the oldest of his nephews, and whom he treats as the head of the colony, he writes in deprecation of their discouragement with farming and plan of relinquishing the farm to seek employment at their trade: "Were my strength but equal to my spirit, I would abandon my school for ever for such an employment. * * * In the month of March next, I shall, if well, be able to command two hundred dollars cash *once more*. Nothing stands between me and this but health, and that I hope will continue at least till then. * * * I shall keep night-school this winter, and retain every farthing but what necessity requires—depend upon me." To a younger nephew, Alexander Duncan, who appears still more disposed than his brother to break away from farm labor, Wilson addresses similar encouragement. "I have laughed on every perusal of your letter," he writes; "I have now deciphered the whole, except the blots; but I fancy they are only by the way of *half mourning* for your doleful captivity in the backwoods, where there is nothing but wheat and butter, eggs and gammon, for *haggling* down trees. Deplorable! what must be done? * * * A farm of such land, in good cultivation, is highly valuable; it will repay all the labor bestowed upon it a hundred-fold, and contains within it all the powers of plenty and independence. These it only requires industry to bring forth, and a small stock of money to begin with. The money I doubt not of being

able to procure next summer, for a year or two, on interest, independent of two hundred dollars of my own, which I hope to possess on or before the middle of March next." Yet, at the time when, in the goodness of his heart, he was writing in this almost jovial strain to those whom his fraternal affection had made his dependents, Wilson himself was in such a state of depression at the little hope of advancement a teacher's life afforded, and from the deprivations to which he subjected himself in order to increase his savings, that his friends about him were in dread lest his mental health should give way.

While these burdens were weighing upon him, Wilson had moved from his school at Milestown to one in the village of Bloomfield, N. J. Here, however, he learned that a more agreeable situation might be had in the Union School of Kingessing, near Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill River, and but a short distance out of Philadelphia. He solicited an engagement from the trustees, and obtained it; and thus, in 1802, he took the step which fixed his residence thenceforth in the same region that had already inspired Audubon's mind with ornithological enthusiasm, and which immediately brought him under influences that shaped his own future labors. Among Wilson's neighbors at Gray's Ferry, were two, whom congeniality of tastes soon transformed into his intimate friends and life-long allies and counselors—Alexander Lawson, an eminent engraver, and William Bartram, whose whole life had been that of a naturalist, and who, until the advent of Wilson, had probably a larger acquaintance with birds than any other person on the continent. The latter was the son of that John Bartram whom Linnæus had pronounced "the greatest self-taught botanist in the world;" he had inherited his father's tastes and his collections, together with his celebrated Botanic Garden, on the western bank of the Schuylkill, and within easy reach of Wilson's school and lodgings. Under the guidance of this friend, who took unaffected pleasure in directing a mind in such perfect sympathy with his own, our schoolmaster now—now, at last, when but ten years of life remained to him—entered upon the study of subjects which he had always regarded with interest, but with the unenlightened interest of one wholly destitute of scientific knowledge. Bartram's library was limited in the department of Ornithology, containing little be-

yond the works of Catesby and Edwards;* but Wilson studied these attentively, and soon found that even the casual observation which he had given to the habits of birds enabled him to detect manifold errors and absurdities to which his authors had been content to give currency upon merely hearsay evidence. To one of his disposition it was inevitable that this discovery should suggest the idea of observing and correcting for himself—a design which Bartram both encouraged and assisted in; so that it is probable that the very lack of elementary books, by driving him to field-study, instead of tempting him to labors in the closet, was, on the whole, in Wilson's favor, notwithstanding the drawbacks under which he labored, by reason of his small scientific knowledge.

While he was thus taking his first steps as a naturalist, a wholly independent train of circumstances drew Wilson into the acquisition of another equally essential qualification for his great work. Already depressed by his own poverty and the burdens of his sister's family, he began to betray the effects of confinement in the close air of his school, and of the nervous worry of its wearisome routine, and labored under such constant dejection of spirit as seems to have alarmed his neighbor Lawson for his health, if not for his reason. Very judiciously, this friend counseled him to abjure poetry and the flute,—with which, on the plea of solacing his gloom, he was wont to intensify it,—and in their stead to take up an amusement which must give new direction to his thoughts, that of drawing. Wilson assented, and set himself with diligence to the copying of the landscapes and figures with which his artist-friend provided him, but with such poor success that he was on the point of giving up in despair, when Bartram, in a happy moment, bethought him of suggesting a trial at the delineation of birds, and offered copies from the portfolio his own skillful hand had filled. The new experiment succeeded, to the surprise alike of Wilson and of his friends, and had a fascination, especially after he began drawing from the life,

* "The library of Wilson occupied but a small space. On casting my eyes, after his decease, over the ten or a dozen volumes of which it was composed, I was grieved to find that he had been the owner of only *one* work on Ornithology, and that was Bewick's 'British Birds.' For the use of the first volume of Turton's 'Linnæus,' he was indebted to the friendship of Mr. Thomas Say; the Philadelphia Library supplied him with 'Latham.'"—*Ord's Life of Wilson.*¹

which kept him working at his desk by candle-light through the hours he had been used to spend in social relaxation. One of his letters at this time to Bartram, written in March, 1804, reveals the extent of one of the difficulties he had to contend with in pursuing the task upon which he had already unconsciously entered: "Be pleased," he asked in it, "to mark on the drawings, with a pencil, the names of each bird, as, except three or four, I do not know them." Undaunted, however, by his ignorance, he had already conceived the plan of making a complete collection of the birds of the surrounding region; for, as he proceeded with these recreations in natural history, he perceived the expediency of limiting his inquiries to the subject of ornithology, and there gradually dawned upon him a desire to interest his fellow-citizens in a study which seemed to him inexplicably neglected. After long pondering and much examination of the strength of his mind and his resources, he at last ventured upon stating his plan to his two friends. Bartram had no doubt of the abilities and perseverance of his pupil, but dreaded lest his zeal should lead him into embarrassments from which he could not be extricated, and accordingly he dwelt upon the lack of mechanical resources in this country for the production of such a work as Wilson proposed, and of adequate patronage when it should have been produced. Lawson was similarly cautious, and detailed the difficulties which his professional experience enabled him to foresee must beset the enterprise—objections which Wilson, in his ardor, pronounced "the offspring of a cold, calculating, selfish philosophy." He seems at once to have adhered to his scheme, and to have dreaded his friends' alienation through his disregard of their advice, for, on March 12, 1804, he wrote to Lawson: "I dare say you begin to think me very ungenerous and unfriendly in not seeing you for so long a time. * * Six days in one week I have no more time than just to swallow my meals, and to return to my *sanctum sanctorum*. Five days of the following week are occupied in the same routine of *pedagoguing* matters; and the other two are sacrificed to that itch for drawing which I caught from your honorable self. * * I am most earnestly bent on pursuing my plan of making a collection of all the birds in this part of North America. Now, I don't want you to throw cold water, as Shakespeare says, on this notion, Quixotic as it may appear."

Nevertheless, in sending some of his drawings of birds for Bartram's criticism, a month later, he says: "These are the last I shall draw for some time, as the employment consumes every leisure moment, leaving nothing for friendship or those rural recreations which I so much delight in." This resolve, apparently, was in consequence of a determination to emancipate himself, if possible, from the bondage of the school by the use of his pen. Poetical contributions of his begin from this time to appear in Charles Brockden Brown's "Literary Magazine"; but he received for them no more substantial return than the thanks of the publisher and some gratifying laudations; and he apparently persisted from the hope—which, indeed, seems ultimately to have been justified—that the reputation thus to be acquired might lead to some such advancement as should facilitate the production of the work he was already brooding upon.

In the autumn of this year of experiments, Wilson made a trial of his strength for the fatigues his project must involve, by setting out, with two companions, upon a pedestrian excursion to the Falls of Niagara. With the Falls and the surrounding country he was enraptured; but the pilgrimage had not been commenced until October, altogether too late in the season for wanderings through so desolate a region as that they traversed, and winter overtook them in the Genesee country, obliging them to make their way through snow nearly mid-leg deep. One of the party, William Duncan, fell off at Cayuga Lake, remaining among his friends; Wilson's remaining companion, after dragging himself in the track of his leader, through snow and mud, until he was completely worn out, took to a boat descending the Mohawk River, soon after they had passed Utica; so that the persevering tourist was left to trudge alone, gun and baggage on his back, to Schenectady, whence, rejoined by his companion, he proceeded by stage to Albany, and by schooner to New York. "My boots," he says in the letter recounting to Duncan the conclusion of the trip, "were now reduced to legs and upper leathers; and my pantaloons in a sad plight. Twelve dollars were expended on these two articles. * * On Friday, the 7th December, I reached Gray's Ferry, having walked forty-seven miles that day. I was absent two months on this journey, and I traversed in that time upward of twelve hundred miles. The evening of my arrival I went to L***h's, whose wife had

got twins, a boy and a girl. The boy was called after me; this honor took six dollars more from me. After paying for a cord of wood, I was left with only *three quarters of a dollar*." Yet, nothing daunted either by this foretaste of the labors he was proposing to himself, or by the imminence of financial collapse, he had scarcely settled himself at home before he was projecting new wanderings. Just a week after his return, he writes to Bartram: "I feel more eager than ever to commence some more extensive expedition, where scenes and subjects entirely new, and generally unknown, might reward my curiosity; and when perhaps my humble acquisitions might add something to the stores of knowledge. * * I have at present a real design of becoming a traveler. But," he goes on, with a confession which is almost pathetic, "I am miserably deficient in many acquirements absolutely necessary for such a character. Botany, mineralogy, and drawing, I most ardently wish to be instructed in, and with these I should fear nothing. Can I yet make any progress in botany, sufficient to enable me to be useful, and what would be the most proper way to proceed?" Preliminary to any new excursions was the necessity of replenishing his wasted exchequer through the irksome instrumentality of the school. But the school had now become at best a precarious dependence. The winter of 1804-'5 was an extraordinarily severe one, and the suffering and want throughout the country were so universal that few had means of paying for their children's tuition. In his first letter to William Duncan, after his return, Wilson wrote: "This quarter will do little more than defray my board and fire-wood. Comfortable intelligence truly, methinks I hear you say; but no matter." Toward the close of March, he reverts to the subject: "I told you in my last of the thinness of my school: it produced in the last quarter only twenty-six scholars; and the sum of *fifteen* dollars was all the money I could raise from them at the end of the term. I immediately called the trustees together, and, stating the affair to them, proposed giving up the school. Two of them on the spot offered to subscribe between them one hundred dollars a year, rather than permit me to go; and it was agreed to call a meeting of the people; the result was honorable to me, for forty-eight scholars were instantly subscribed for; so that the ensuing six months my school will be worth pretty near two hundred dollars." The mere co-existence of such ambitions as

Wilson's, with an income of less than four hundred dollars a year, would be melancholy enough; but it must further be remembered that during all this time the support of the Duncan family hung like an incubus upon him. In May of this same year, in writing to William Duncan concerning a proposed sale of the farm and the obligations he had incurred on account of it, he observes: "I am living a mere hermit, not spending one farthing, to see if I can possibly reimburse * * * , who I can see is not so courteous and affable as formerly. I hope to be able to pay him one hundred dollars, with interest, next October, and the remainder in the spring; we shall then be clear of the world; and I don't care how many privations I suffer to effect that."

Meanwhile Wilson had not lost sight of his design to make his name known in literature. After his return from Niagara, except for drawings of two birds of his own discovery which he sent to President Jefferson, he appears to have devoted all his leisure hours for many weeks to the composition of "The Foresters," a poem descriptive of his recent tour, which grew to a length of two thousand two hundred and eighteen lines, and was published with illustrations on steel in the "Port Folio." But, as the return of spring brought back the birds, he was absorbed more intently than ever in his ornithological and artistic pursuits. Learning about this time that the plates illustrating Edwards's work on natural history had been etched by the hand of its author, Wilson examined them carefully and remained persuaded that, with some instruction and practice in etching, he could produce figures more accurate in their delineation and greatly superior in spirit and life. At once he applied for Lawson's assistance, provided himself with copper, and took his first lesson under the supervision of the engraver. On the very next day the latter, according to his own story, was astounded by his pupil's "bouncing" into his room, shouting, "I have finished my plate! Let us bite it in with aquafortis at once, for I must have a proof before I leave town." The prints did not equal his expectations; and, after completing a second plate, which was finished about the close of the year, he was reluctantly convinced that nothing but the accuracy of the graver could give his illustrations the elegance he desired.* Of the art of

* These two plates, the only ones which Wilson himself executed, stand at the commencement of the illustrations of the "Ornithology."

engraving he knew nothing, and its acquisition was too laborious an undertaking for even Wilson's enthusiasm, while the means of paying for the illustrations of a single volume on the scale he designed were wholly beyond his reach. In this emergency, and as the only solution of his dilemma, he proposed to Lawson to unite with him in the production of the work as a joint undertaking; but the latter could not in prudence see his way to assume the risk, and the indomitable naturalist, baffled but not disheartened, declared his intention to go on with the publication alone. "I shall, at least," he said, "leave a small beacon to point out where I perished." He began, accordingly, early in 1806, to plan for the journeys necessary to complete his researches, when he learned through the newspapers that President Jefferson purposed fitting out expeditions during the ensuing summer for the scientific exploration of the tributaries of the Mississippi. Bartram's relations with Jefferson, as a correspondent of many years' standing, and his own recent self-introduction in the affair of the bird-pictures, might serve, he thought, to bring about his employment upon one of these surveying parties; so, early in February, seconded by Bartram's attestation of his capacity and acquirements, he addressed an application to the President, stating the nature of his own design, and requesting his attachment to any of the exploring parties. For some reason which has never been explained, Jefferson took no notice of this application, a circumstance which Wilson's Scottish biographer finds demonstrative of the indifference of republics to science, and which Wilson, with more justice, treats as a great "unpoliteness" on the part of the President, adding that "no hurry of business could excuse it." As weeks passed without bringing him a response, Wilson seems to have yielded so far to this disappointment and to the exigencies of the Duncans, as to have given up his trip for this year. At the end of February he writes to William Duncan: "If I should not be engaged by Mr. Jefferson, a journey by myself and at my own expense, at a time, too, when we are just getting our heads above water, as one may say, would not be altogether good policy. Perhaps in another year we might be able, without so much injury, to make a tour together through part of the South-west countries, which would double all the pleasures of the journey to me. I will proceed in the affair as you may

think best, notwithstanding my eager wishes and the disagreeableness of my present situation." But, at this darkest hour of his fortunes, when the future seemed to have nothing in store for him, an opening presented itself for the accomplishment of all his ambitions.

A Philadelphia bookseller, Samuel F. Bradford, who was about bringing out a new edition of "Rees's Cyclopaedia," heard of Wilson as a person qualified to superintend the work, and engaged his services at what the half-paid school-master considered "a generous salary," the articles of agreement being dated April 20, 1806. The arrangement proved mutually satisfactory, and it was not long before Wilson had laid the plan of his projected "Ornithology" before his employer, who promptly agreed to become its publisher and to provide the cost of its production. For a year Wilson now labored with an assiduity that filled him with pity for himself, "immured among dusty books," as he wrote to Bartram, "and compelled to forego the harmony of the woods for the everlasting din of the city." As the result of his diligence, Wilson was able to inform Duncan, early in 1807, that his drawings were already in the hands of Lawson, who was just on the point of completing his first plate, and that the prospectus of the work was in the press, and would be circulated through the newspapers and by agents "in every town in the Union." In September, 1808, the first volume was published. Thus, after forty-two years of privation and struggle, our indomitable naturalist was rewarded with the first tangible evidence of success in the work to which he had dedicated his life—a life to which only forty-seven years were allotted.

Almost the moment the book was published—on September 21st, 1808—Wilson writes from Philadelphia to Bartram: "In a few minutes I set out for the Eastern States, through Boston to Maine, and back through the State of Vermont, in search of birds and subscribers." Very much in the manner of the poetico-peddling excursions through Scotland years before, he now voyaged eastwardly, purposing to visit each town of importance along his route. His first halt was made at Princeton, for the purpose of submitting his book to the "reverend doctors of the college," of whom Dr. Smith, the President, and Dr. McLean, Professor of Natural History, were the only members of the Faculty he found at home. They received him with hospitality and

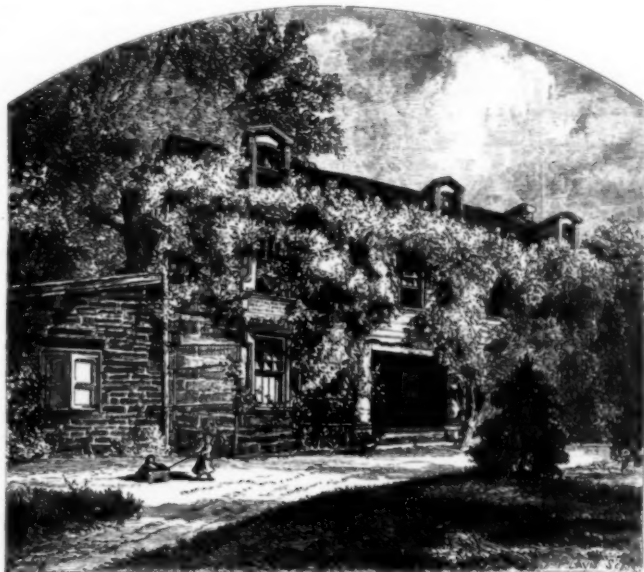


ALEXANDER WILSON.

great interest, and—as, indeed, did all who inspected the work, or as one must do even now who turns for the first time the pages of the original edition—professed amazement that a work so elegant in every detail

could have come from an American press. The Princeton Professor of Natural History, on his part, had a surprise in store for Wilson. "I expected," the latter wrote, "to receive some valuable information from McLean on the ornithology of the country, but I soon found, to my astonishment, that he scarcely knew a sparrow from a woodpecker. At his particular request I left a specimen of the plates with him, and from what passed between us I have hopes that he will pay more attention to this department of his profession than he has hitherto done." This first indication of the lack of intelligent appreciation for his labors, even among the presumably learned, was to be succeeded by abounding evidences of the worse than Bæotian impenetrability of the popular mind upon a subject whose practical utility was not obvious; and our naturalist was not long in discovering that he must create the very taste upon which the encouragement of his labors depended.*

* To this exigency, doubtless, is to be attributed the pains which Wilson is at, throughout his work, to enlist the interest of the public in the birds themselves and the study of their habits. He argues, for instance, that many which are really men's benefactors have been most basely required, and that legislative bounty has even been offered for the extermination of species which, when it had become too late, the farmers would gladly have recalled. To



BARTRAM'S HOUSE IN BOTANIC GARDENS, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

From Princeton he proceeded by way of New Brunswick, Elizabeth, and Newark, to New York, receiving, he says, wherever he stopped, "the most extravagant compliments, which I would have very willingly exchanged for a few simple *subscriptions*." In New York, as elsewhere, Wilson found more admirers than patrons, the latter including Tom Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," already moribund and living in seclusion. "I spent the whole of this week," he wrote, "traversing the streets, from one particular house to another, till, I believe, I became almost as well known as the public crier or the clerk of the market, for I could frequently perceive gentlemen point me out to others as I passed with my book under my arm." From here he went by schooner to New Haven, and thence by Middletown, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester, to Boston, visiting the colleges of Yale and Harvard, and receiving subscriptions from their presidents, as he did afterward from that of Dartmouth. In the general condition of New England he seems to have been miserably disappointed. "There is scarcely any currency in this country but

the "vulgar prejudice" against the woodpecker he returns again and again. He argues that "it is neither from motives of mischief nor amusement that he slices off the bark or digs his way into the trunks;" that "the sound and healthy tree is not in the least the object of his attention;" that "the diseased, infested with insects and hastening to putrefaction, are his favorites; there the deadly crawling enemy have found a lodgment, between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the very vital part of the tree." * * * And yet," he concludes, "ignorance and prejudice stubbornly persist in directing their indignation against the bird now before us, the constant and mortal enemy of these very vermin." The ignorance of the populace was less disgusting to Wilson than that of the naturalists. He protests strenuously against "the abject and degraded character which the Count de Buffon, with equal eloquence and absurdity, has drawn of the whole tribe of woodpeckers;" and he refers triumphantly to the habits of the birds, and to his own delineations of them, to dispel the notion that "the whole family of woodpeckers must look sad, sour, and be miserable, to satisfy the caprice of a whimsical philosopher, who takes it into his head that they are and ought to be so." He is especially exasperated at Buffon's eternal reference of every species in the new world to one of the old, which, he says, leaves an impression that American katydid is merely European nightingales, degenerated in voice by residence in this country, a theory really advanced by the Count to explain the voicelessness of the woodthrush, which is, in reality, a beautiful singer. Latham also sinned in this affirmation: "Bluebirds are never seen in the trees, though they make their nests in the holes of them;" to which Wilson added, as a parallel generalization, "the Americans are never seen in the streets, though they build their houses by the sides of them."

paper," he writes from Boston, "and I solemnly declare that I do not recollect having seen one hard dollar since I left New York. Bills even of twenty-five cents, of a hundred different banks, whose very names one has never heard of before, are continually in circulation. I say nothing of the jargon which prevails in the country. * * * Except a few neat academies," he further specified, after having traversed the New England States westwardly and emerged at Albany, "I found their school-houses equally ruinous and deserted with ours; fields covered with stones; stone fences, scrubby oaks and pine-trees; wretched orchards; scarcely one grain-field in twenty miles; the taverns along the road dirty and filled with loungers brawling about lawsuits and politics; the people snappish and extortioners, lazy, and two hundred years behind the Pennsylvanians in agricultural improvements." The Eastern limit of his journey was at Portland, Maine, where he remained three days, and, in consequence of the Supreme Court being then in session, "had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with people from the remotest boundaries of the United States in this quarter, and received much interesting information from them with regard to the birds that frequent these northern regions." Turning back at this point, he made his way "through regions where nature and art have done infinitely less to make it a fit residence for man than any country I ever traversed, to Albany, where the Legislature was assembled, and where his canvassing tour ended. At this place the ornithologist met with a characteristic discouragement on the occasion of his visit to the Governor of New York, who "turned over a few pages, looked at a picture or two, asked me my price, and, while in the act of closing the book, added: 'I would not give a hundred dollars for all the birds you intend to describe, even had I them alive.'"* As a summary of his labors, Wilson writes: "I

* Wilson's biographers have exercised an unmerited forbearance in suppressing the name of this enlightened ruler, which was Daniel D. Tompkins. Another ornithological anecdote which Wilson recounts, at the expense of the New York Legislature, is worthy of preservation. The pinnated grouse was at this time in a fair way to be exterminated, and some sportsmen had introduced a bill for its protection, calling the bird by its popular name of "heath-hen." The title of the bill, accordingly, was read by the chairman of the Assembly, as "An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen," which impressed the members with a momentary belief that some philanthropist was incomprehensibly intent upon preserving the Indians.

have labored with the zeal of a knight-errant in exhibiting this book of mine wherever I went, traveling with it, like a beggar with his bantling, from town to town, and from one country to another. I have been loaded with praises—with compliments and kindnesses; shaken almost to pieces in stage-coaches; have wandered among strangers, hearing the same *Oh's* and *Ah's*, and telling the same story a thousand times over—and for what? Ay, that's it! You are very anxious to know, and you *shall* know the whole when I reach Philadelphia." His total return, in short, for his long and expensive Eastern tour, was the obtaining of *forty-one* subscribers, even the most vociferous of his admirers having stood aloof when the author came to name \$120 as the price of the projected nine volumes, thus justifying his misgiving that he had published "a work too good for the country." The trip had, however, not been wholly unproductive, since Wilson had bestirred himself in "fixing correspondents in every corner of these northern regions, like so many pickets and outposts, so that scarcely a *wren* or *tit* shall be able to pass along from York to Canada, but I shall get intelligence of it."

Undeterred by the limited success of his first trip, after spending but a few days in Philadelphia, Wilson sallied forth anew, in midwinter and alone, for a tour through the South. His first stop was at Baltimore, where he remained a week "with tolerable success, having procured sixteen subscribers there." Thence he went to Annapolis, and "passed my book through both houses of the Legislature. The wise men of Maryland stared and gaped from bench to bench; but having never heard of such a thing as one hundred and twenty dollars for a *book*, the *eyes* for subscribing were *none*, and so it was unanimously determined in the *negative*." From Annapolis he journeyed "through the tobacco-fields, sloughs, and swamps of this illiterate corner of the State,"—opening, he records, fifty-five gates in a distance of thirty-eight miles, each of which obliged him to descend into the mud,—and reached Washington in the last week of December. With the capital itself he was naturally disgusted; but President Jefferson received him "very kindly," and furnished him with letters to persons having ornithological tastes. South of Washington, especially after passing from Virginia into North Carolina, the difficulties of travel became very great. The route lay "through solitary pine woods, perpetually

interrupted by swamps, that covered the road with water two and three feet deep, frequently half a mile at a time, looking like a long river or pond. These in the afternoon were surmountable; but the weather, being ex-



WILSON'S SCHOOL-HOUSE AT KINGSESSING.

ceedingly severe, they were covered every morning with a sheet of ice, from half an inch to an inch thick, that cut my horse's legs and breast. After passing a bridge, I had many times to wade, and twice to swim my horse to get to the shore. * * * *

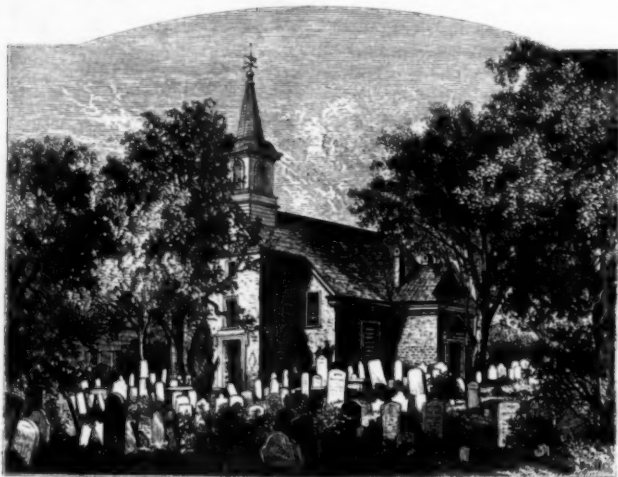
The taverns are the most desolate and beggarly imaginable. Bare, bleak, and dirty walls, one or two old broken chairs and a bench form all the furniture. * * * *

At supper you sit down to a meal, the very sight of which is sufficient to deaden the most eager appetite; and you are surrounded by half a dozen dirty, half-naked blacks, male and female, whom any man of common scent might smell a quarter of a mile off."

Through all these difficulties Wilson made his way with an impunity that astounded the natives, whose one specific for avoiding the ague was immoderate brandy-drinking, whereas he never relaxed his rigid abstemiousness. Of Charleston, which he reached in the latter part of February, 1809, he subsequently reported, "I found greater difficulties to surmount there than I had thought of. I solicited several people for a list of names, but that abject and disgraceful listlessness and want of energy which have unnerved the whites of all descriptions in these States put me off from time to time, till at last I was obliged to walk the streets and pick out those houses which, from their appearance, indicated wealth and taste in the occupants, and introduce myself." Nevertheless, he found patrons enough to bring up the number of

subscriptions collected since leaving home to one hundred and twenty-five. Proceeding from Charleston to Savannah, he stayed his travels at this city, being prevented by the low state of his funds from visiting Augusta, where he was assured ten or a dozen subscribers might be procured. "Here I close the list of my subscriptions," he wrote, "obtained at a price worth more than five times their amount. * * * * This has been the most arduous, expensive, and fatiguing expedition I ever undertook. I have, however, gained my point in procuring two hundred and fifty subscribers in all for my 'Ornithology,' and a great mass of information respecting the birds that winter in the Southern States, and some that never visit the Middle States; and this information

was forced at this time to confess to Bartram, "This undertaking has involved me in many difficulties and expenses which I never dreamt of, and I have not yet received one cent from it." That he was not tempted by the absence of returns, however, to slight his work, appears from one of his notes to Lawson concerning a plate the latter had in hand: "I hope you go on courageously with the eagle; let no expense deter you from giving it the freest and most masterly touches of your graver. I think we shall be able to offer it as a competitor with the best that this country or Europe can produce." How cordially the engraver responded to his friend's enthusiasm is established by his own computation that the time expended upon the plates was remunerated at the rate



"GLORIA DEI" OLD SWEDISH CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA—WILSON'S BURIAL PLACE.

I have derived personally, and can therefore the more certainly depend upon it. * * * This journey will be of much use to me, as I have formed acquaintance in almost every place who are able to transmit me information." From Savannah he returned by sea to New York, reaching home before the end of March, 1809.

With so little loss of time did he apply himself to working up the materials for his second volume, that, on the 4th of August, he wrote to Bartram, announcing it as "nearly ready to go to press, and the plates in considerable forwardness." The success which had thus far befallen the enterprise justified the publisher in increasing the two hundred impressions, of which the original edition consisted, to five hundred; but still Wilson

of no more than fifty cents a day. In January, 1810, the second volume was published; and by the close of the month, Wilson, according to his custom, had started for Pittsburgh on a trip to the West and South, which was to terminate at New Orleans. At the outset of this expedition, at Lancaster, he was encouraged by the Governor of Pennsylvania, who "passed some good-natured compliments on the volumes, and readily added his name to my list"; but, on seeking patrons among the Legislature, he found them "such a pitiful, squabbling, political mob, so split up and jostling about the mere formalities of legislation, without knowing anything of its realities, that I abandoned them in disgust." A still more displeasing experience awaited

him a little farther on,—at Hanover,—where “a certain Judge took upon himself to say that such a book as mine *ought not to be encouraged, as it was not within the reach of the commonalty, and therefore inconsistent with our republican institutions!*”—a mode of reasoning which the ornithologist followed out by admitting the principle involved, and inveighing against the Judge's gross infraction of republican institutions in living in a large and elegant house, wholly beyond the reach of the commonalty; and, after establishing this position, he went on, “pointing out to him the great influence of science on a young, rising nation like ours till he began to show such symptoms of *intellect* as to seem ashamed of what he had said.” At Pittsburgh,—where he succeeded beyond expectation in getting subscribers,—he learned that at that season the obstacles in the way of his further journey by land were insuperable by reason of the freshets; so, buying a skiff, which he named the “Ornithologist,” and, turning a deaf ear to cautious advisers, who discouraged his attempting such a voyage alone, he waited only for the ice to leave a passage down the Ohio River, and, on February 23d, set out on his solitary row of more than five hundred miles to Cincinnati. This place, then a town of a few hundred houses, he reached in the second week in March, and, according to his diary, “visited a number of the literati and wealthy of Cincinnati, who all told me that they would think of it, viz., of subscribing; they are a very thoughtful people.” Continuing his boat-journey, with several halts for excursions inland to points of interest, or of possible profit, beguiling the time by composing a poetical narration of his expedition, which he entitled “The Pilgrim,” and encountering some prolonged rain-storms which obliged him to put off his coat that he might wrap it about the skins of the birds he had shot, he came at last to Louisville, where he shouldered his baggage and sold the “Ornithologist” for exactly half her cost to a man who was curious to know after what old Indian chief she had been named. Here occurred his first meeting with John James Audubon, then a merchant at Louisville, and unknown in science—a meeting so noteworthy as to justify an extract from Audubon's “Ornithological Biography”:

“One fair morning I was surprised by the sudden entrance into our counting-room, at Louisville, of Mr. Alexander Wilson, the celebrated author of the ‘American Ornithology,’ of whose existence I had never until that moment been apprised. This hap-

pened in March, 1810. How well do I remember him, as then he walked up to me! His long, rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheek-bones, stamped his countenance with a peculiar character. His dress, too, was of a kind not usually seen in that part of the country; a short coat, trousers, and a waistcoat of gray cloth. His stature was not above the middle size. He had two volumes under his arm; and, as he approached the table at which I was working, I discovered something like astonishment in his countenance. * * I felt surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, turned over a few of his plates, and had already taken a pen to write my name in his favor, when my partner rather abruptly said to me in French, ‘My dear Audubon, what induces you to subscribe to this work? Your drawings are certainly far better; and again, you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman.’ Whether Mr. Wilson understood French or not, or if the suddenness with which I paused disappointed him, I cannot tell; but I clearly perceived that he was not pleased. Vanity, and the encomiums of my friend, prevented me from subscribing. Mr. Wilson asked me if I had many drawings of birds. I rose, took down a large portfolio, laid it on the table and showed him,—as I would show you, kind reader, or any other person fond of such subjects,—the whole of the contents, with the same patience with which he had shown me his engravings. His surprise appeared great, as he told me he never had the most distant idea that any other individual than himself had been engaged in forming such a collection. He asked me if it was my intention to publish, and when I answered in the negative, his surprise seemed to increase. * * We hunted together, and obtained birds, which he had never before seen; but, reader, I did not subscribe to his work, for even at that time, my collection was greater than his. Thinking that perhaps he might be pleased to publish the results of my researches, I offered them to him, merely on condition that what I had drawn, or might afterward draw and send to him, should be mentioned in his works as coming from my pencil. At the same time I offered to open a correspondence with him, which I thought might prove beneficial to us both. He made no reply to either proposal, and before many days had elapsed left Louisville on his way to New Orleans, little knowing how much his talents were appreciated in our little town, at least by myself and my friends.

“Some time elapsed, during which I never heard of him or his works. At length, having occasion to go to Philadelphia, I inquired for him, and paid him a visit. Mr. Wilson spoke not of birds or drawings. Feeling, as I was forced to do, that my company was not agreeable, I parted from him; and after that I never saw him again. But, judge of my astonishment, some time after, when, on reading the thirty-ninth page of the ninth volume of his ‘American Ornithology,’ I found in it the following paragraph:

“March 23d, 1810: I bade adieu to Louisville, to which place I had four letters of recommendation, and was taught to expect much of everything there; but neither received one act of civility from those to whom I was recommended, one subscriber, nor one new bird; though I delivered my letters, ransacked the woods repeatedly, and visited all the characters likely to subscribe. Science or literature had not one friend in this place.”

From Louisville Wilson proceeded on foot through the cave-region of Kentucky—

the wet weather rendering the consistency of the ground like that of soft soap—toward Lexington and Nashville, making several halts by the way for purposes of exploration, and one of eight days' duration at Nashville. During this last, as the result of every moment of leisure and convenience he could obtain, he committed to paper portraits of all the birds he had procured, and forwarded them to Lawson; but the parcel was lost in the mails, and never more heard of. Dismal stories were now told him of the route through the wilderness to Natchez, his next objective point. "I was advised by many not to attempt it alone; that the Indians were dangerous, the swamps and rivers almost impassable without assistance, and a thousand other hobgoblins were conjured up to dissuade me from going *alone*." On the 4th of May, nevertheless, he set out on horseback, armed to the teeth, and though he found that the difficulties of the road had scarcely been exaggerated, the Indians, who were Chickasaws, proved to be friendly and inoffensive. But the exposures he had undergone had so affected his system that he broke down under the alternations of drenching rains and excessive heat which he now encountered. "The water in these cave-swamps is little better than poison," he wrote; "and under the heat of a burning sun, and the fatigues of traveling, it is difficult to repress the urgent calls of thirst." He was so weakened by an attack of dysentery that he was scarcely able to keep in the saddle; yet, on May 17th, he completed his ride of nearly five hundred miles to Natchez. Thence he proceeded to New Orleans, reaching it early in June, just at the advent of the sickly season, which, in his present condition, he did not dare to encounter. Hastening his business there, he sailed, on the 24th, for New York, where he arrived on the 30th of July, bearing with him a copious stock of materials for future volumes—the result of six months' wanderings, the whole expense of which his rigid economy had brought within the limit of \$455.

Immediately upon his return, Wilson set to work upon the preparation of his third volume, the labor of which was very much increased by the necessity of reproducing the lost drawings which he had committed to the mail at Nashville. This ground made up, and the third volume given to the public, he withdrew to the rural retirement of his friend Bartram's Botanic Garden, and here, during the years 1811 and 1812, he worked

up the materials he had already amassed, into his fourth and fifth volumes. Yet, even here, his difficulties and worries continued. The persons employed in coloring his plates proved so negligent and incompetent, that it became necessary for him to take charge of this process himself; and, indeed, for a time this mere drudgery furnished his only resource for his support, as he was absolutely without other income. In the preface of the fifth volume, published in the year 1812, we read: "The author's only reward *hitherto* has been the favorable opinion of his fellow-citizens, and the pleasure of the pursuit." During the preparation of this fifth volume, Wilson suffered punishment for his protracted sedentary labors in repeated attacks of palpitation of the heart; and on its completion, in the autumn of 1812, he sought relaxation, such as it was, in another tour through New England. On his return, he worked so unremittingly and with such disregard of the necessary hours of sleep, in order to hasten the appearance of his sixth and seventh volumes, that his friends anxiously represented to him the inevitable result of this destructive application—remonstrances which he used to parry with the rejoinder: "Life is short, and without exertion nothing can be performed." In April, 1813, he published the seventh, the last of the volumes he was himself to give to the public. Immediately, he set out with George Ord, his friend and biographer, upon a few weeks' exploration of the Atlantic coast about Great Egg Harbor, N. J., in order to complete his data respecting water fowls, to which the eighth volume was to be devoted. By August the letter-press and a portion of the plates were completed, but the author could go no further. Broken down by his excessive toil and by mental anxieties, he succumbed to the effects of a wetting he got in swimming a stream in pursuit of a bird he wished to possess; his old malady, the dysentery, returned upon him, and was not to be shaken off by his debilitated frame, and, after ten days' sickness, he died, August 23, 1813. His remains were laid in the grave-yard of the Old Swedes' Church in Philadelphia, and a monument was raised over them by the lady whom he was to have married.

Thus closed a life and a work which, it is no exaggeration to say, are without a parallel. When Wilson's deprivations are borne in mind,—that his early instruction was scant and contemptible; that, as a boy, he was put at an uncongenial occupation, which

formed, his means of livelihood through nearly half his days; that his was a lifelong struggle with difficulties, which only the sheer indomitable resolution of a man never cheerful or sanguine enabled him to surmount; that he was thirty years of age when, in a strange land, he effected his own education by becoming the instructor of others; that he was thirty-three when he began the study of ornithology, with scarcely any resources beyond his own powers of observation, and the practice of drawing without any previously suspected aptitude; that he was forty years old before an opportunity disclosed itself for the commencement of his work, forty-two when he first accomplished publication, and only forty-seven when his life was closed,—it must be admitted that few careers so brief have been equally productive. His labors were not merely in a field in which he had to open a new path, but where the steps that had been taken were false and misleading, and in which there were but few fellow-travelers. His journeys, largely performed on foot, exceeded ten thousand miles. His work was unappreciated by those to whom he had the clearest right to appeal, and patronage was withheld by almost every incumbent of exalted position. Nevertheless, though discouraged by neglect, and hampered not

merely by poverty, but by the necessity of succoring those in still deeper need than himself, he both laid the foundation for the study of natural history on this continent and bequeathed to his successors the outlines for its subsequent development; and he described the habits of American birds with fidelity to truth, graphic vigor, and a poetical realization of the beauties of nature. The exigencies under which he wrote, and his premature death, left his work fragmentary and disjointed to this extent—that, being compelled to publish as rapidly as he could procure materials, he was forced to picture his birds without regard to scientific classification, to put in juxtaposition the most dissimilar genera, and even to separate the male and female of the same species. But the re-arrangement which he would, if spared, himself have effected, has been made by his friend Ord, who published his materials in posthumous volumes, and by subsequent editions; and the work was made complete by the four supplementary volumes of Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon. The casual imperfections in his great work—almost miraculously slight, if we fairly consider the cause of them—in no wise lessen the example of heroic endurance bequeathed to us by Alexander Wilson.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

THE SECRET OF THE ISLAND.

(Condensed from *Jules Verne*.)

CHAPTER I.

It was now two years and a half since the castaways from the balloon had been thrown on Lincoln Island, and during that period there had been no communication between them and their fellow-creatures. Now, suddenly, on this day, the 17th of October, other men had unexpectedly appeared in sight of the island!

From time to time Pencroff took the glass and rested himself at the window, from which he very attentively examined the vessel as it drew nearer. He could see that she was of between three and four hundred tons, admirably built, and must be a very rapid sailer. But to what nation did she belong? Suddenly the breeze blew out the flag. Ayrton, seizing the telescope, put it to his eye, and in a hoarse voice exclaimed:

"The black flag!"

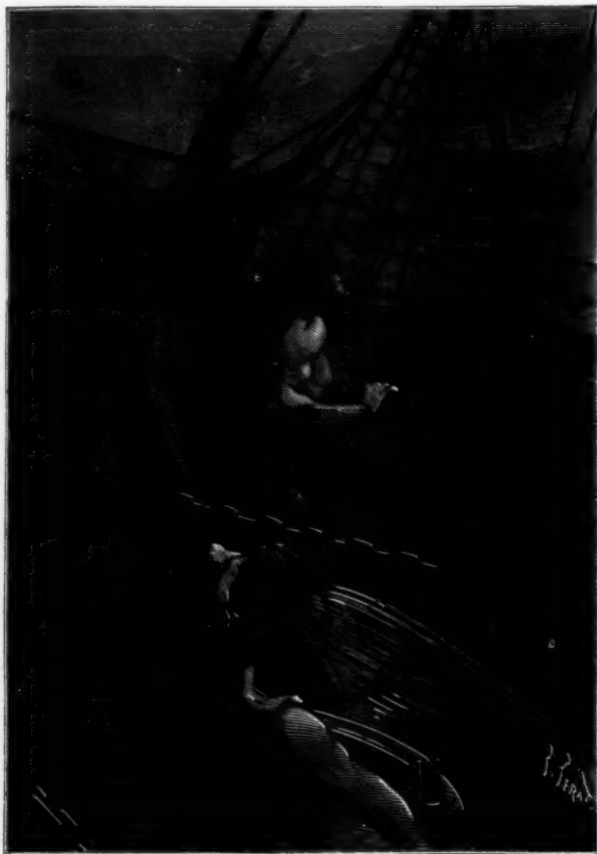
"My friends," said Cyrus Smith, "perhaps this vessel only wishes to survey the coast of the island. Perhaps her crew will not land. But we ought to do everything we can to hide our presence here. The windmill on Prospect Heights is too easily seen. Let Ayrton and Neb go and take down the sails. We must also conceal the windows of Granite House with thick branches. All the fires must be extinguished."

"And our vessel?" said Harbert.

"Oh," answered Pencroff, "she is sheltered in Port Balloon, and I defy any of those rascals there to find her!"

Was the brig about to penetrate far into the bay? Would she not content herself with only surveying the coast, and stand out to sea again without landing?

"Well! who knows?" said Pencroff. "Perhaps that cursed craft will stand off during the night, and we shall see nothing of her at daybreak."



AYRTON BOARDS THE PIRATE.

As if in reply to the sailor's observation, a bright light flashed in the darkness, and a cannon shot was heard. The vessel was still there and had guns on board. Some six seconds elapsed between the flash and the report. Therefore the brig was about a mile and a quarter from the coast. At the same time, the chains were heard rattling through the hawse-holes. The vessel had just anchored in sight of Granite House!

CHAPTER II.

THERE was no longer any doubt as to the pirates' intentions. They had dropped

anchor at a short distance from the island, and it was evident that the next day, by means of their boats, they intended to land.

Cyrus Smith and his companions were ready to act, but, determined though they were, they must not forget to be prudent. Perhaps their presence might still be concealed in the event of the pirates contenting themselves with landing on the shore without examining the interior of the island.

Smith knew now that the vessel was well armed. And what had the colonists of Lincoln Island to reply to the pirates' guns? A few muskets only.

"Captain Smith," said Ayrton suddenly, "will you give me leave to go to that vessel to find out the strength of her crew?"

"Will you go to the ship in the boat?"

"No, sir, but I will swim. A boat would be seen where a man may glide between wind and water."

"Do you know that the brig is a mile and a quarter from the shore?"

"I am a good swimmer."

"It is risking your life," said the engineer.

"That is no matter," answered Ayrton.

Permission was given, and it was arranged that Pencroff was to take him in the boat to the islet, and there await his return from the vessel.

Ayrton, swimming with a vigorous stroke, glided through the sheet of water without producing the slightest ripple. His head just emerged above it, and his eyes were fixed on the dark hull of the brig, from which the lights were reflected in the water. The current bore him along, and he rapidly receded from the shore.

Half an hour afterward, Ayrton, without having been either seen or heard, arrived at the ship and caught hold of the main-chains.

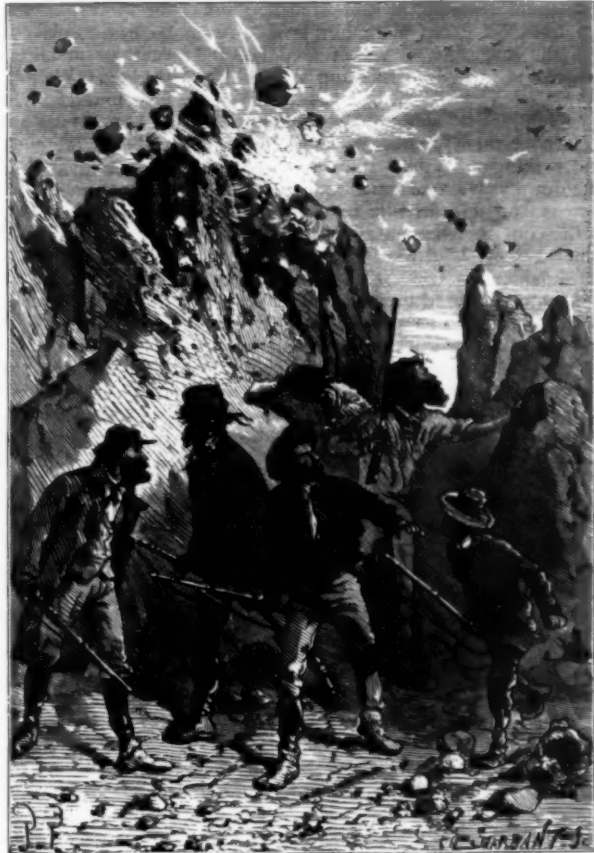
He took breath ; then, hoisting himself up, he managed to reach the extremity of the cutwater. There were drying several pairs of sailors' trowsers. He put on a pair. Then, settling himself firmly, he listened. On board the brig they were drinking, talking, singing, laughing.

From their conversation, Ayrton learned that the name of the vessel was the "Speedy;" that the captain was Bob Harvey, a convict whom he had formerly known, and that the crew was composed of about fifty English prisoners, escaped from Norfolk Island. They had seized the brig "Speedy," anchored in sight of Norfolk Island ; the crew had been massacred ; and for a year this ship had scourged the Pacific as a pirate. Ayrton learned that chance alone had brought the "Speedy" in sight of Lincoln Island ; Bob Harvey had never yet set foot on it ; but, as Cyrus Smith had conjectured, finding this unknown land in his course, its position being marked on no chart, he had formed the project of visiting it, and, if he found it suitable, of making it the brig's headquarters.

Ayrton resolved to learn more of the enemy's armament. He hoisted himself upon the cutwater, and by the bowsprit arrived at the forecastle. Then, gliding among the convicts stretched here and there, he made the round of the ship, and found that the "Speedy" carried four guns, which would throw shot of from eight to ten pounds in weight. He found also, on touching them, that these guns were breech-loaders. They were, therefore, of terrible effect. To this man, rescued from a life of degradation, there came an heroic thought. This was to sacrifice his own life, to save the island and the colonists, who evidently could

not resist fifty ruffians, all well armed. He was seized with an irresistible desire to blow up the brig, and with her, all whom she had on board. He would perish in the explosion, but he would have done his duty. Ayrton did not hesitate. He stole carefully along the between-decks, strewn with numerous sleepers, overcome more by drunkenness than sleep. A lantern was lighted at the foot of the mainmast, round which was hung a gun-rack, furnished with weapons of all sorts.

Ayrton took a revolver from the rack, and assured himself that it was loaded and primed.



THE CHIMNEYS ATTACKED.

Nothing more was needed to accomplish the work of destruction. He then glided toward the stern, so as to arrive under the brig's poop at the powder magazine.

It was difficult to proceed along the dimly lighted deck without stumbling over some half-sleeping convict, who retorted by oaths and kicks. Ayrton was, therefore, more than once obliged to halt. But at last he arrived at the partition dividing the after-cabin, and found the door opening into the magazine itself. Under his vigorous hand the padlock broke, and the door was open. At that moment a hand was laid on Ayrton's shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" asked a tall man in a harsh voice, who, standing in the shadow, quickly threw the light of a lantern on Ayrton's face.

Without replying, Ayrton wrenched himself from his grasp, and attempted to rush into the magazine. A shot fired into the midst of the powder-casks, and all would be over!

"Help, lads!" shouted Bob Harvey.

Two or three pirates awoke, jumped up, and, rushing on Ayrton, endeavored to throw him down. He soon extricated himself from their grasp. He fired his revolver, and two of the convicts fell; but a blow from a knife which he could not ward off made a gash in his shoulder.

Ayrton perceived that he could no longer hope to carry out his project. Bob Harvey had reclosed the door of the powder-magazine, and a movement on the deck indicated a general awakening of the pirates. He rushed on deck in two bounds, and three seconds later, having discharged his last barrel in the face of a pirate who was about to seize him by the throat, he leaped over the bulwarks into the sea. He had not made six strokes before shots were splashing around him like hail.

What were Pencroff's feelings, sheltered under a rock on the islet! What were those of Smith, the reporter, Harbert, and Neb, crouched in the Chimneys, when they heard the reports on board the brig! They rushed out upon the beach, and their guns shouldered, stood ready to repel any attack.

At last, toward half-past twelve, a boat, carrying two men, touched the beach. It was Ayrton, slightly wounded in the shoulder, and Pencroff, safe and sound.

CHAPTER III.

THE night passed without incident. The colonists were on the *qui vive*, and did not leave their post at the Chimneys. The pirates, on their side, did not appear to have made any attempt to land, and when day

began to dawn, the settlers could see a confused mass through the morning mist. It was the "Speedy."

"These, my friends," said the engineer, "are the arrangements which appear to me best to make before the fog completely clears away. It hides us from the eyes of the pirates, and we can act without attracting their attention. The most important thing is, that the convicts should believe that the inhabitants of the island are numerous, and consequently capable of resisting them. I therefore propose that we divide into three parties, the first of which shall be posted at the Chimneys, the second at the mouth of the Mercy. As to the third, I think it would be best to place it on the islet, so as to prevent, or at all events delay, any attempt at landing. We have the use of two rifles and four muskets. Each of us will be armed, and, as we are amply provided with powder and shot, we need not spare our fire. What is to be feared is the necessity of meeting hand-to-hand, since the convicts have numbers on their side. We must, therefore, try to prevent them from landing, but without revealing ourselves. Therefore, do not economize the ammunition. Fire often, but with a sure aim. We have each eight or ten enemies to kill, and they must be killed!"

The others acquiesced, and the posts were arranged in the following manner:

Cyrus Smith and Harbert remained in ambush at the Chimneys, thus commanding the shore to the foot of Granite House.

Gideon Spilett and Neb crouched among the rocks at the mouth of the Mercy, from which the draw-bridges had been raised, so as to prevent any one from crossing in a boat or landing on the opposite shore.

As to Ayrton and Pencroff, they shoved off in the boat, and prepared to cross the channel and to take up two separate stations on the islet. In this way, shots being fired from four different points at once, the convicts would be led to believe that the island was both largely peopled and strongly defended.

In the event of a landing being effected without their having been able to prevent it, and also if they saw that they were on the point of being cut off by the brig's boat, Ayrton and Pencroff were to return in their boat to the shore and proceed toward the threatened spot.

At eight o'clock a boat was lowered from the "Speedy," and seven men jumped into her. They were armed with muskets: one took the yoke-lines, four others the oars, and

the two others, kneeling in the bows, ready to fire, reconnoitered the island.

Pencroff and Ayrton, each hidden in a narrow cleft of the rock, saw them coming directly toward them, and waited till they were within range.

The boat advanced with extreme caution. The oars dipped into the water only at long intervals. It could now be seen that one of the convicts held a lead-line in his hand. The boat was not more than two cable-lengths off the islet when she stopped. The man at the tiller stood up and looked for the best place to land.

At that moment two shots were heard. Smoke curled up from among the rocks of the islet. The man at the helm and the man with the lead-line fell backward into the boat. Ayrton's and Pencroff's balls had struck them both at the same moment.

Almost immediately a louder report was heard, a cloud of smoke issued from the brig's side, and a ball, striking the summit of the rock which sheltered Ayrton and Pencroff, made it fly into splinters, but the two marksmen remained unhurt. Instead of returning on board, as might have been expected, the boat coasted along the islet, so as to round its southern point. The pirates pulled vigorously at their oars that they might get out of range of the bullets, and proceeded toward the mouth of the Mercy. Their evident intention was to cut off the colonists posted on the islet.

But, suddenly, as they were passing within good range of the mouth of the Mercy, two balls saluted them, and two more of their number were laid in the bottom of the boat. Neb and Spilett had not missed their aim.

The brig immediately sent a second ball on the post betrayed by the smoke, but without any other result than that of splintering the rock.

The boat now contained only three able men, who pulled rapidly to the brig.

About a dozen other convicts now threw themselves into the boat. A second boat was also lowered, in which eight men took their places, and whilst the first pulled straight for the islet, to dislodge the colonists there, the second maneuvered so as to force the entrance of the Mercy.

The situation was evidently becoming very dangerous for Pencroff and Ayrton, and they saw that they must regain the mainland.

However, they waited till the first boat was within range, when two well-directed

balls threw its crew into disorder. Then, Pencroff and Ayrton, abandoning their posts, under fire from the dozen muskets, ran across the islet at full speed, jumped into their boat, crossed the channel at the moment the second boat reached the southern end, and ran to hide in the Chimneys.

They had scarcely rejoined Cyrus Smith and Harbert, before the islet was overrun with pirates in every direction. Almost at the same moment, fresh reports resounded from the Mercy station, which the second boat was rapidly approaching. Two out of the eight men who manned her were mortally wounded by Gideon Spilett and Neb, and the boat herself, carried irresistibly upon the reefs, was stove in at the mouth of the Mercy. But the six survivors, holding their muskets above their heads to preserve them from contact with the water, managed to land on the right bank of the river. Then, finding they were exposed to the fire of the ambush there, they fled in the direction of Flotsam Point, out of range of the balls.

The actual situation was this: on the islet were a dozen convicts, of whom some were no doubt wounded, but who had still a boat at their disposal; on the island were six, who could not by any possibility reach Granite House, as they could not cross the river, all the bridges being raised.

The "Speedy," it was now seen, was beginning to weigh her anchor, and her intention was evidently to approach the islet. The tide would be rising for an hour and a half, and the ebb current being already weakened, it would be easy for the brig to advance. But as to entering the channel, Pencroff, contrary to Ayrton's opinion, could not believe that she would dare attempt it.

In the meanwhile, the pirates who occupied the islet had exposed themselves, and their number had been lessened by two.

Then there was a general helter-skelter. The ten others, not even stopping to pick up their dead or wounded companions, fled to the other side of the islet, tumbled into the boat which had brought them, and pulled away with all their strength.

The pirate's design was now only too evident: he wished to bring her broadside to bear on the Chimneys.

"The scoundrels! they are coming!" said Pencroff.

At that moment, Cyrus Smith, Ayrton, the sailor, and Harbert were rejoined by Neb and Gideon Spilett.

The reporter and his companion had

judged it best to abandon the post at the Mercy, from which they could do nothing against the ship, and they had acted wisely. It was better that the colonists should be together at the moment when they were about to engage in a decisive action. Gideon Spilett and Neb had arrived by dodging behind the rocks, though not without attracting a shower of bullets, which had not, however, reached them.

There was not a moment to be lost. The colonists left the Chimneys and soon reached Granite House. A bend of the cliff prevented them from being seen by those in the brig; but two or three reports, and the crash of bullets on the rock told them that the "Speedy" was near.

It was quite time; for the settlers, through the branches, could see the "Speedy," surrounded with smoke, gliding up the channel. The firing was incessant, and shot from the four guns struck blindly, both on the Mercy post, and on the Chimneys. However, they were hoping that Granite House would be spared, thanks to Smith's precaution of concealing the windows, when a shot, piercing the door, penetrated into the passage.

The colonists had not, perhaps, been seen; but it was certain that Bob Harvey had thought proper to send a ball through the suspected foliage which concealed that part of the cliff. Soon he redoubled his attack. Another ball, having torn away the leafy screen, disclosed a gaping aperture in the granite.

All at once a deep roar was heard, followed by frightful cries! Cyrus Smith and his companions rushed to one of the windows. The brig, irresistibly raised on a sort of water-spout, had just split in two, and in less than ten seconds she was swallowed up with all her criminal crew!

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING could be seen of the brig, not even her masts. After having been raised by the water-spout, she had fallen on her side, and had sunk in that position, doubtless in consequence of some enormous leak. But as in that place the channel was not more than twenty feet in depth, it was certain that the sides of the submerged brig would reappear at low water. A few things from the wreck floated on the surface of the water.

Ayrton and Pencroff jumped into the boat with the intention of towing the pieces

of wreck either to the beach or to the islet. But just as they were shoving off, Gideon Spilett said:

"What about those six convicts who disembarked on the right bank of the Mercy?"

In fact, it would not do to forget that the six men whose boat had gone to pieces on the rocks, had landed at Flotsam Point.

They looked in that direction. None of the fugitives were visible. It was probable that, having seen their vessel engulfed in the channel, they had fled into the interior of the island.

"We will deal with them later," said Smith. "As they are armed, they will still be dangerous; but, as it is six against six, the chances are equal. To the most pressing business first."

Ayrton and Pencroff pulled vigorously toward the wreck.

They were able to fasten the masts and spars by means of ropes, the ends of which were carried to the beach. Then the boat picked up all that was floating, coops, barrels, and boxes, which were immediately carried to the Chimneys.

For two hours, Cyrus Smith and his companions were solely occupied in hauling up the spars on the sand, and then in spreading the sails, which were perfectly uninjured, to dry.

When their treasures had been safely conveyed on shore, Smith and his companions agreed to devote some minutes to breakfast. They were almost famished; fortunately, the larder was not far off, and Neb was noted for being an expeditious cook. They breakfasted, therefore, near the Chimneys, and during their repast, as may be supposed, nothing was talked of but the unexpected event which had so miraculously saved the colony.

Harbert thought the ship had foundered, while Pencroff laughed at the suggestion that there were rocks in the channel, and the matter was left unsettled.

Toward half-past one, the colonists embarked in the boat to visit the wreck.

The hull of the "Speedy" was just beginning to issue from the water. The brig was lying right over on her side, for her masts being broken, pressed down by the weight of the ballast displaced by the shock, the keel was visible along her whole length.

Toward the bows, on both sides of the keel, seven or eight feet from the beginning of the stem, the sides of the brig were frightfully torn. Over a length of at least twenty feet there opened two large leaks, which it

would be impossible to stop up. From the entire length of the hull to the stern the false keel had been separated with unaccountable violence, and the keel itself, torn from the carline in several places, was split in all its length.

Entrance to the interior of the brig was now easy. The tide was still going down, and the deck was now accessible.

The settlers saw at once, with extreme satisfaction, that the brig possessed a very varied cargo—an assortment of all sorts of articles, utensils, manufactured goods, and tools—such as the ships which make the great coasting-trade of Polynesia are usually laden with. It was probable that they would find a little of everything, and they agreed that it was exactly what was necessary for the colony of Lincoln Island.

The colonists could easily go fore and aft, after having removed the cases as they were extricated. They were not heavy bales, which would have been difficult to remove, but simple packages, of which the stowage, besides, was no longer recognizable.

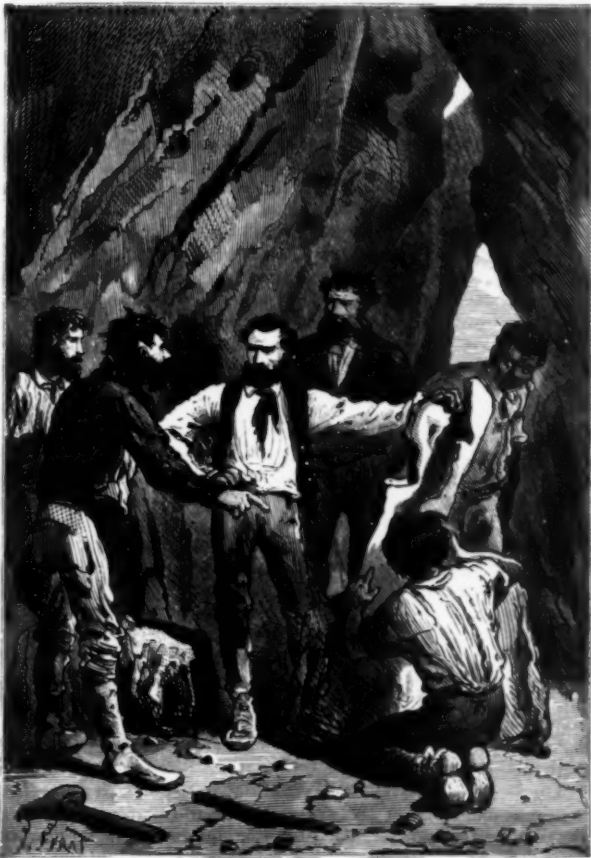
The powder-magazine was found untouched. They extricated from amongst a large number of shot twenty barrels, the insides of which were lined with copper. Pencroff was convinced by the evidence of his own eyes that the destruction of the "Speedy" could not be attributed to an explosion. That part of the hull in which the magazine was situated was, moreover, that which had suffered least.

"It may be so," said the obstinate sailor; "but as to a rock, there is not one in the channel!"

It was now five o'clock in the evening. It had been a hard day's work for the men. They ate with good appetite, and, notwith-

standing their fatigue, they could not resist, after dinner, their desire of inspecting the cases which composed the cargo of the "Speedy."

Most of them contained clothes, which, as may be believed, were well received. There were enough to clothe a whole



"HE RECOGNIZED IT AS A PIECE OF TORPEDO."

colony—linen for every one's use, shoes for every one's feet. There were gunpowder, fire-arms and side-arms, bales of cotton, implements of husbandry, carpenter's, joiner's, and blacksmith's tools, and boxes of all kinds of seeds, not in the least injured by their short sojourn in the water.

The three following days—the 19th, 20th, and 21st of October—were employed in saving everything of value, either from the cargo or rigging. At low tide they over-

hauled the hold—at high tide they stowed away the rescued articles. A great part of the copper sheathing had been torn from the hull, which every day sank lower. But before the sand had swallowed the heavy things which had fallen through the bottom, Ayrton and Pencroff, diving to the bed of the channel, recovered the chains and anchors of the brig, the iron of her ballast, and even four guns, which, floated by means of empty casks, were brought to shore.

In fact, on the night of the 23d, the hull entirely broke up, and some of the wreck was cast up on the beach.

However, the mystery which enveloped its strange destruction would doubtless never have been cleared away if, on the 30th of November, Neb, strolling on the beach, had not found a piece of a thick iron cylinder, bearing traces of explosion. The edges of this cylinder were twisted and broken, as if they had been subjected to the action of some explosive substance. As soon as the engineer saw it, he recognized it as a piece of a torpedo!

CHAPTER V.

As to the guns obtained from the brig, they were pretty pieces of ordnance, which, at Pencroff's entreaty, were hoisted by means of tackle and pulleys, right up into Granite House; embrasures were made between the windows, and the shining muzzles of the guns could soon be seen through the granite cliff. From this height they commanded all Union Bay.

Their behavior toward the pirates was next agreed upon. They were not to attack them, but were to be on their guard. After all, the island was large and fertile. If any sentiment of honesty yet remained in the bottom of their hearts, these wretches might perhaps be reclaimed.

On the 9th of November Ayrton departed to do some work at the corral, taking the cart drawn by one onaga, and two hours after, the electric wire announced that he had found all in order at the corral.

On the evening of the 11th a telegram was sent to Ayrton, requesting him to bring from the corral a couple of goats, which Neb wished to acclimatize to the plateau. Singularly enough, Ayrton did not acknowledge the receipt of the dispatch, as he was accustomed to do. This could not but astonish the engineer. But it might be that Ayrton was not at that moment in the corral, or even that he was on his way back to Granite House. In fact, two days had

already passed since his departure, and it had been decided that on the evening of the tenth, or at the latest the morning of the eleventh, he should return. The colonists waited, therefore, for Ayrton to appear on Prospect Heights. Neb and Harbert even watched at the bridge, so as to be ready to lower it the moment their companion presented himself.

Dispatches were sent during the night, but no reply was received. It was then agreed that Cyrus Smith, Spilett, Harbert, and Pencroff were to repair to the corral, and if they did not find Ayrton, to search the neighboring woods. Neb was to be left in charge at Granite House, and, in the event of the pirates presenting themselves and attempting to force the passage, he was to endeavor to stop them by firing on them, and, as a last resource, he was to take refuge in Granite House.

The colonists followed the wire along the road which connected the corral with Granite House. After walking for nearly two miles, Harbert, who was in advance, stopped, exclaiming:

"The wire is broken!"

His companions hurried forward and arrived at the spot where the lad was standing. The post was rooted up and lying across the path. The wire had been snapped, and the ends were lying close to the ground. The unexpected explanation of the difficulty was here, and it was evident that the dispatches from Granite House had not been received at the corral, nor those from the corral at Granite House.

The colonists were now half way between Granite House and the corral, having still two miles and a half to go. They pressed forward with redoubled speed.

Soon they arrived at the place where the road led along the side of the little stream which flowed from the Red Creek and watered the meadows of the corral. They then moderated their pace, so that they should not be out of breath at the moment when a struggle might be necessary.

At last the palisade appeared through the trees. No trace of any damage could be seen. The gate was shut as usual. Deep silence reigned in the corral.

Cyrus Smith raised the inner latch of the gate, and was about to push it back, when Top barked loudly. A report sounded, and was responded to by a cry of pain.

Harbert, struck by a bullet, lay stretched on the ground.

The engineer ran round the left corner of

the palisade. There he found a convict, who, aiming at him, sent a ball through his hat. In a few seconds, before he had even time to fire his second barrel, he fell, struck to the heart by Cyrus Smith's dagger, more sure even than his gun.

During this time, Gideon Spilett and the sailor hoisted themselves over the palisade, leaped into the inclosure, threw down the props which supported the inner door, ran into the empty house, and soon poor Harbert was lying on Ayrton's bed. In a few moments Cyrus Smith was by his side.

Harbert was deadly pale, and his pulse so feeble that Spilett only felt it beat at long intervals. His chest was laid bare, and, the blood having been stanchied with handkerchiefs, was bathed with cold water. The contusion, or rather the contused wound, appeared,—an oval below the chest between the third and fourth ribs.

Cyrus Smith and Gideon Spilett then turned the poor boy over; as they did so, he uttered a moan so feeble that they almost thought it was his last sigh.

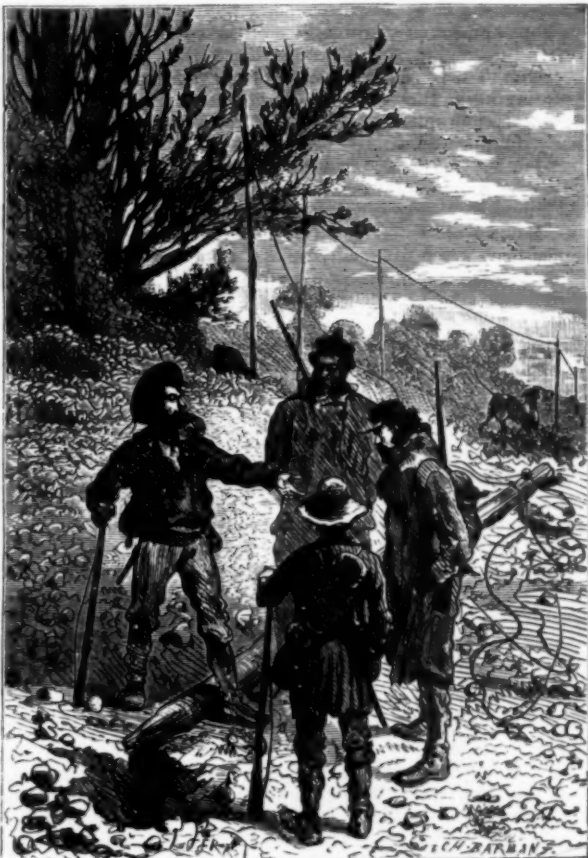
Harbert's back was covered with blood from another contused wound, where the ball had immediately escaped.

From day to day the colonists bestowed all their attention upon the poor boy. His wounds were bathed in cold water and compresses of linen were applied. Through hours of watching and of anxiety they were ever at his side with all the resources that their experience and intelligence could supply.

An examination of the corral revealed no trace of Ayrton.

The corral itself had not suffered any damage, nor could they see traces of any struggle, any devastation, either in the hut or in the palisade. Only the ammunition with which Ayrton had been supplied had disappeared with him.

They now bethought themselves of Neb. How should they communicate with him? The five villains were doubtless watching the corral. All at once the engineer, calling



"THE POST WAS ROOTED UP AND LYING ACROSS THE PATH."

Top, tore a leaf from his note-book, and wrote these words:

"Harbert wounded. We are at the corral. Be on your guard. Do not leave Granite House. Have the convicts appeared in the neighborhood? Reply by Top."

This was folded and fastened to Top's collar in a conspicuous position, and when the gate was opened he disappeared in the forest.

"Top, my dog," said the engineer, caressing the animal, "Neb, Top! Neb! Go, go!"

Top bounded at these words. The road

to the corral was familiar to him. In less than an hour he could clear it, and it might be hoped that where neither Cyrus Smith nor the reporter could have ventured without danger, Top, running along the grass or in the wood, would pass unperceived.

The engineer went to the gate of the corral and opened it.

"Neb, Top! Neb!" repeated he, again pointing in the direction of Granite House.

Top sprang forward, and almost immediately disappeared.

"He will get there," said the reporter.

"Yes; and he will come back, the faithful animal."

"What o'clock is it?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"Ten."

"In an hour he may be here. We will watch for his return."

The gate of the corral was closed. The engineer and the reporter re-entered the house. Harbert was still in a sleep. Pencroff kept the compressor always wet. Spilett, seeing there was nothing he could do at that moment, busied himself in preparing some nourishment.

Two hours later Top bounded into the corral, and the gate was quickly shut. Fastened to his neck was a note, which read:

"No pirates in the neighborhood of Granite House. I will not stir. Poor Mr. Harbert!"

(To be concluded next month.)

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

THIRD PAPER: MAJOR-GENERAL ARTEMAS WARD AND OTHERS.



ARTEMAS WARD.

ARTEMAS WARD, the first Major-General in the American army, though less has come down to us concerning him than others of inferior rank, played no unworthy part in our infant struggle for liberty. True it is, that for one who held so superior a position at the opening of the war, his labors thereafter were not of a sort tempting to the biographer, or peculiarly interesting to the reader. His military service was useful

rather than remarkable, and was of short duration. He seems to have been a good old-fashioned man of the quiet, solid order, rather than a brilliant officer, or an ardent statesman. By no means behind his comrades in appreciating the situation, or lacking in resoluteness and patriotism to confront it, he nevertheless fails to inspire us with that heroic fire so characteristic of his time. He was no enthusiast; was loyal rather than an inciter to loyalty; ready rather than ambitious. A plain man, a solid citizen, upright and conscientious, one who did his duty modestly and effectively, his life offers little to fascinate and much to respect. The writer is indebted for certain facts, not elsewhere found, to the genealogy of the Ward family, prepared by Andrew Henshaw Ward.

Major-General Artemas Ward, who, like Colonel Joseph Ward, was a descendant of William of Sudbury, was a native of Massachusetts and a resident of Shrewsbury. He graduated at Harvard about the time of his majority; did not study a profession. In 1750 he married Sarah Trowbridge, daughter of Rev. Caleb Trowbridge of Groton; and little more than this is known of him till '55, when he was commissioned a Major in the Third Regiment of Militia for the Counties of Middlesex and Worcester. The prospect of active service offered itself in '58, when

he found himself a Major in the regiment of foot commanded by William Williams, and destined for the invasion of Canada.

The result of the war against the French thus far was indeed disheartening to the English. Little or nothing had been gained during the last three campaigns, and much had been lost. The Indian had pushed in from the frontier, and was doing bloody work in the interior settlements. Young Ward shared the perils of the border struggles at the North, which, though disastrous in themselves, were most useful to the colonists as an apprenticeship to the rude trade of war. He went out as Major, when General Abercrombie led his ill-starred troops against Ticonderoga in 1758, and returned a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Our opening remarks upon the character of General Ward are not to mislead one into the belief that he was without those qualities which inspired genuine admiration among his countrymen. He was a favorite throughout New England, both in his military and legislative capacity. Early chosen to represent his native town in the General Court, he was an active and efficient participant in that stormy resistance of the Colonial Governors which preceded the Revolution. His biographer, in the private work before mentioned, may be justly quoted :

"Fearless in speech, and resolute in manner, he boldly denounced such Parliamentary measures as encroached on the rights of the colonies, and which the Governors, if they did not recommend, at least sought to enforce in offensive language and by arbitrary means. The country was roused, and militia trainings became frequent, some of whose officers gave political as well as military instruction to the troops under their command. Such was Colonel Ward's practice, which occasioned the following letter :

BOSTON, June 30, 1766.

TO ARTEMAS WARD, ESQUIRE.

SIR : I am ordered by the Governor to signify to you that he has thought fit to supersede your commission of Col. in the Regt. of Militia, lying in part in the County of Worcester and partly in the County of Middlesex. And your said commission is superseded accordingly.

I am, sir, your most obt. and humble servt.,
JOHN COTTON, Dep'y Sec'y.

This letter was forwarded by express, and the messenger, as directed, delivered it himself to Colonel Ward, and then waited until he had opened and read it, as if to ascertain and report how it was received. As the

messenger was in full military costume, and mounted on a foaming steed, he attracted the attention of many citizens who were present, and who inquired of Colonel Ward if he had important news; whereupon he read the letter aloud, and then, turning to the messenger, said : 'Give my compliments to the Governor, and say to him, I consider myself *twice* honored, but more in being superseded than in having been commissioned; and that I thank him for this (holding up the letter), since the motive that dictated it is evidence that I *am*, what *he is not*, a friend to my country.' In losing the confidence of the Governor, he shared more largely in that of the public. In 1768 the House of Representatives, being disposed to surround the Governor with a Council composed of men approved for their patriotism and fidelity, elected him as one of the members of that body. The Governor negatived the choice; some others shared the same fate. The people sustained their representatives, and, for so doing, were threatened with subjection by military force. The country was alarmed. Submission or resistance was the only alternative. Conventions were held, and through them the people, as with one voice, proclaimed resistance and their determination to repel force by force. Preparations for that purpose commenced, and on the 27th of October, 1774, the Provincial Congress, then sitting at Cambridge, elected Frederick Preble, Artemas Ward, and Seth Pomroy, General Officers, to take rank in the order above stated."

This succinct narration is a welcome complement to the brief sketches in those histories with which the student is familiar. Massachusetts led the van in the great struggle for independence, and among the very first upon the ground was Major Ward. Moving in and out among the confused and eager patriots who hurried to Boston in April, 1775, he was destined to command, and on the 20th he received his commission, signed by Joseph Warren, and authorized by the Congress of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay.

This commission gave him command of the forces raised in the colony of Massachusetts Bay only. Later, when it became the duty of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia to appoint a Commander-in-Chief of the entire army, many a mind turned toward General Ward, who had been holding the British so securely in Boston. Personally or politically considered, while there was a Washington, he was not the

man for that position; but his claims were seen as to demand solemn consideration. Certain delegates gave him the preference. "Mr. Paine," says John Adams, "expressed a great opinion of General Ward." Adams himself declared in emphatic language that he should rank next Washington; and rank there he did, the first Major-General of the Continental Army. It is not surprising that Major-General Lee could not appreciate this order of men and things; nor is it any less strange that he should put upon record one of the few statements derogatory to his superior officer. "A fat old gentleman who had been a popular churchwarden, but had no acquaintance whatever with military affairs," was General Lee's compliment. General Washington also makes a thrust at his chief subordinate commanding in Boston. Among "The Lee Papers" appears a letter from Washington to Lee, dated New York, May 9, 1776, from which the following is a quotation:

"General Ward, upon the evacuation of Boston, and finding that there was a possibility of his removing from the smoke of his own chimney, applied to me, and wrote to Congress for leave to resign. A few days afterward some of the officers, as he says, getting *uneasy* at the prospect of his leaving them, he applied for his letter of resignation, which had been committed to my care; but, behold! it had been carefully forwarded to Congress, and, as I have since learned, judged so reasonable (*want of health* being the plea), that it was instantly complied with." The Father of his Country is quite irritable throughout this letter, and strikes even closer to poor Brigadier Fry, who, he says, did all his fighting inside his house, and drew his pay for it. It is a little curious to observe, in this connection, that it was by Washington's own request that General Ward remained in the service till the close of 1776, the evacuation of Boston having taken place on March 17th of that year. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of General Ward's reason for asking the acceptance of his resignation. Even were General Ward's word to be questioned, the correspondence of Colonel Joseph Ward, who was his secretary up to the time of his resignation, and for whose interest it was that his superior should continue in the service, establishes the General's ill-health. He whose life we are contemplating was by no means idle after his retirement from the army. His civil were far more protracted, and no less severe than his military labors.

For sixteen years he represented his town in the Legislature, and in 1785 was Speaker of the House. In 1777 he was elected to the Executive Council of his State, and was afterward President of that body.

In 1779 he was appointed to the Continental Congress, but continued ill-health prevented his assuming such a responsibility. The next year, however, he took his seat as member of Congress, and served till 1781. He was a representative in Congress under the Constitution, from 1791-95.

General Ward was not by birth a letter-writer; he deals with facts, using no embroidery. The few letters here offered may possess an interest, not alone because of the scarcity of the author's writings now extant, but also for their relation to the more prominent of our early naval engagements, the Penobscot Expedition. The first of them, dated September 2, 1777, was written during the critical period of the war. General Burgoyne's descent from Canada to the Hudson had just ended in a happy failure. By Captain Hector, General Ward evidently means Captain Hector McNeil of the "Boston," who, with Captain John Manley of the "Hancock," encountered the "Rainbow," under command of Sir George Collier. As Manley prepared for the attack McNeil deserted him, and he lost his vessel. Manley was tried for this loss and acquitted; McNeil was dismissed the service. Why the General should find the Massachusetts militia honored above others at the battle of Bennington is not easy to discover.

BOSTON, Sept. 2d, 1777.

SIR: The twenty-fifth ultimo your favour of the fourth was duly received. Am glad to hear of your welfare, and the favorable intelligence you was pleased to give me respecting the army, our public affairs, and other matters. Capt. Hector is returned from his cruise; is coldly rec'd on account of his behaviour whilst out, which some say was the cause of M—y being taken. I am in doubt whether the examination you mention will be such as will give universal satisfaction, unless time is allowed, and notice given for persons that have anything to allege against them to appear. If they are restored to their former stations, I fear it will be attended with fatal consequences; the disgust has taken such hold of many. General Gates being appointed to the command in the Northern Department gives general satisfaction. This moment I have rec'd certain intelligence that Capt. Fisk, in the "Massachusetts," a State brig, has taken and sent in a prize valued at six or seven thousand pounds, lawful money, mounting twelve six pounders; the last war she was a twenty-gun ship. He was left in pursuit of another vessel, which I expect to have in a few

days. Before this reaches you, you'll have the account of Brigadier Stark's action near Bennington, on the sixteenth ultimo, which, I think, does honor to him and the militia of some of the New England States, and to this in particular. I have inclosed yesterday's paper, to which I beg leave to refer you for further news. Capt. Ward is at fort Stanwicks. Tommy is at Bennington, a volunteer with his militia. The Duke and Dutchess are well.

I am, sir, with great respect and esteem,

Your humble servant,

COLONEL WARD.

W.

Between the time of the above writing and the date of the next letter, July, 1779, our young navy had made no little commotion upon the high seas. In the late spring of 1778, John Paul Jones ran into European waters with his tiny "Ranger" of only eighteen guns, and by his daring exploits made his name terrible along the English coast. The French and newly added Spanish fleet, also, were ranging the British seas. The following letter opens an account of the Penobscot Expedition, which, though a diminutive enterprise to the looker-on of these days, resulted in a disaster serious indeed to the colonists, following immediately upon the only genuine success of the year, the recapture of Stony Point by Mad Anthony Wayne.

The war, during this and the following year, was chiefly confined by the British to the Southern States; but Massachusetts, spying General McLean with a body of six hundred British at a post on the east side of the Penobscot River, determined to have a little affair of her own—to drive off the intruders without any assistance from the General Government. Accordingly, she sent thither a flotilla carrying about three hundred guns and attended by twenty-four transports, having on board a thousand men. "Slight as this preparation was," says the historian, "so large an American armament had never put to sea. A noble public spirit roused all the towns on the coast, and they spared no sacrifice to insure a victory." But to General Ward's version of the enterprise:

BOSTON, July 22d, 1779.

SIR: Your favours of the fourteenth ult. and the tenth current came duly to hand. Am much obliged to you for the intelligence you were pleased to give me. I now congratulate you on the success of the American armies at Stony Point, the news of which came to town two days since. This success I view as a peculiar smile of Heaven, and hope it will prove a damper to the enemy and a stimulus to the Americans. About the twentieth of June last, the General Court received intelligence that the enemy,

under the command of Brigadier-General McLean, had taken post at Penobscot, in the eastern parts of this State, and were fortifying a point of land between the river Penobscot and the river Bagway-doce, and that they had six or eight armed vessels there, beside a number of transports; that they had issued a proclamation calling on the inhabitants to come in and submit themselves to the British Government, and take the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain. The Assembly thought it indispensably necessary for the safety of the United States to endeavour to dislodge them, and therefore took order for the raising of fifteen hundred men from the militia, and detailing one hundred men from the train of artillery in the service and pay of this State, and put them under the command of Brigadier General Lovell for the purpose aforesaid. They took into pay twelve private armed vessels, to sail in company with the Continental vessels and the vessels belonging to this State, the whole under the command of Dudley Saltonstall, Esq., Captain of the frigate "Warren," a list of which vessels you have inclosed. The fleet sailed out of Nantasket road last Monday morning in high health and good spirits, bound for Penobscot, having been detained a number of days by contrary winds. I hope in my next, through the Divine Blessing, to be able to give an account of the success of this enterprise. Your old friend Wadsworth is appointed — General in this Expedition and Principal Engineer, and is gone — command.

I am, with sentiments of esteem,

Sir, your humble servant,

A. WARD.

The two blanks in the closing sentence are put in the place of words torn from the original, and which the reader can easily supply.

Three days after the above letter was written the fleet entered Penobscot Bay. The engagement which followed has received considerable attention at the hands of historians, all of whom arrive at one result—a failure on the part of the Americans by land and sea, leaving the British in control of the country east of the river. As to the responsibility for the failure there is great difference of opinion. Bancroft sums it up in few words: "The troops were commanded by an unskillful militia general; the chief naval officer was self-willed and incapable." Cooper, who treats more in detail, accounts for the disaster as follows: "Captain Saltonstall has been much, and in some respects perhaps justly, censured for this disaster, though it is to be feared that it arose more from that habit of publicity which is peculiar to all countries much influenced by popular feeling, than from any other cause. Had a due regard been paid to secrecy, time might have been gained, in that remote region, to

effect the object before a sufficient force could be collected to go against the assailants." It will be seen in his next letter that General Ward reserves his censure for the Commodore. The General gave the matter as much, if not more attention than another, and was qualified for his work. His name appears at every step of the proceedings in House and Council, from the time of the initiation of the inquiry to its consummation. His name stands first upon the report of the committee, a copy of which lies before us, the same mentioned hereafter by General Ward, and by him transmitted to the Colonel. The proceedings of the Committee of Inquiry are to be found in the archives of Massachusetts, collected in pamphlet form. The writer is informed that the letter here given from the pen of the gallant Wadsworth—though it had, upon the authority of General Ward, great weight with the committee—does not appear in their report.

It is, therefore, but reasonable to believe that this letter, accompanied by those of General Ward now laid before the reader, is a valuable contribution to the history of this unfortunate enterprise. The reader will discover in the first of them a somewhat surprising episode in the career of the artist-fighter, Paul Revere.

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1779.

SIR: Your two letters of the tenth and nineteenth ult., duly came to hand. Was in hopes when I wrote you last, should have been able the next time I wrote, to do it in the congratulatory stile, on account of our expedition to Penobscot. But alas, I am totally deprived of that pleasure, and am under the disagreeable necessity of acquainting you that the siege was raised, and the whole fleet destroyed or taken, excepting the Pallas of sixteen guns, who made her escape. The most authentick account yet received of that sad catastrophe, is contained in a letter from Brigadier Wadsworth to the Council; a copy of which you have inclosed, some parts of which I am of opinion ought not to be told in Gath. I have the pleasure to inform you that our friend Wadsworth's conduct is spoken of with universal applause, as judicious and brave. Brigadier Lovell is well spoken of, that he did everything in his power.

The commander of the fleet is cursed, bell, book, and candle, by many; how justly I must at present omit saying. I have been told by one who fell into the enemies hands, and since deceased, that Britains spoke highly in praise of the commander of the land forces as being judicious, &c., in their movements; but that the commander of the fleet they would hang for a coward, if they could catch him. Lieut.-Col. Paul Revere is now under an arrest for disobedience of orders, and unsoldierlike behavior tending to cowardice, &c. As soon as the siege was raised, he made the best of his way to Boston, leaving his men

to get along as they could (as it's said). I hope the matter will be thoroughly enquired into, and justice done to every individual officer. I have been told that it has been said by some one in the army, that we wanted advice in planning the expedition, and insinuating thereby that that was the reason why the enterprize failed. They had better spare their reflections, and re-examine their own conduct in all its parts. I think it was well done, and there was as great a prospect of success till the moment the reinforcements arrived, as we could rationally expect. I have no doubt but it will eventually turn out to our advantage, and that we shall soon see it. It is of great importance to the United States to have the enemy removed from that post and Nova Scotia; for, by their holding these posts, they command the most ground, and will wrest the fishery from the States, which are objects of importance not only to the United States, but to our illustrious ally. Captain Goodale's matter I shall attend to with pleasure when he applies, and hope shall be able to accomplish the same agreeable to your wishes.

I am, sir,

With sentiments of esteem,

Your humble servant,

ARTEMAS WARD.

COL. WARD.

THOMASTON, 19th Aug., 1779.

HON'D SIR: Being uncertain whether you have yet been informed of the sad catastrophe of your armament against the enemy at Majorbagwaduice, am under the disagreeable necessity of informing your Hon'r (by information which I depend upon) the destruction of your Fleet was compleated on the forenoon of the 16th inst., and that the army, five comp'ys excepted, are dispersed to their several homes. Your Hon'r is doubtless informed by the return of your express to Gen'l Lovell, who left us on the 14th inst., of the evacuation of the Heights of Majorbagwaduice, by your troops on the morn'g of that day, on the approach of a Fleet up the sound, the morning before; and that our Fleet was under way up Penobscot River, and that the enemy were in pursuit. The wind being very faint and much against us, prevented our getting far up the river, on the tide of flood, till the coming in of the sea-breeze in the afternoon, which bro't in the enemy's Fleet along with it; and the tide of ebb taking us the stronger as we advanced up the river, bro't their foremost ships up with our rear, and cut off the Hampden, Hunter, and one Brig's below Fort point; and our transports not being able to stem the current to prevent drifting down to the enemy, chiefly shot into the eddy on the westerly side the river, and ran ashore about two miles below the narrows, whilst our ships of war, by the help of much sail and boats, reached a little farther up the river whilst this was doing. I had been up a little past our foremost ship, just at the narrows, to find a place for landing and hawling up our cannon to check the enemy's progress, having given orders for their readiness beforehand; but, on returning, to great surprise, found many of our transports on fire, all deserted, and our troops scattered in the

— in the utmost confusion. It was dusk, and the enemy's ships at anchor farther below our cluster of transports; our vessels of war and a few transports still endeavouring to stem the current. No pains were spared to collect the troops to save the stores and ordnance on board the transports then on fire; but neither men or officers were under the least controul; and it was with the utmost difficulty, with the help of a few individuals, that a small quantity of provisions only were saved from the conflagration, in the midst of fire, smoke, and shott. By whose order the transports were fired, is uncertain. Gen'l Lovell, 'tis said, has gone up the river in the Hazzard, which was then the headmost vessel. Our army by this time was thoroughly dispersed in the wood; and our ships of war not able to hold their ground, began to blaze. Three of them were burnt the forepart of the night; the first of which was the Sky Rocket. The rest on the turn of tide, towed up the river, and passed the narrows. The enemy's shipping in the morning remained in the same place as in the evening before—it being calm and foggy—and were said to be the Reasonable of 64 guns, a 50, a 40, the Blond, and several smaller ships. Early in the morning, I endeavoured to rally our scattered troops on the high ground, near where we ran ashore, that we might receive the Gen'l's orders, but to no purpose; for, in general, both men and officers had dismissed themselves and marched off the parade faster than they could be bro't on. When most of the forenoon had been spent in this fruitless attempt, not being able to get intelligence from the Gen'l for four or five miles up the river, and unable to retain a man on the ground, I swung my pack and marched directly for Cambden (directing the course of all I overtook to the same place, there to halt), where I arrived on the 17th inst. Some of the militia had passed before I came up, others had sheered off to prevent being stopped, and the rest, although much fatigued, had not lost their eagerness for returning home; and, in spite of every order and precaution, after drawing provisions, skulked off except five comp'ys, or rather part of five comp'ys who were retained by the influence of good officers. These, this afternoon, have been ordered to take their separate posts at Belfast, Cambden, W. S. W. Gigg, St. Georges, and Townsend, in order to protect the inhabitants from the incursions of the Tories and small parties of the enemy; and to encourage them to save their crops and not to fly from their habitations, which would have been the case of very many families, had nothing been done for their encouragement. This distribution I have ventured to make without the order of the Gen'l, not having seen him since the morning of the Evacuation; but think it is most probable that he passed from the head of the river into Kennebeck, and has gone down the river. In which case, I hope your Hon'r has had earlier, and a more intelligible account of facts than is here contained, from the Gen'l himself. I would, however, beg leave to suggest to your Honor, the great importance of keeping a small force of three or four hundred men under the direc-

tion of the Brigadier of the County, stationed along the sea-coast to prevent the sudden incursions of the enemy, to check the spirit of Toryism within, and to strengthen and encourage the wavering, and to prevent many families on the sea-coast from flying from their estates and leaving them to be plundered by the enemy. Convinced of the necessity of such a measure, I have wrote to Brig'r Cushing, desiring him to send from the inland part of the County, five Comp'ys of Militia who lately dismissed themselves from Penobscot, or some others, to relieve the Comp'ys now on the ground (as four of them belong to the County of Cumberland, and all live on or near the shore, and cannot be better disposed of for the public good, than by being dismissed and returning home), and to continue till orders from the Gen'l or the Hon'l Council can be obtained. Should it be tho't proper to continue such a force on the sea-coast till the enemy could be driven from this quarter, should think it best that they should be under the direction of the Brigadier of the County, who will be likely to make a better disposition of them than any other officer. The Companies on the ground have about twenty-five rounds per man. They are fed with fresh beef, rye-meal, and potatoes, which, I suppose, can be procured here for the present. Your Hon'r need not be informed that a supply of both ammunition and provisions is necessary immediately, if it should appear expedient to keep the troops on the sea-coast; and, indeed, some ammunition will be necessary for the inhabitants, in case no troops should be kept up. I have not heard of the supplies which the Gen'l was expecting before the Evacuation; and fear lest they have fallen into the hands of the enemy. An express from your Hon'r, I am informed, turned back the day before I arrived at Cambden, on hearing of our disaster. I was not acquainted with his business. Have this moment an account by L't Little of the Hazzard, that Gen'l Lovell, after every possible exertion to save the Fleet, and after seeing the last of them on fire, much against his opinion, had crossed over from the head of Penobscot to Kennebeck River; in which case, I think it most likely that Capt. Lovett who goes express with this, will meet him either at the crossing the river, or on the way. I shall, therefore, inclose this to the Gen'l, who will send it forward to your Hon'r or not, as he thinks best. I shall remain in this quarter till I receive orders from the Gen'l, or from your Hon'r, when I hope to have leave to return. In the meantime, I have the honour to be,

Hon'd sir,
Your very hum'le serv't,
PELEG WADSWORTH, B. Gen'l.
HON. PRES. OF COUNCIL.
(Copy.)

BOSTON, Octo'r 18, 1779.

SIR: I am now to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the twenty-sixth ult. on the sixteenth instant. I now congratulate you on the arrival of the Count at the Southward, and hope, before this reaches you, he will arrive at New York. This

State have ordered two thousand men to be detached from the militia thereof in consequence of a requisition from his Excellency, General Washington, which men I expect will all be on their way this week to Cloverick, the place of rendezvous pointed out by General Washington. I wish they had all been laid on the three upper Counties; in my opinion it would have promoted the service much, if the men are wanted, as I conclude they are, or they would not have been requested.

Brigadeer General Fellows is appointed to take the command of the aforesaid men. I hope the next letter I am favoured with from you will contain intelligence of the total reduction of New York and its dependencies. Three Continental frigates now in this harbour are under sailing orders; their destination not publicly known. I have inclosed a copy of the report of the Committee of Enquiry appointed to enquire into the Reasons of the failure of the Penobscott Expedition. It's ordered to be published as soon as the Court-martial is over that was appointed for the trial of Captain Saltinstall. It is also ordered to be forwarded to Congress to let them know what a fine commander he was. I have nothing of news to write you at this time, saving this, that it is a general time of health, and your friends partake of the same blessing.

* * * * *

I am, sir, with sentiments
of esteem,
your obedient, humble
servant, in haste,

ARTEMAS WARD.

COL. WARD.

Before we leave the Penobscot Expedition, another word from the pen of the famous Boston preacher, Charles Chauncy. His name is familiar to those who have kept pace with the religious developments of our country, as the opponent of Whitefield and the successful disputant with Dr. Chandler concerning Episcopacy. He was a descendant of President Chauncy of Harvard, and fully sustained the honor of his name. A zealous advocate of civil and religious liberty, an unrelenting Whig during the war, plain-spoken as he was conscientious, the reader will identify him in this short epistle, the only one to be found in our collection:

BOSTON, Aug. 24, 1779.

DEAR SIR: I received your's some time since, and thank you for it. It was a long time after your being carried to New York by the enemy before I heard of your return from captivity. I rejoice in your deliverance, and pray God you may be preserved in safety during the war, and may have the happiness to see these States settled in the enjoyment of independent peace and full liberty. You will probably hear, before this reaches you, of our sad defeat at Penobscot, with the loss of all our

ships, both armed ones and transports. There has been strange mismanagement in the conduct of that affair. We don't know as yet the particulars. 'Tis a pity there is no resolution of Congress subjecting those by whose ill conduct the States are bro't into greatly distressing circumstances, to death by the halter. Things will never go on well till more severity is used upon those who are villains or cowards, and act as such in their capacity as state officers. A merely defensive war will ruin us. Unless we are, or can be, in circumstances to go offensively against the enemy, we shall soon become bankrupts. As the prices of things now are, and will be for a good while to come, notwithstanding all efforts to prevent it, 'twill be impossible to carry on the war much longer. The news we have of the junction of Spain with France may be depended on; and, in consequence of it, we may soon expect grand news from Europe, I trust to our advantage. I should be glad to hear from you as convenient opportunities present, and to know the situation and number of our army, and whether anything is like to be done by the same to purpose. 'Tis disgraceful that our grand army should lie by, while the enemy are active and vigorous in doing us all the hurt they can. I am weary of the present state of things, and shall be intirely ruined if it is continued much longer. I have been cheated by sharpers, monopolism, and lovers of this world, out of almost I have, and shall soon be reduced to nothing if there is not an alteration in our affairs. I shall only add that I am,

with all respect,
your friend & humble servant,
CHARLES CHAUNCY.

COL. JOSEPH WARD.

N. B. I wrote you by one of the Continental Chaplains some time before your captivity. I know not whether you ever received that letter.

This effusion of the stanch parson is very much of the tenor of the following remarkable letter addressed to Colonel Ward about a year later by General Knox.

In 1780 matters looked very dark at the South. Even the dauntless Knox must speak with apprehension for the future. A portion of this letter was once published in a little volume which few have seen. It is now offered to the public for the first time in full. It is written on large-size parchment in the General's bold hand, and its very look suggests a sound, wholesome, and vigorous manhood. As we run our eye over the broad pages, the full form of that solid specimen of Irish and Scotch Presbyterian stock rises before us. Now we see him in uniform, standing stoutly on his legs (a little bowed from constant service in the saddle), waiting for his horse that shall swiftly bear him to the place of need. Then we catch a glimpse of him swinging along in rural shades with

his heavy cane and his hat resting on his arm, while above his warm, round face, the hair, cut short in front, stands straight up, powdered and queued.

Something attracts us toward him. We should have known him. Twice, it is recorded, the Commander-in-Chief embraced him publicly. How they crowded to his splendid mansion at Thomaston! One hundred beds made daily under that great roof; an ox and twenty sheep slain every Monday morning to feed those who slept in them. We avoid more than a mention of the desecration that has since visited that splendid home. Glorious Henry Knox! To think that a chicken-bone should be allowed to send such a man out of the world! It will not be forgotten that our hero began his military exploits with General Ward. He was volunteer aid to the General at Bunker Hill, reconnoitering all movements between the heights and headquarters.

Such confidence did the Commander put in the young volunteer's reports, that upon them he issued his orders.

CAMP PRECANESS, NEW JERSEY.

July 28, 1780.

DEAR SIR: It is with the greatest pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of three of your favors, the last of which was dated on the 4th instant. A constant hurry of business, in consequence of the enemy's incursion into this State, and the arrival of the fleet and troops of our ally, have prevented my obeying the dictates of my heart untill the present moment. And now, my omission has so much the appearance of following the supercilious example of some of our official people, that, were I Roman Catholic, I should impose some confounded severe penance on myself for suffering *anything* but the immediate fire of the enemy to protract a duty which I think indispensable to the character of a man of business, and a gentleman. I am sorry you did not obtain the appointment you wished, but I hope that you will be settled in a manner that will be perfectly agreeable to you. The employment which you say you exercise at present, viz., that of endeavoring to revive the spirit of '74 & '75, tho' not very lucrative to you, yet is very important to your country. If the old spirit revive not, we die, politically die. It must radically be re-animated. A sudden flash now and then will not answer. Indeed it is not a good symptom; but,

like the flashes of an expiring taper, indicates dissolution. Think me not capricious, my dear sir, when I assure you, as my serious sentiments, that there must be a material alteration of sentiment and of political constitution to carry on this war successfully.

Great God! Is it possible that a people possessing the least spark of knowledge and virtue should be so inattentive to their most important concerns as to suffer them, through supineness, to be on the verge of ruin? And yet, is not this the case? Have we not been dreaming for more than two years past, and suffered our enemy to retain their old conquests, and make new ones? Not because they were strong and irresistible, but because we were the most inert beings on earth. The army, the only cogent argument to oppose to an unreasonable enemy, have been permitted, nay, stimulated to decay. No attention has been paid to its re-establishment, except in the temporary expedient of six months' men; and this so tardily done as to induce a ready belief that the mass of America have taken a monstrous deal of opium. It is true the Eastern States and New York have done something in this instance, but no others. Propagate this truth (for I have reason to think you believe it), that Congress in time of war must have the sole powers of peace and war, and legislative powers to assign to each State its proportion of men and supplies, with a coercive power to punish those which shall be delinquent,—that there *must* be an army for the war, and that it must be *fed, paid, and clothed*.

Except these things are done, American independence totters, and probably will fall. Everything short of this will be patch-work, and will deceive our expectations most wretchedly. The enemy are making some demonstrations of an intention of attacking the land-troops at Rhode Island. If so, all New England must turn out to save our allies and our honor. We have been in this camp for nearly three weeks making the necessary arrangements for the campaign; but we shall move from it in a day or two towards the North River. Much might have been expected from this campaign had proportionable and reasonable preparations been made. At present, I know not what to say—time, which matures all things, will at last discover.

I beg the favor that you will write to me frequently. I do assure you that I will answer them as often as circumstances and opportunity will permit.

I am, Dear Sir, With Respect,
Your Hble. Servant,
H. KNOX.

COLONEL WARD.

THE TOUCH OF THE UNSEEN.

As feel the flowers the sun in heaven,
 But sky and sunlight never see;
 So feel I Thee, O God, my God,
 Thy dateless noontide hid from me.

As touch the buds the blessed rain,
 But rain and rainbow never see;
 So touch I God in bliss or pain,
 His far, vast rainbow veiled from me.

Orion, moon and sun and bow
 Amaze a Sky unseen by me;
 God's wheeling heaven is there I know,
 Although its arch I cannot see.

In low estate, I, as the flower,
 Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see;
 The subtlest in the conscience is
 Thyself and that which toucheth Thee.

Forever it may be that I
 More yet shall feel but shall not see;
 Above my soul, Thy wholeness roll,
 Not visibly, but tangibly.

But flaming heart to rain and ray,
 Turn I in meekest loyalty;
 I breathe, and move, and live in Thee,
 And drink the ray I cannot see.

CONCERNING CHARLES LAMB.

I THINK it will interest those who with me are the friends of Charles Lamb, to hear the particulars of my visit to his grave, and some things that I was so fortunate as to learn about him, during a recent short trip abroad.

The latter to be sure are not very important; but I believe they are new,—at least they were so to me,—and I feel rather in duty bound to communicate them.

My first endeavors to find his memorials in London were not prospered. Of course, I initiated the pious search by looking for the old India House, in Leadenhall street. I wanted to see that desk—the object of such exquisite malediction—whose wood (so full of sap for the rest of us), he wrote to Bernard Barton, had “entered into his soul;”—also, if possibly it were still extant, the high

stool from which he made that amazing spiral descent upon the youth De Quincey, who had passed up a letter of introduction.

But that hope was rudely annihilated by the discovery, not made till I had almost arrived on the ground, that the India House was demolished and gone forever.

Then I turned to Inner Temple Lane, where Charles and Mary used to confess they saw their happiest days. And there, sure enough, just beyond the Knight Templars' Church, stood an ancient building inscribed “No. 4 Lamb Court.” The number was right, and conspired with the name to convince me that this time I was not to be disappointed. As it was a rainy afternoon, I did not stay to meditate outside, but asked a well-dressed gentleman, setting up his umbrella on the steps, if he would

direct me to Charles Lamb's old rooms. He thought a minute, and answered,

"I don't remember that any one of that name has been here since I have;" and seeing my surprise, added, "however, the janitor, up in the top story, can tell you."

The narrow and unlighted stairway somewhat embarrassed my ascent, but that was as it should be, I remembered, and as I climbed flight after flight I seemed to catch now and then the glimpse of a slight, stooping figure going before, till it vanished at a threshold where I would have paused to listen, could I have told just where it was.

The janitor, who proved to be a woman, met my inquiry with kindness, and tried hard to recollect (I wondered if I was the *only* one who had made a pilgrimage to the spot), but had to give it up. She could not, at that moment, think where Mr. Lamb's apartments had been.

"Do you remember Mr. Lamb?" I asked.

"N-n-no, sir. Really, sir, I cannot say that I do, sir," she replied. "But [encouragingly] Mr. ———, the surveyor, whose office is there [pointing to a door], *he'll* know, for he's been here twenty year, sir, and a very nice gentleman he is, sir."

I am under lasting obligation to the surveyor, who, indeed, *was* a gentleman, for one of the gentlest falls I ever experienced. Alas, this was not 4 Inner Temple Lane at all. It, too, had gone the way of all the earth. But he showed such an instant appreciation of my quest and of the naturalness of my mistake, and drew me so entirely away from the thought of it by a copious discourse (illustrated with maps) upon the modern architectural changes of the precinct, that I had no opportunity at all to feel sold; but, after half an hour, took my leave, and groped my way down the disenchanting passage, actually congratulating myself upon my good luck.

The contract of surveying all the London lots I may hereafter own, is irrevocably awarded to that gentleman. None others need apply.

Disappointed with respect to the living haunts of Charles Lamb which I had most affection for, and the fate of which, had I chosen, I might have much more easily ascertained, my mind reverted to the grave at Edmonton.

I had, indeed, entertained the idea of trying to see the venerable Procter, but learning that he was in feeble health, and fearing that the visit of a stranger, even if

permitted, would be a burden to him, I dismissed it.

It was one of the pleasantest mornings I saw in England, when I mounted the roof of the Edmonton omnibus which starts from the Green Man Inn, corner of Oxford and Argyll streets, and, receiving a seat beside the driver, set out on the sacred excursion upon which I was now bent.

Precisely where our route struck the track of John Gilpin's Ride, the driver, upon reflection, could not tell, though he distinctly recalled the event, and named acquaintances of his who had been eye-witnesses of it.

At any rate, we passed through "merry Islington," with "all Birmingham" still glittering in its shop windows, and thence onward certainly our way coincided with Gilpin's famous career. As we lumbered along, I kept a sharp look-out for Colebrook Row, but owing to the disappearance of New River, which I had relied on as, so to speak, a landmark, I missed it. The stream that "having no name besides that unmeaning assumption of *eternal novelty*," Elia, in "Amicus Redivivus," suspects of a plot to drown his dear G. D. "hoping henceforth to be termed the Stream Dyerian," is now wholly covered in the interest of pure water for London, and I crossed it unawares, —though the driver, had I spoken in season, could have indicated its hidden locality, and, for that matter, could have pointed out the residence of Mr. Lamb, who often, and once a week always, rode down to London with him on the very seat I was occupying.

I began to doubt whether this man, notwithstanding his British aspect and speech, had not been born in the United States. But a cautious investigation developed nothing more to sustain the hypothesis, than that he had been a Southern sympathizer during the war.

Leaving Islington, the thoroughfare, along which we jogged at fair omnibus speed, grew less thronged, and I had leisure to enjoy the cultivated grounds, and the occasional glimpses of open country, which now for the first time the journey afforded to view, till, soon after passing two huge decaying posts standing on either side, in which I felt at liberty, —a liberty which the driver freely sanctioned, —to behold the relics of the turnpike gate that was thrown open to Gilpin, we came

"Unto The Bell at Edmonton."

The Bell is properly a somewhat effete-looking hostelry (yet, as the driver intima-

ted, still yielding most delicious refection), and holds the advance position toward London in a numerous line of such philanthropic establishments that grace the village street beyond.

Its front, otherwise modest, exhibits a venerable painting, much ravaged by the tooth of time, and, at first sight, discouragingly obscure. But it rewards a careful inspection by the discovery that it presents a classic subject, viz.: the Gilpin family surveying, from the balcony of The Bell, the unaccountable equestrian vagary of its respected Head, in the street below. The balcony is represented as of about the shape and size of a barrel; and, what with the flaunting ornaments of Mrs. Gilpin's and her daughters' hats, and several pairs of gesticulating arms extended in the endeavor to arrest the hapless citizen's progress, the group (if first, the theory that it intends a scene of torture be rejected) makes the general impression of a large bouquet crowded into a small vase. I forget if our hero also appeared on the canvas (or board), though I think he once had.

A quarter of a mile further on was The Angel (alas, lately renovated)—and there the Edmonton I had come to see began. A few minutes more, and, turning sharply to the left, we reached our terminus and pulled up at The Rose and Crown in Church street,—the very street.

The open gate of the old church-yard was in sight. I did not hasten to it. For some reason—I can hardly explain what—I did not care to have even the driver know why I was there. So I waited about till he had handed his team over to a groom and disappeared; then strolled toward it, and, after pausing before it a moment, as if undecided, passed in. It brought me into a large inclosure filled with innumerable monuments, in the midst of which stood the ancient ivy-clad church.

I had previously thought that I should look up the grave myself; but, seeing that it might prove a long, and possibly a fruitless, search, I soon relinquished the idea. A little way off, sitting on a tomb, eating his dinner, I spied a working man in his shirt sleeves; whom, supposing him to be an attaché of the place, I asked if he could direct me to the grave of Charles Lamb. "I can," he replied, "for it's only last week that I fixed it up." I then saw from the tools lying at hand, and from an unfinished job close by, that he was actually of the same guild with Old Mortality. He led

the way to quite another part of the ground, abridging the distance by sundry short cuts which I should never have thought of, but which he made with unconscious professional irreverence, and came to a halt before a plain white stone,—one glance showed me that it was *the* one,—where, having first called my attention to his recent handiwork upon it, and upon the mound behind it, he left me.

The stone, as I have said, was plain, and owing to the repairs just made it looked quite new. It stood precisely erect; the lettering was freshly painted; and the mound was trim and clean. But my guide said that before he took it in hand, it had been in an exceedingly neglected condition.

The inscription, which I copied with the utmost care, was, *verbatim et punctuatim*, as follows:

TO THE MEMORY
of
CHARLES LAMB,

Died 27th Decr. 1834, aged 59.

Farewell, dear friend: That smile that harmless mirth

No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;

That rising tear with pain forbid to flow

Better than words, no more assuage our woe;

That hand outstretched, from small but well-earned store

Yield succour to the destitute no more.

Yet art thou not all lost; thro' many an age

With sterling sense and humour shall thy page

Win many an English bosom, pleased to see

That old and happier vein revived in thee

This for our earth, and if with friends we share

Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

ALSO, MARY ANNE LAMB,

Sister of the above,

Born 3rd Decr. 1767 Died 20th May 1847.

The foot-stone was marked thus:

C. L. 1834.

M. A. L. 1847.

Who composed this inscription, I would like to find out; also, how it came to be adopted. It is evident that Wordsworth had hoped that the first part of his memorial poem would fulfill the office, for he says so distinctly in the poem itself. Why these verses were used instead, I cannot guess. For while they evince a true and tender appreciation of their subject, they strike me as very inferior to Wordsworth's in every way, but particularly in point of clearness. The obscurity of the third and fourth lines led me to a minute examination to see if the restorer's pencil had not, by some slip or oversight, changed the original punctuation. But not so. However, probably the reason

for the choice was sufficient, and I accepted it, in that faith, cheerfully.

"Win many an *English* bosom——"

ah, but I added something to that!

The hour I staid there—is it not all confessed so far as it could be set down, in the letter I wrote home from my London lodgings that night? But I cannot tell it aloud.

As I lingered, I dreamed that I stood among the group gathered on the spot that wintry day, forty years gone by. It was the spot, you remember, which he himself had pointed out to Mary as the place where he wished to lie. I saw their faces, and heard their sad, low whispers, and their stillness; and when I turned to go, it was as still in their company. Very present indeed it all seemed: it brought our friend very near; and as well, that other true heart, scarcely less beloved, there moldering upon his.

Reluctant to break the charm, I did not deliberate my departure, but wandered away from the place by degrees, keeping it in sight, and returning occasionally: so accomplishing a gradual release.

As I was seeking my way out, there burst forth upon me, from a low building that occupied a corner of the church-yard, a noisy irruption of boys and girls,—the parish school, I suppose,—that in the two or three minutes their racket lasted (for by that time not a rag was in sight) effectually recalled me to the present. Yet I thought how often Lamb must have witnessed the same thing, and wondered how it used to affect him.

The path down which the happy mob disappeared brought me to the gate again. In the very act of exit, obeying an impulse which I am sure all will understand, I suddenly turned and went straight back to the grave, walked around it, read both head and foot-stone over again, and as abruptly quitted it.

Just outside the gate stood the cottage of the sexton. The sight of an elderly woman in the door suggested the thought that perhaps the present incumbent had been in office while Lamb lived; in which case it was more than likely he had known him, or would, at least, remember his burial. It proved, however, that the woman was the widow of the former sexton, who had died several years since, and was now succeeded by his son. But she had seen Mr. Lamb a great many times, she said; he and her husband had been on very friendly terms.

"There was where he lived," she added, pointing to a white house a little way down the street, on the other side.

In the snug coffee-room of the Rose and Crown, whither I repaired for lunch, I found, sitting at a table, three gentlemen who attracted my attention. They were a singular party. One of them was a person of huge stature, and of absolutely the most venerable aspect I ever beheld.

The second, who impressed me as being of the traditional fox-hunter type, was talking by fits and starts in a queer, excited strain, which the others seemed not to mind. These two were quite old.

The third was a ruddy, thick-set man of about fifty. Whatever else they were, they were not teetotalers, for they "laughed and quaffed" in equal measure, ordering fresh drinks, or "quarters," as they called them, with surprising frequency.

Seeing their age and mellow humor, and judging it not improbable they were old citizens of Edmonton, I fancied they might have something to tell about their fellow-townsmen, if I could only get them at it. The courteous offer of a newspaper by one of them afforded an opening, and I had soon revealed the object of my visit.

My communication appeared to affect the fox-hunter unfavorably, for he instantly bolted. The large man received it with impressive solemnity, and said nothing. But the other showed every sign of interest. He had not resided long enough in Edmonton to have seen Mr. Lamb (nor had any of them), but he knew all about him, and had heard a great many things related that he said and did.

"His favorite inn," said he, "was The Angel, but he used to come here and smoke his pipe and drink his half-and-half a great deal too, especially when bad weather made it convenient." He then went on to give a number of the incidents of Lamb's life at Edmonton, but nothing that was new, except it were some detail,—such, for example, as the *name* of that neighbor and literary admirer, who, when Lamb died, found that, owing to a bit of pleasantry on Talfourd's part, he had been saluting him almost daily on the street as "Mr. Fawkes," never once suspecting who he really was.

But while he added little to my previous stock, the fact that he drew his account from local tradition, and not from books (though he exhibited knowledge of Lamb's writings), gave it a freshness that answered very well for novelty.

Of all the stories he repeated, none seemed to have such relish to him as that concerning Christopher North's mistake about the order for beer at The Angel. Who Lamb's distinguished visitor had been, he could not say,—he was some Scotchman, he believed; but he roared with fun at the idea of his calling out, "Bring me one too!" under the circumstances.

Of Mary Lamb, he said that so long as she lived there she was in the habit of walking out a great deal, but that, as she was reported to be insane, the people never spoke to her, and the children were afraid of her. It was a pathetic item; for she must have perceived the avoidance, and understood the cause of it.

When I was ready to go, my entertainer spoke to his friend, who during the whole conversation had sat absorbing additional "quartens" in silence, and said with a good-natured air of authority, "Won't you walk with this gentleman as far as The Bell? Show him Mr. Lamb's house, and the Keats house,—and don't forget the place where Lamb got his fall;" all of which the large man, as good-naturedly undertook to do. I marveled, but accepted his services; yet with humility, for when he had resumed his hat and cane, he looked fairly majestic.

As soon as we were well out of earshot of the Rose and Crown, I indulged my Yankee passion and questioned him about his fellow-convivialists.

Respecting himself, I did not venture, by any method, to solicit information. He might have been a duke or a bishop, though, if the truth must be told, a little disguised on this occasion. But who was the fox-hunter? Sure enough, he *was* a fox-hunter, and of the wildest sort. He had run through a couple of estates, and led a tally-ho life generally, till now, at the age of seventy-two, he was pretty much decayed in fortune, and a little crazy withal. "Besides," he added, confidentially and with severe gravity, "he drinks; which is bad for him." The other—he with whom I had talked in the coffee-room—was a fixture of the inn in the capacity of uncle to the proprietor, and was locally renowned as a great reader.

The house where Charles Lamb died is a plain, two story, wooden building, set a few yards back from the street, with wide parlor windows reaching to the floor. It looked modest, and neat, and snug, and every way fit to have been his and Mary's home. Certain of its present tenants were so observant of my motions, and apparently so

mystified thereby, that having concluded not to go in, I cut my inspection short, though wishing to tarry.

Three or four doors beyond, on the same side of the street, is the house where John Keats once lived. It was the residence of his uncle, a physician, of whose family he was at that time a member, and with whom, I think it was said, he studied medicine awhile.

Just after we turned out of Church street into the main village thoroughfare, I was pointed to the exact spot on the left sidewalk where Lamb, returning from his daily ramble, stumbled against a stove and in falling received the slight injury that occasioned his death. Here, then, ended his last walk; and since it *was* the last, how fitting that it had been toward his beloved London.

The Angel seemed to be so bustling an establishment, that, judging it had no kindness for shadows or shadow hunters, I passed it by, and went on to the quieter Bell. I found that the antique work of art upon its front, herein before mentioned, was supplemented within by a large modern engraving of the same subject suspended over the bar, regarding which the bar-maid, noting my study of it, volunteered the testimony that it was "perfectly correct."

At this point, my august conductor, whose company, however valuable, had been somewhat embarrassing,—though he had more than once or twice told me that he never drank, *i.e.* anything to speak of,—till at and after dinner,—took leave of me; and, hailing a passing 'bus, I started back for London.

It had been a golden day—full of memorable impressions. As I reviewed it and reflected upon it, I felt almost as if I had seen Charles Lamb.

But my satisfaction was marred by one keen regret, viz., that it had not been my privilege to minister those repairs to the grave of our friend, to which I have referred. It might have been mine, and, as it was, I had missed it but narrowly. For the man in the church-yard told me that it was a pilgrim like me, the young editor of a provincial English newspaper (I did not learn his name, but I like the fellow and would not grudge him his great good fortune), who, moved by the sight of so unseemly a neglect, ordered him to do what he had done, and paid the cost—thirty shillings—out of his own, I dare say not over-full pocket. No doubt, if I had happened there at the same time, he would have let me, at least, share the

expense with him. Should I have thought of it otherwise? Possibly not; yet I think I should, especially as there was other work of the kind going on there to suggest it. Anyhow, no opportunity lost ever affected me with a sharper disappointment. I could not get over it, and cannot yet. What a luxury it would have been! What a lifelong comfort!

But still better things than my day in Edmonton afforded were in store.

A fortnight later I was in the closely packed compartment of a railway carriage, *en route* from Boulogne to Paris. In the midst of a very animated general conversation about the Chicago Fire, the news of which was not yet three days old, an elderly gentleman in the corner of the seat beside me,—or rather *behind* me, for we were so crowded that I was partly sitting upon him,—said to me,

"Was not Chicago one of your principal pork cities?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then," said he, "the fire probably roasted some pigs after what, according to Charles Lamb, was the original style."

Whereat I smiled, and presently offered—over my shoulder—some slight remark, I don't remember what, upon the "Roast Pig" essay, to which he assented, adding,

"But you would enjoy it much more if you had known Lamb himself."

"Did *you* know him?" I demanded.

"I did very well indeed: I was clerk in the same room in the India House with him for ten years," was his reply.

I held hard and restrained myself, for I did not want to scare the man; but after twisting my neck around to get a look at him, and seeing that he was a person of an altogether respectable appearance, I managed, with considerable difficulty, to turn myself so as at the same time to face him, and, in a manner, fence him off from the rest of the company. Thence all the way to Paris I had him to myself.

It soon transpired that his name was Ogilvie. He did not, at first, open up very freely; but by and by, under my stimulation, his memory began to warm and flow, and I was soon devouring a feast that the din of the Chicago talk around us had no power to disturb.

I was not a little amused to see that to Mr. Ogilvie's mind, a proper estimate of Charles Lamb should prominently include his capacity and character *as a clerk*. The very first observation he made was with

regard to his handwriting. This was entirely natural, for he (Ogilvie), as he told me, had,—a few years of school-teaching excepted,—never been anything but a clerk; and though he seemed a most worthy and sensible man, his genius had evidently not been so superior to his circumstances as was that of his "co-brother of the quill" under discussion.

Lamb's handwriting, he said, was for commercial purposes (alas!) faulty: he was neither a neat nor an accurate accountant; he made frequent errors, which he was in the habit of wiping out with his little finger. (All of which Mr. Ogilvie illustrated with a pencil on the margin of a newspaper.)

In fact, the testimony of my prize of a fellow-passenger on these points verified what is substantially confessed in "The Superannuated Man."

He further stated that for all Lamb so ruefully bewails, in his letter, the hardship of his India House task, he hardly ever used to do what could be called a full day's work: he very often came late (we know for certain he did once), and generally stood around and talked a good deal.

"However," remarked Mr. Ogilvie, making light of the matter, "they [the Directors, I suppose] didn't appear to care, for they all liked him."

These entertaining criticisms betrayed not the least particle of malice, for not only was it plain to see that the critic was a kindly soul, but his whole manner revealed an affectionateness toward Lamb's memory that quite won my heart.

All that he said about Lamb's personal appearance confirmed the received account; he never varied the style of his dress, but adhered fondly to bygone fashions, and used frequently to boast that his thin short legs had never worn trousers, or "crossed" a horse. Speaking of his dress, he related the following incident.

At the time George Dyer was fished out of New River in front of Lamb's house at Islington, after he was resuscitated, Mary brought him a suit of Charles's clothes to put on while his own were drying. Inasmuch as he was a giant of a man, and Lamb undersized; inasmuch, moreover, as Lamb's wardrobe afforded only knee breeches for the nether limbs (Dyer's were colossal), the spectacle he presented when the clothes were on—or as much on as they could be—was vastly ludicrous, and the total effect was immensely heightened by the circumstance that, owing to the quantity of strong drink

that had been administered to him, to which, being a teetotaler, he was unaccustomed, Dyer was in a state of wild inebriation.

The current portraits of Lamb, Mr. Ogilvie said, are all very unsatisfactory. The only one ever published that looked like him was prefixed to an early edition of one of his books. From the description he gave of it, I think, may be, it re-appears on the title-page of the late memoir by Barry Cornwall.

Upon the sweetness and happiness of Lamb's temper he dwelt at length. He was as full of mirth and play as a boy; his humor never flagged; he was always making fun of some sort. His stuttering helped his wit, and when he started to get off anything, the laugh would often begin before he had uttered a word. Jokes and jests, great and small, were his constant pastime, and every one around him came in for a share. "For instance," said Mr. Ogilvie, "when I first entered the India House and was introduced to him, he seized my hand, and exclaimed with an air, 'Ah, Lord Oglesby! Welcome, Lord Oglesby! Glad to see you! Proud of the honor!'—and he never called me anything else, and that got to be my name among the clerks, and is yet, when I meet any of the few that are left."

To sport with the *names* of his fellows, indeed, appeared to have been a characteristic amusement with him. Mr. Ogilvie gave these specimens.

There was a clerk named Wawd, distinguished for his stupidity, whom he hit off in this couplet:

"What Wawd knows, God knows;
But God knows *what* Wawd knows!"

Another named Dodwell he celebrated in a charade, of which the first two lines ran thus:

"My first is that which infants call their Maker,
My second is that which best is let alone——"

The rest of it referred to Dodwell's politics, and the point was not intelligible to me;—but that first line,—isn't it unmistakably genuine?

Other like quips were repeated, but none that I remember well enough to quote. They were generally founded on some personal peculiarity or foible, and though never harsh, might sometimes, I should judge, if coming from another source, have been a little trying.

Yet, in spite of his pleasantries of all sorts, his popularity with his fellow-clerks was unbounded. He allowed the same familiarity that he practiced, and they all called him "Charley."

As to his kindness and practical benevolence, Mr. Ogilvie declared that it could not be overstated. His sympathies were so easily won that he was often imposed upon, yet he never learned to be suspicious. He had been known to wear a coat six months longer, that he might spare a little money to some needy acquaintance. There was hardly ever a time when he did not have somebody living upon him. If he was freed from one client, another would soon arise to take his place. A poor literary aspirant, or vagabond, especially, he could not resist, and he regularly had one or more on his hands. He would even take them to his house, and let them stay there weeks and months together.

Everybody knew that it was for his sister's sake that he remained single; and it was commonly referred to as a sacrifice which would cost few men as much as it cost him, for he was, to a rare degree, by nature and disposition a man who would have liked to marry.

With Mary Lamb, Mr. Ogilvie had been quite well acquainted: he had often visited her and had been on several occasions, an evening guest at Colebrook Cottage in Islington.

He said that while she was a most amiable, sweet-tempered, womanly woman, she had great force of will, and remarkable power of personal influence. No one had such control over Charles as she had. She sometimes even commanded him, and he obeyed her. And it was evident that the sentiment with which he regarded her combined the traits of both fraternal and filial respect.

CAFÉ DES EXILÉS.

THAT which in 1835—I think he said thirty-five—was a reality in the rue Burgundy—I think he said Burgundy—is now but a reminiscence. Yet so vividly was its story told me, that at this moment the old Café des Exilés appears before my eye, floating in the clouds of reverie, and I doubt not I see it just as it was in the old times.

An antiquated story-and-a-half Creole cottage sitting right down on the banquette, as do the Choctaw squaws who sell bay and sassafras and life-everlasting, with a high, close board fence shutting out of view the diminutive garden on the southern side. An ancient willow droops over the roof of round tiles and partly hides the discolored stucco, which keeps dropping off into the garden as though the old café was stripping for the plunge into oblivion—disrobing for its execution. I see, well up in the angle of the broad side gable; shaded by its rude awning of clap-boards, as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hand, the window of Pauline. Oh, for the image of the maiden, were it but for one moment, leaning out of the casement to hang her mocking-bird and looking down into the garden,—where, above the barrier of old boards, I see the top of the fig-tree, the pale green clump of bananas, the tall palmetto with its jagged crown, Pauline's own two orange-trees holding up their hands toward the window, heavy with the promises of autumn; the broad, crimson mass of the many-stemmed oleander, and the crisp boughs of the pomegranate loaded with freckled apples, and with here and there a lingering scarlet blossom!

The Café des Exilés, to use a figure, flowered, bore fruit, and dropped it long ago—or rather Time and Fate, like some uncursed Adam and Eve, came side by side and cut away its clusters, as we sever the golden burden of the banana from its stem; then, like a banana which has borne its fruit, it was razed to the ground and made way for a newer, brighter growth. I believe it would set every tooth on edge should I go by there now—now that I have heard the story, and see the old site covered by the "Shoo-fly Coffee-house." Pleasanter far to close my eyes and call to view the unpretentious portals of the old café, with her children—for such those exiles seem to

me—dragging their rocking-chairs out, and sitting in their wonted group under the long, outreaching eaves which shaded the banquette of the rue Burgundy.

It was in 1835 that the Café des Exilés was, as one might say, in full blossom. Old M. D'Hemecourt, father of Pauline and host of the café, himself a refugee from San Domingo, was the cause—at least the human cause—of its opening. As its white-curtained, glazed doors expanded, emitting a little puff of his own cigarette smoke, it was like the bursting of catalpa blossoms, and the exiles came like bees, pushing into the tiny room to sip its rich variety of tropical syrups, its lemonades, its orangeades, its orgeats, its barley-waters and its outlandish wines, while they talked of dear home—that is to say, of Barbadoes, of Martinique, of San Domingo, and of Cuba.

There were Pedro and Benigno, and Fernandez and Francisco, and Benito. Benito was a tall, swarthy man, with immense gray moustachios, and hair as harsh as tropical grass and gray as ashes. When he could spare his cigarette from his lips, he would tell you in a cavernous voice, and with a wrinkled smile, that he was "a-t-thorty-seveng."

There was Martinez of San Domingo, yellow as a canary, always sitting with one leg curled under him, and holding the back of his head in his knitted fingers against the back of his rocking-chair. Father, mother, brother, sisters, all, had been massacred in the struggle of '21 and '22; he alone was left to tell the tale, and told it often, with that strange, infantile insensibility to the solemnity of his bereavement so peculiar to Latin people.

But, besides these, and many who need no mention, there were two in particular, around whom all the story of the Café des Exilés, of old M. D'Hemecourt and of Pauline, turns as on a double center. First, Manuel Mazaro, whose small, restless eyes were as black and bright as those of a mouse; whose light talk became his dark girlish face, and whose redundant locks curled so prettily and so wonderfully black under the fine white brim of his jaunty Panama. He had the hands of a woman, save that the nails were stained with the smoke of cigarettes. He could play the guitar delightfully, and wore his knife down behind his coat collar.

The second was "Major" Galahad Shaughnessy. I imagine I can see him, in his white duck, brass-buttoned roundabout, with his saberless belt peeping out beneath, all his boyishness in his sea-blue eyes, leaning lightly against the door-post of the Café des Exilés as a child leans against his mother, running his fingers over a basketful of fragrant limes, and watching his chance to strike some solemn Creole under the fifth rib with a good old Irish joke.

Old D'Hemecourt drew him close to his bosom. The Spanish Creoles were, as the old man termed it, both cold and hot, but never warm. Major Shaughnessy was warm, and it was no uncommon thing to find those two apart from the others, talking in an undertone, and playing at *confidantes* like two school girls. The kind old man was at this time drifting close up to his sixtieth year. There was much he could tell of San Domingo, whither he had been carried from Martinique in his childhood, whence he had become a refugee to Cuba, and thence to New Orleans in the flight of 1809.

It fell one day to Manuel Mazaro's lot to discover that to Galahad Shaughnessy only, of all the children of the Café des Exilés, the good host spoke long and confidentially concerning his daughter. The words, half heard and magnified like objects seen in a fog, meaning Manuel Mazaro knew not what, but made portentous by his suspicious nature, were but the old man's recital of the grinding he had got between the millstones of his poverty and his pride, in trying so long to sustain, for little Pauline's sake, that attitude before society which earns respect from a surface-viewing world. While he was telling this, Manuel Mazaro drew near; the old man paused in an embarrassed way; the major, sitting sidewise in his chair, lifted his cheek from its resting place on his elbow; and Mazaro, after standing an awkward moment, turned away with such an inward feeling as one may guess would arise in a heart full of Cuban blood, not unmixed with Indian.

As he moved off, M. D'Hemecourt resumed: that in a last extremity he had opened, partly from dire want, partly for very love to homeless souls, the Café des Exilés. He had hoped that, as strong drink and high words were to be alike unknown to it, it might not prejudice sensible people; but it had. He had no doubt they said among themselves, "she is an excellent and beautiful girl and deserving

all respect," but their respects they never came to pay.

"A café is a café," said the old gentleman. "It is nod possib' to ezcape him, alldough de Café des Exilés is differen' from de rez."

"It's different from the Café des Réfugiés," suggested the Irishman.

"Differen' as possib'," replied M. D'Hemecourt. He looked about upon the walls. The shelves were luscious with ranks of cooling syrups which he alone knew how to make. The expression of his face changed from sadness to a gentle pride, which spoke without words, saying—and let our story pause a moment to hear it say:

"If any poor exile, from any island where guavas or mangoes or plantains grow, wants a draught which will make him see his home among the cocoa-palms, behold the Café des Exilés ready to take the poor child up and give him the breast! And if gold or silver he has them not, why Heaven and Santa Maria, and Saint Christopher bless him! It makes no difference. Here is a rocking-chair, here a cigarette, and here a light from the host's own tinder. He will pay when he can."

As this easily pardoned pride said, so it often occurred; and if the newly come exile said his father was a Spaniard—"Come!" old M. D'Hemecourt would cry; "another glass; it is an innocent drink; my mother was a Castilian." But, if the exile said his mother was a Frenchwoman, the glasses would be forthcoming all the same, for "My father," the old man would say, "was a Frenchman of Martinique, with blood as pure as that wine and a heart as sweet as this honey; come, a glass of orgeat;" and he would bring it himself in a quart tumbler.

Now, there are jealousies and jealousies. There are people who rise up quickly and kill, and there are others who turn their hot thoughts over silently in their minds as a brooding bird turns her eggs in the nest. Thus did Manuel Mazaro, and took it ill that Galahad should see a vision in the temple while he and all the brethren tarried without. Pauline had been to the Café des Exilés in some degree what the image of the Virgin was to their churches at home; and for her father to whisper her name to one and not to another was, it seemed to Mazaro, as if the old man, were he a sacristan, should say to some single worshiper, "Here, you may have this madonna; I make it a present to you." Or, if such was not the handsome young Cuban's feeling, such, at

least, was the disguise his jealousy put on. If Pauline was to be handed down from her niche, why, then, farewell Café des Exilés. She was its preserving influence, she made the place holy; she was the burning candles on the altar. Surely the reader will pardon the pen that lingers in the mention of her.

And yet I know not how to describe the forbearing, unspoken tenderness with which all these exiles regarded the maiden. In the balmy afternoons, as I have said, they gathered about their mother's knee, that is to say, upon the banquette outside the door. There, lolling back in their rocking-chairs, they would pass the evening hours with oft-repeated tales of home; and the moon would come out and glide among the clouds like a silver barge among islands wrapped in mist, and they loved the silently gliding orb with a sort of worship, because from her soaring height she looked down at the same moment upon them and upon their homes in the far Antilles. It was somewhat thus that they looked upon Pauline as she seemed to them held up half way to heaven, they knew not how. Ah! those who have been pilgrims; who have wandered out beyond harbor and light; whom fate hath led in lonely paths strewn with thorns and briers not of their own sowing; who, homeless in a land of homes, see windows gleaming and doors ajar, but not for them,—it is they who well understand what the worship is that cries to any daughter of our dear mother Eve whose footsteps chance may draw across the path, the silent, beseeching cry, "Stay a little instant that I may look upon you. O, woman, beautifier of the earth! Stay till I recall the face of my sister; stay yet a moment while I look from afar, with helpless-hanging hands, upon the softness of thy cheek, upon the folded coils of thy shining hair; and my spirit shall fall down and say those prayers which I may never again—God knoweth—say at home."

She was seldom seen; but sometimes, when the lounging exiles would be sitting in their afternoon circle under the eaves, and some old man would tell his tale of fire and blood and capture and escape, and the heads would lean forward from the chair-backs and a great stillness would follow the ending of the story, old M. D'Hemecourt would all at once speak up and say, laying his hands upon the narrator's knee, "Comrade, your throat is dry, here are fresh limes; let my dear child herself come and mix you a lemonade." Then the neighbors, sitting about their doors, would by and by softly

say, "See, see! there is Pauline!" and all the exiles would rise from their rocking-chairs, take off their hats and stand as men stand in church, while Pauline came out like the moon from a cloud, descended the three steps of the café door, and stood with waiter and glass, like Rebecca with her pitcher, before the swarthy wanderer.

What tales that would have been tear-compelling, nay, heart-rending, had they not been palpable inventions, the pretty, womanish Mazaro from time to time poured forth, in the ever ungratified hope that the goddess might come down with a draught of nectar for him, it profiteth not to recount; but I should fail to show a family feature of the Café des Exilés did I omit to say that these make-believe adventures were heard with every mark of respect and credence; while, on the other hand, they were never attempted in the presence of the Irishman. He would have moved an eyebrow, or made some barely audible sound, or dropped some seemingly innocent word, and the whole company, spite of themselves, would have smiled. Wherefore, it may be doubted whether at any time the curly-haired young Cuban had that playful affection for his Celtic comrade, which a habit of giving little velvet taps to Galahad's cheek made a show of.

Such was the Café des Exilés, such its inmates, such its guests, when certain apparently trivial events began to fall around it like germs of blight upon corn, and to bring about that end which cometh to all things.

The little seed of jealousy dropped into the heart of Manuel Mazaro we have already taken into account. Galahad Shaughnessy began to be specially active in organizing a society of Spanish Americans, the design of which, as set forth in its manuscript constitution, was to provide proper funeral honors to such of their membership as might be overtaken by death; and, whenever it was practicable, to send their ashes to their native land. Next to Galahad in this movement was an elegant old Mexican physician, Dr. —, —his name escapes me—whom the Café des Exilés sometimes took upon her lap—that is to say door-step—but whose favorite resort was the old Café des Réfugiés in the rue Royale (Royal street, as it was beginning to be called). Manuel Mazaro was made secretary.

It was for some reason thought judicious for the society to hold its meetings in various places, now here, now there; but the most frequent rendezvous was the Café des Exilés; it was quiet; those Spanish Creoles,

however they may afterward cackle, like to lay their plans noiselessly, like a hen in a barn. There was a very general confidence in this old institution, a kind of inward assurance that "mother wouldn't tell;" though, after all, there could not be any great secrets connected with a mere burial society.

Before the hour of meeting, the Café des Exilés always sent away her children and closed her door. Presently they would commence returning, one by one, as a flock of wild fowl will do, that has been startled up from its accustomed haunt. Frequenters of the Café des Réfugiés also would appear. A small gate in the close garden fence let them into a room behind the café proper, and by and by the apartment would be full of dark-visaged men conversing in the low, courteous tone common to their race. The shutters of doors and windows were closed and the chinks stopped with cotton; those people are so jealous of observation.

On a certain night after one of these meetings had dispersed in its peculiar way, the members retiring two by two at intervals, Manuel Mazaro and M. D'Hemecourt were left alone, sitting close together in the dimly lighted room, the former speaking, the other, with no pleasant countenance, attending. It seemed to the young Cuban a proper precaution—he was made of precautions—to speak in English. His voice was barely audible.

"— sayce to me, 'Manuel, she t-theeng I want-n to marry hore.' Señor, you shouth 'ave see' him laugh!"

M. D'Hemecourt lifted up his head, and laid his hand upon the young man's arm.

"Manuel Mazaro," he began, "iv dad w'ad you say is nod —"

The Cuban interrupted.

"If is no' t-thrue you will keel Manuel Mazaro?—a' r-r-right-a!"

"No," said the tender old man, "no, bud h-I am positeef dad de Madjor will shood you."

Mazaro nodded, and lifted one finger for attention.

"— sayce to me, 'Manuel, you goin' tell-a Señor D'Hemecourt I fin'-a you some night' an' cut-a you' heart ou'.' An I sayce to heem-a, 'boat-a if Señor D'Hemecourt he fin'-in' ou' frone Pauline —"

"Silence!" fiercely cried the old man. "My God! 'Sieur Mazaro, neider you, neider somebody helse s'all h-use de nem of me daughter. It is nod possib' dad you s'all spick him! I cannot pearmid thad."

While the old man was speaking these vehement words, the Cuban was emphatically nodding approval.

"Co-rect-a, co-rect-a, Señor," he replied. "Señor, you' r-r-right-a; escuse-a me, Señor, escuse-a me. Señor D'Hemecourt, Mayor Shaughness', when he talkin' wi' me he usin' hore-a name o the t-thime-a!"

"My fren'," said M. D'Hemecourt, rising and speaking with labored control, "I muz tell you good nighd. You 'ave sooprise me a verry gred deal. I s'all *investigade* doze ting; an', Manuel Mazaro, h-I am a hole man; bud I will requez you, iv dad wad you say is nod de true, my God! not to h-ever rittun again ad de Café des Exilés."

Mazaro smiled and nodded. His host opened the door into the garden, and, as the young man stepped out, noticed even then how handsome was his face and figure. The odor of the night jessamine filled the air with an almost insupportable sweetness. The Cuban paused a moment, as if to speak, but checked himself, lifted his girlish face, and looked up to where the daggers of the palmetto tree were crossed upon the face of the moon, dropped his glance, touched his Panama, and silently followed by the bare-headed old man, drew open the little garden gate, looked cautiously out, said good-night, and stepped into the street.

As M. D'Hemecourt returned to the door through which he had come, he uttered an ejaculation of astonishment. Pauline stood before him. She spoke hurriedly in French.

"Papa, papa, it is not true."

"No, my child," he responded, "I am sure it is not true; I am sure it is all false; but why do I find you out of bed so late, little bird? The night is nearly gone."

He laid his hand upon her cheek.

"Ah, papa, I cannot deceive you. I thought Manuel would tell you something of this kind, and I listened."

The father's face immediately betrayed a new and deeper distress.

"Pauline, my child," he said with tremulous voice, "if Manuel's story is all false, in the name of Heaven how could you think he was going to tell it?"

He unconsciously clasped his hands. The good child had one trait which she could not have inherited from her father; she was quick-witted and discerning; yet now she stood confounded.

"Speak, my child," cried the alarmed old man; "speak! let me live, and not die."

"Oh, papa," she cried, "I do not know!"

The old man groaned.

"Papa, papa," she cried again, "I felt it; I know not how; something told me."

"Alas!" exclaimed the old man, "it was your conscience!"

"No, no, no, papa," cried Pauline, "but I was afraid of Manuel Mazaro, and I think he hates him—and I think he will hurt him in any way he can—and I *know* he will even try to kill him. Oh! my God!"

She struck her hands together above her head, and burst into a flood of tears. Her father looked upon her with such sad sternness as his tender nature was capable of. He laid hold of one of her arms to draw a hand from the face whither both hands had gone.

"You know something else," he said; "you know that the Major loves you, or you think so; is it not true?"

She dropped both hands, and, lifting her streaming eyes that had nothing to hide straight to his, suddenly said:

"I would give worlds to think so!" and sunk upon the floor.

He was melted and convinced in one instant.

"O, my child, my child," he cried, trying to lift her. "O, my poor little Pauline, your papa is not angry. Rise, my little one; so; kiss me; Heaven bless thee! Pauline, treasure, what shall I do with thee? Where shall I hide thee?"

"You have my counsel already, papa."

"Yes, my child, and you were right. The Café des Exilés never should have been opened. It is no place for you; no place at all."

"Let us leave it," said Pauline.

"Ah! Pauline, I would close it to-morrow if I could, but now it is too late; I cannot."

"Why?" asked Pauline pleadingly.

She had cast an arm about his neck. Her tears sparkled with a smile.

"My daughter, I cannot tell you; you must go now to bed; good-night—or good-morning; God keep you!"

"Well, then, papa," she said, "have no fear; you need not hide me; I have my prayer-book, and my altar, and my garden, and my window; my garden is my fenced city, and my window my watch-tower; do you see?"

"Ah! Pauline," responded the father, "I have been letting the enemy in and out at pleasure."

"Good-night," she answered, and kissed him three times on either cheek; "the blessed Virgin will take care of us; good-

night; *he* never said those things; not he; good-night."

The next evening Galahad Shaughnessy and Manuel Mazaro met at that "very different" place, the Café des Réfugiés. There was much free talk going on about Texan annexation, about chances of war with Mexico, about San Domingan affairs, about Cuba and many *et-cæteras*. Galahad was in his usual gay mood. He strode about among a mixed company of Louisianais, Cubans, and Américains, keeping them in a great laugh with his account of one of Ole Bull's concerts, and how he had there extorted an invitation from M. and Mme. Devoti to attend one of their famous children's fancy dress balls.

"Halloo!" said he as Mazaro approached, "heer's the etheerial Angelica herself. Look out heer, sissy, why ar'n't ye in the maternal arms of the Café des Exilés?"

Mazaro smiled amiably and sat down. A moment after, the Irishman, stepping away from his companions, stood before the young Cuban, and asked, with a quiet business air:

"D'ye want to see me, Mazaro?"

The Cuban nodded, and they went aside. Mazaro, in a few quick words, looking at his pretty foot the while, told the other on no account to go near the Café des Exilés, as there were two men hanging about there, evidently watching for him, and —

"Wut's the use o' that?" asked Galahad; "I say, wut's the use o' that?"

Major Shaughnessy's habit of repeating part of his words arose from another, of interrupting any person who might be speaking.

"They must know—I say they must know that whenever I'm nowhurs else I'm heer. What do they want?"

Mazaro made a gesture, signifying caution and secrecy, and smiled, as if to say "you ought to know."

"Aha!" said the Irishman softly. "Why don't they come here?"

"Z-afrai," said Mazaro; "d'they frai' to do an'teen een d-these-a crowth."

"That's so," said the Irishman; "I say, that's so. If I don't feel very much like go-un, I'll not go; I say, I'll not go. We've no business to-night, eh, Mazaro?"

"No, Señor."

A second evening was much the same, Mazaro repeating his warning. But when, on the third evening, the Irishman again repeated his willingness to stay away from the Café des Exilés unless he should feel strongly impelled to go, it was with the

mental reservation that he did feel very much in that humor, and, unknown to Mazaro, should thither repair, if only to see whether some of those deep old fellows were not contriving a practical joke.

"Mazaro," said he, "I want ye to wait heer till I come back. I say I want ye to wait heer till I come back; I'll be gone about three-quarters of an hour."

Mazaro assented. He saw with satisfaction the Irishman start in a direction opposite that in which lay the Café des Exilés, tarried fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, thinking he could step around to the Café des Exilés and return before the expiration of the allotted time, hurried out.

Meanwhile the Café des Exilés sat in the moonlight with her children about her feet. The company outside the door was somewhat thinner than common. M. D'Hemecourt was not among them, but was sitting in the room behind the café. The long table which the burial society used at their meetings extended across the apartment, and a lamp had been placed upon it. M. D'Hemecourt sat by the lamp. Opposite him was a chair, which seemed awaiting an expected occupant. Beside the old man sat Pauline. They were talking in cautious undertones, and in French.

"No," she seemed to insist; "we do not know that he refuses to come. We only know that Manuel says so."

The father shook his head sadly. "When has he ever stayed away three nights together before?" he asked. "No, my child; it is intentional. Manuel urges him to come, but he only sends poor excuses."

"But," said the girl, shading her face from the lamp and speaking with some suddenness, "why have you not sent word to him by some other person?"

M. D'Hemecourt looked up at his daughter a moment, and then smiled at his own simplicity.

"Ah!" he said. "Certainly; and that is what I will—run, Pauline. There is Manuel, now, ahead of time!"

A step was heard inside the café. The maiden, though she knew the step was not Mazaro's, rose hastily, opened the nearest door, and disappeared. She had barely closed it behind her when Galahad Shaughnessy entered the apartment.

M. D'Hemecourt rose up, both surprised and confused.

"Good-evening, Munsher D'Himecourt," said the Irishman. "Munsher D'Himecourt, I know it's against rules—I say I

know it's against rules to come in here, but—" smiling, "I want to have a private wurd with ye. I say, I want to have a private wurd with ye."

In the closet of bottles the maiden smiled triumphantly. She also wiped the dew from her forehead, for the place was very close and warm.

With her father was no triumph. In him sadness and doubt were so mingled with anger that he dared not lift his eyes, but gazed at a knot in the wood of the table, which looked like a caterpillar curled up. Mazaro, he concluded, had really asked the Major to come.

"Mazaro tol' you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the Irishman. "Mazaro told me I was watched, and asked—"

"Madjor," unluckily interrupted the old man, suddenly looking up and speaking with subdued fervor. "For w'y—iv Mazaro tol' you—for w'y you din come more sooner? Dad is one 'eavy charge again' you."

"Didn't Mazaro tell ye why I didn't come?" asked the other, beginning to be puzzled at his host's meaning.

"Yez," replied M. D'Hemecourt, "bud one brev zhenteman should not be afraid of—"

The young man stopped him with a quiet laugh.

"Munsher D'Himecourt," said he, "I'm nor afraid of any two men living—I say I'm nor afraid of any two men living, and certainly not of the two that's bean a-watchin' me lately."

M. D'Hemecourt flushed in a way quite incomprehensible to the speaker, but he continued:

"It was the charges," he said, with some slyness in his smile. "They're heavy, as ye say, and that's the very reason—I say that's the very reason why I stayed away, ye see, eh? I say that's the very reason I stayed away."

Then, indeed, there was a dew for the maiden to wipe from her brow. The old man was agitated.

"Bud, sir," he began, shaking his head and lifting his hand:

"Bless yer soul, Munsher D'Himecourt," interrupted the Irishman. "Wut's the use o' grapplin' two cut-throats, when—"

"Madjor Shaughnessy!" cried M. D'Hemecourt, losing all self-control. "H-I am nod a cud-troad, Madjor Shaughnessy, h-an I 'ave a r-r-ighd to wadge you."

The Major rose from his chair.

"What d'ye mean?" he asked vacantly,

and then: "Look-ut here, Munsher D'Himecourt, one of uz is crazy. I say 'one—"

"No, sar-r-r!" cried the other, rising and clenching his trembling fist. "H-I am nod crazy. I 'ave de righd to wadge dad man wad mague rim-ark about me dotter."

"I never did no such a thing."

"You did."

"I never did no such a thing."

"Bud you 'ave jus hacknowledge'."

"I never did no such a *thing*, I tell ye, and the man that's told ye so is a liur."

"Ah-h-h-h!" said the old man, wagging his finger. "Ah-h-h-h! You call Manuel Mazaro one liar?"

The Irishman laughed out.

"Well, I should say so!"

He motioned the old man into his chair, and both sat down again.

"Why, Munsher D'Himecourt, Mazaro's been keepin' me away from heer with a yarn about two Spaniards watchin' for me. That's what I came in to ask ye about. My dear sur, do ye 'spose I wud talk about the goddess—I mean, yer daughter—to the likes o' Mazaro—I say to the likes o' Mazaro?"

To say the old man was at sea would be too feeble an expression—he was in the trough of the sea, with a hurricane of doubts and fears whirling around him. Somebody had told a lie, and he, having struck upon its sunken surface, was dazed and stunned. He opened his lips to say he knew not what, when his ear caught the voice of Manuel Mazaro, replying to the greeting of some of his comrades outside the front door.

"He is comin'!" cried the old man.

"Mague you'sev hide, Madjor; do not led 'im kedje you, Mon Dieu!"

The Irishman smiled.

"The little yellow wretch!" said he quietly, his blue eyes dancing. "I'm goin' to catch him."

A certain hidden hearer instantly made up her mind to rush out between the two young men and be a heroine.

"*Non, non!*" exclaimed M. D'Himecourt excitedly. "Nod in de Café des Exilés—nod now, Madjor. Go in dad door, hif you pliz, Madjor. You will heer 'im w'at he 'ave to say. Mague you'sev de troubl'. Nod dad door—diz one."

The Major laughed again and started toward the door indicated, but in an instant stopped.

"I can't go in theyre," he said. "That's yer daughter's room."

"*Oui, oui, mais!*" cried the other softly, but Mazaro's step was near.

"I'll just slip in heer," said the amused Shaughnessy, tripped lightly to the closet door, drew it open in spite of a momentary resistance from within which he had no time to notice, stepped into a small recess full of shelves and bottles, shut the door, and stood face to face—the broad moonlight shining upon her through a small, high-grated opening on one side—with Pauline. At the same instant the voice of the young Cuban sounded in the room.

Pauline was in a great tremor. She made as if she would have opened the door and fled, but the Irishman gave a gesture of earnest protest and re-assurance. The re-opened door might make the back parlor of the Café des Exilés a scene of blood. Thinking of this, what could she do? She stayed.

"You goth a heap-a thro-vle, Señor," said Manuel Mazaro, taking the seat so lately vacated. He had patted M. D'Himecourt tenderly on the back and the old gentleman had flinched; hence the remark, to which there was no reply.

"Was a bee crowth a' the *Café the Réfugiés*," continued the young man.

"Bud, w'ere dad Madjor Shaughnessy?" demanded M. D'Himecourt, with the little sternness he could command.

"Mayor Shaughness'—yez-a; was there; boat-a," with a disparaging smile and shake of the head, "*he* woon-a come-a to you, Señor, oh! no."

The old man smiled bitterly.

"*Non!*" he asked.

"Oh, no, Señor!" Mazaro drew his chair closer. "Señor;" he paused,—"*eez* a-vary bath-a fore-a you thaughter, eh?"

"W'at?" asked the host, snapping like a tormented dog.

"D-theze talkin' 'bou'," answered the young man; "d-theze coffee-howces noth a goo' plaze-a fore hore, eh?"

The Irishman and the maiden looked into each other's eyes an instant, as people will do when listening; but Pauline's immediately fell, and when Mazaro's words were understood, her blushes became visible even by moonlight.

"He's r-right!" emphatically whispered Galahad.

She attempted to draw back a step, but found herself against the shelves. M. D'Himecourt had not answered. Mazaro spoke again.

"Boat-a you canno' help-a, eh? I know, 'out-a she gettin' marry, eh?"

Pauline trembled. Her father summoned

all his force and rose as if to ask his questioner to leave him; but the handsome Cuban motioned him down with a gesture that seemed to beg for only a moment more.

"Señor, if a-was one man whath lo-va you' thaughter, all is possiblee to lo-va."

Pauline, nervously braiding some bits of wire which she had unconsciously taken from a shelf, glanced up—against her will, of course—into the eyes of Galahad. They were looking so steadily down upon her that with a great leap of the heart for joy she closed her own and half turned away. But Mazaro had not ceased.

"All is possiblee to lo-va, Señor, you shouth-a let marry hore an' tak'n' way frone d'these plaze, Señor."

"Manuel Mazaro," said M. D'Hemecourt, again rising, "you 'ave say enough."

"No, no, Señor; no, no; I want tell-a you—is a-one man—*whath lo-va* you' thaughter; an' I *knowce* him!"

Was there no cause for quarrel, after all? Could it be that Mazaro was about to speak for Galahad? The old man asked in his simplicity:

"Madjor Shaughnessy?"

Mazaro smiled mockingly.

"Mayor Shaughness'," he said; "oh, no; not Mayor Shaughnessy!"

Pauline could stay no longer; escape she must, though it be in Manuel Mazaro's very face. Turning again and looking up into Galahad's face in a great fright, she opened her lips to speak, but—

"Mayor Shaughnessy;" continued the Cuban; "*he nev'r-a lo-va you' thaughter.*"

Galahad was putting the maiden back with his hand.

"Pauline," he said, "it's a lie!"

"An', Señor," pursued the Cuban, "if a was possiblee you' thaughter to lo-va heem, a wouth-a be worse-a kine in wort; but, Señor, I —"

M. D'Hemecourt made a majestic sign for silence. He had resumed his chair, but he rose up once more, took the Cuban's hat from the table and tendered it to him.

"Manuel Mazaro, you 'ave —"

"Señor, I goin' tell you —"

"Manuel Mazaro, you —"

"Boat-a, Señor —"

"Bud, Manuel Maz —"

"Señor, escuse-a me —"

"Huzh!" cried the old man. "Manuel Mazaro, you 'ave desceive' me! You 'ave *moque* me, Manu —"

"Señor," cried Mazaro, "I swear-a to you that all-a what I sayin' ees-a —"

He stopped aghast. Galahad and Pauline stood before him, side by side.

"Is what?" asked the blue-eyed man, with a look of quiet delight on his face, such as Mazaro instantly remembered to have seen on it one night when Galahad was being shot at in the Sucking Calf Restaurant in St. Peter street.

The table was between them, but Mazaro's hand went upward toward the back of his coat collar.

"Ah, ah!" cried the Irishman, shaking his head with a broader smile and thrusting his hand threateningly into his breast; "don't ye do that! just finish yer speech."

"Was-a notthin'," said the Cuban, trying to smile back.

"Yer a liur," said Galahad.

"No," said Mazaro, still endeavoring to smile through his agony; "z-was on'y tellin' Señor D'Hemecourt someteen z-was t-thrue."

"And I tell ye," said Galahad, "ye'r a liur, and to be so kind an' get yersel' to the front stoop, as I'm desiruz o' kickin' ye before the crowd."

"Madjor!" cried D'Hemecourt—

"Go," said Galahad, advancing a step toward the Cuban.

Had Manuel Mazaro wished to personate the prince of darkness, his beautiful face had just the expression for it. He slowly turned, opened the door into the café, sent one glowing look behind and disappeared.

Pauline laid her hand upon her lover's arm.

"Madjor," began her father.

"Oh, Madjor and Madjor," said the Irishman, "Munsher D'Himecourt, just say 'Madjor, heer's a gude wife fur ye,' and I'll let the little serpent go."

Thereupon, sure enough, both M. D'Hemecourt and his daughter, rushing together, did what I have been hoping all along, for the reader's sake, they would have dispensed with; they burst into tears; whereupon the Major, with his Irish appreciation of the ludicrous, turned away to hide his smirk and began good-humoredly to scratch himself first in one place and then in another.

Mazaro passed silently through the group about the door-steps, and not many minutes afterward, Galahad Shaughnessy, having taken a place among the exiles, rose, with the remark, that the old gentleman would doubtless be willing to tell them good-night. Good-night was accordingly said, the Café des Exilés closed her windows, then her doors, winked a moment or two through

the cracks in the shutters and then went fast asleep.

The Mexican physician, at Galahad's request, told Mazaro that at the next meeting of the burial society, he might and must occupy his accustomed seat without fear of molestation; and he did so.

The meeting took place some seven days after the affair in the back parlor, and on the same ground. Business being finished, Galahad, who presided, stood up, looking, in his white duck suit among his darkly clad companions, like a white sheep among black ones, and begged leave to order "dasses" from the front room. I say among black sheep; yet, I suppose, than that double row of languid, effeminate faces, one would have been taxed to find a more harmless-looking company. The glasses were brought and filled.

"Gentlemen," said Galahad, "comrades, this may be the last time we ever meet together an unbroken body."

Martinez of San Domingo, he of the horrible experience, nodded with a lurking smile, curled a leg under him and clasped his fingers behind his head.

"Who knows," continued the speaker, "but Señor Benito, though strong and sound and har'ly thirty-seven"—here all smiled—"may be taken ill to-morrow?"

Martinez smiled across to the tall, gray Benito on Galahad's left, and he, in turn, smilingly showed to the company a thin, white line of teeth between his moustachios like distant reefs when the sunlight strikes them from between gray clouds.

"Who knows," the young Irishman proceeded to inquire, "I say, who knows but Pedro, theyre, may be struck wid a fever?"

Pedro, a short, compact man of thoroughly mixed blood, and with an eyebrow cut away, whose surname no one knew, smiled his acknowledgments.

"Who knows?" resumed Galahad, when those who understood English had explained in Spanish to those who did not, "but they may soon need the services not only of our good doctor heer, but of our society; and that Fernandez and Benigno, and Gonzalez and Dominguez, may not be chosen to see, on that very schooner lying at the Picayune Tier just now, their beloved remains and so forth safely delivered into the hands and lands of their people. I say, who knows but it may be so?"

The company bowed graciously as who should say, "well-turned phrases, Señor—well-turned."

"And *amigos*, if so be that such is their appro-oching fate, I will say:"

He lifted his glass, and the rest did the same.

"I say, I will say to them, Creoles, countrymen, and lovers, boun voyage an' good luck to ye's."

For several moments there was much translating, bowing, and murmured acknowledgments; Mazaro said: "*Bueno!*" and all around among the long double rank of moustachioed lips amiable teeth were gleaming, some white, some brown, some yellow, like bones in the grass.

"And now, gentlemen," Galahad recommenced, "fellow-exiles, once more. Munsher D'Himecourt, it was yer practice, until lately, to reward a good talker with a dlass from the hands o' yer daughter." (*Si, si!*) "I'm bur a poor speaker." (*Si, si, Señor, s-a-fine-a kin'-a can be; si!*) "However, I'll ask ye, not knowun bur it may be the last time we all meet together, if ye will not let the goddess of the Café des Exilés grace our company with her presence for just about one minute?" (*Yez-a, Señor; si; yez-a; oui.*)

Every head was turned toward the old man, nodding the echoed request.

"Ye see, friends," said Galahad in a true Irish whisper, as M. D'Hemecourt left the apartment, "her posection has been a-growin' more and more embarrassin' daily, and the operaytions of our society were likely to make it worse in the future; wherefore I have lately taken steps—I say I tuke steps this morn to relieve the old gentleman's distresses and his daughter's—"

He paused. M. D'Hemecourt entered with Pauline, and the exiles all rose up. Ah!—but why say again she was lovely?

Galahad stepped forward to meet her, took her hand, led her to the head of the board, and turning to the company, said:

"Friends and fellow-patriots, Misthress Shaughnessy."

There was no outburst of astonishment—only the same old bowing, smiling, and murmuring of compliment. Galahad turned with a puzzled look to M. D'Hemecourt, and guessed the truth. In the joy of an old man's heart he had already that afternoon told the truth to each and every man separately, as a secret too deep for them to reveal, but too sweet for him to keep. They were man and wife.

The last laugh that was ever heard in the Café des Exilés sounded softly through the room.

"Lads," said the Irishman. "Fill yer dlasses. Here's to the Café des Exilés, God bless her!"

And the meeting slowly adjourned.

Two days later, signs and rumors of sickness began to find place about the Café des Réfugiés, and the Mexican physician made three calls in one day. It was said by the people around that the tall Cuban gentleman named Benito was very sick in one of the back rooms. A similar frequency of the same physician's calls was noticed about the Café des Exilés.

"The man with one eyebrow," said the neighbors, "is sick. Pauline left the house yesterday to make room for him."

"Ah! is it possible?"

"Yes, it is really true; she and her husband. She took her mocking-bird with her; he carried it; he came back alone."

On the next afternoon the children about the Café des Réfugiés enjoyed the spectacle of the invalid Cuban moved on a trestle to the Café des Exilés, although he did not look so deathly sick as they could have liked to see him, and on the fourth morning the doors of the Café des Exilés remained closed. A black-bordered funeral notice, veiled with crape, announced that the great Caller-home of exiles had served his summons upon Don Pedro Hernandez (surname borrowed for the occasion), and Don Carlos Mendez y Benito.

The hour for the funeral was fixed at four P. M. It never took place. Down at the Picayune Tier on the river bank there was, about two o'clock, a slight commotion, and those who stood aimlessly about a small, neat schooner, said she was "seized." At four there suddenly appeared before the Café des Exilés a squad of men with silver crescents on their breasts—police officers. The old cottage sat silent with closed doors, the crape hanging heavily over the funeral notice like a widow's veil, the little unseen garden sending up odors from its hidden censers, and the old weeping-willow bending over all.

"Nobody here?" asks the leader.

The crowd which has gathered stares without answering.

As quietly and peaceably as possible the officers pry open the door. They enter, and the crowd pushes in after. There are the two coffins, looking very heavy and solid, lying in state, but unguarded.

The crowd draws a breath of astonishment. "Are they going to wrench the tops off with hatchet and chisel?"

Rap, rap, rap; wrench, rap, wrench. Ah! the cases come open.

"Well kept?" asks the leader flippantly.

"Oh, yes," is the reply. And then all laugh.

One of the lookers-on pushes up and gets a glimpse within.

"What is it?" ask the other idlers.

He tells one quietly.

"What did he say?" ask the rest, one of another.

"He says they are not dead men, but new muskets—"

"Here, clear out!" cries an officer, and the loiterers go.

The exiles? What became of them, do you ask? Why, nothing; they were not troubled. Said a Chief-of-Police to Major Shaughnessy years afterward:

"Major, there was only one thing that kept your expedition from succeeding—you were too sly about it. Had you come out flat and said what you were doing, we'd never a-said a word to you. But that little fellow gave us the wink, and then we had to stop you."

And was no one punished? Alas! there was one. Poor, pretty, curly-headed, traitorous Mazaro! He was drawn out of Carondelet Canal—cold, dead! And when his wounds were counted—they were just the number of the Café des Exilés' children, less Galahad. But the mother—that is, the old café—did not see it; she had gone up the night before in a chariot of fire.

In the files of the old "Picayune" and "Price-Current" of 1837 may be seen the mention of Galahad Shaughnessy among the merchants—"our enterprising and accomplished fellow-townsmen," and all that. But old M. D'Hemecourt's name is cut in marble, and his citizenship is in "a city whose maker and builder is God."

Only yesterday I dined with the Shaughnessys—fine old couple, and handsome. Their children sat about them and entertained me most pleasantly. But there isn't one can tell a tale as their father can—'twas he told me this one. He knows the history of every old house in the French Quarter; or, if he happens not to know a true one, he can make one up as he goes along.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Literary Virility.

ONE of the most notable characteristics of such writers as Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, is what may be called, for lack of a better word, *virility*. They write like men. There is no dandyism or dilettanteism about them. If they deal with the passion of love, they deal with it heartily; but it is not the only passion which enters into their work. Hate, revenge, avarice, ambition, all play their part. Love is not the only passion that inspires them. It is not regarded as the begin-all, and the end-all, of life. They deal with great questions and large affairs. They find themselves in a world where there is something to be done besides dawdling around petticoats and watching the light that dances in a curl. They do not exhaust themselves on flirtations or intrigues. They enter into sympathy with all the motives that stir society, all the interests that absorb or concern it, and by this sympathy they touch the universal human heart. Their poems and novels are pictures of life in all its phases; and the homely joys of a cottager's fire-side, the humble cares and ambitions of the simple hind, the disgusting "tricks and manners" of social shams, as well as the greedy ambitions of the miser or the politician, are depicted with the same fidelity to fact as the loves and relations of the sexes.

We expect, of course, that a man will write of that which fills him. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A young man will naturally write of love, because that is the master passion with him. Life has only gone to that extent with him. It would be unnatural for him to write of much else, because nothing so powerful as love has thus far entered into his life. It is the most virile thing that he can do. But youth passes away, and, with it, the absorbing character of the passion of love, so far as it concerns him. Then come to him the great affairs, the great questions, the great pursuits of life. For him to revert to, and try to live in, this first period,—to heat over the old broth, to thrash over the old straw; to simulate transports he no longer feels, and to pretend to be absorbed by the petty details of boyish courtship and girlish ways and fancies,—is to compromise, or sacrifice, his manhood. He descends in this to the work of a school-girl, who strives to anticipate what he tries to remember. He turns his back upon the acting, suffering world in which he lives, with all its hopes and despairs, its trials and triumphs, its desires and disappointments, its questions of life and death, its aspirations and temptations, its social, political and religious tendencies and movements, and tries to amuse himself and the world by puerilities of which he ought to be ashamed, and labors strenuously to convict himself of the lack of literary virility.

He is something less than a man who can live in such a world as this, and in this age, and find nothing better to engage his pen than descriptions of rib-

bons, pouting lips, and divine eyes; who dwells upon the manner in which a woman disposes of her skirts, or complements the color upon her cheek by some deft way of wearing her scarf, and makes up his entire work of the stuff that is to be found among the dreams and dalliances of the sexes. There is quite as much of effeminacy in the choice of literary material as there is in the mode of treating it when chosen. Of course, the man who chooses small topics and small material is the very man to treat them in a small way. He will pet a phrase as he will the memory of a pretty hand. He will toy with words as if they were tresses. In short, he will be a literary dandy, which is quite a different thing from being a literary man.

It is the theory of the literary dandy that love is the only available material for the novel and the poem; but if he will go back to the works of those who are named at the beginning of this article, he will recognize the fact that the characters of most importance, and the incidents of most significance and interest in them, are those with which the passion of love has very little to do. If it existed at all, it was incidental to something greater and more important. Indeed we should say that the least interesting material in any of the novels of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, is that which relates specially to the sexual relations. Mr. Pickwick and Captain Cuttle are worth all the women Dickens ever painted; and the women of Scott are more interesting in themselves than in any of their tender relations. It was the literary virility of these men—their solid, sincere, and consistent manhood—that made them great, and made them universally popular. Where would they be to-day if they had ignored the various life with which they held immediate relations, and confined their pens to the depiction of creations and relations which, in experience, they had forever left behind?

If any reader will compare the scenes of the Last Judgment, as conceived and represented by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or the magnificent pictures of Titian in Venice, or the masterly, but coarse, and often offensive, productions of Rubens everywhere, with the petty prettinesses and dainty perfections of Meissonnier, he will understand what we mean by literary virility. The latter painter is, in art, exactly what the dandy is in literature. Even if the things he does are well done, the question whether they are worth doing remains to be answered. Virility in art is more easily to be detected—more easily demonstrable—than in literature, because a grand result can be brought at once under the eye in a picture, but the element is as truly essential and masterful in one as the other. The difference between undertaking to paint the Godhead and the minute delineation of a chasseur—to the very sparkle of his spur—is the difference between the work of a man and that of a dandy.

We expect young men, young women, and old Frenchmen, to write mostly about love; but this everlasting "harping on my daughter" on the part of mature fathers of families in England and America is simple effeminacy. A man who comes into contact with the world as it is,—with all its great, social, religious, and political questions, its saints and its scamps, its grand realities and shams, its needs and its strifes, and still can find nothing of interest to write about but petty things and pretty things, and the relations of young life from which he is forever removed,—may conclude that the element of virility is seriously lacking in his constitution, and that the best thing he can do is to wipe his pen, put the stopper in his inkstand, lay away his paper, and go into the millinery business.

The Common Schools.

It seems rather late in our history as a nation to be discussing the question whether the State is transcending its legitimate functions in educating its children; yet, by the letters which we read in the newspapers, it appears that there are people who entertain the question in its affirmative phase, and who declare that the duty of education attaches only to the parent. In what interest these men write we do not know,—whether in the interest of their pockets or their religious party. It is exceedingly hard to give them credit for either intelligence or candor. The lessons of history are so plain, the results of universal education have been so beneficent, the ignorance that dwells everywhere where education has been left to the parent and the church is so patent, and so lamentable in every aspect and result, that it seems as if no man could rationally and candidly come to a conclusion adverse to the American policy in this matter. The simple fact that we are obliged to pass laws to keep young children out of factories and bring them to the free schools, shows how utterly indifferent multitudes of parents are concerning the education of their children, and how soon the American nation would sink back into the popular apathy and ignorance which characterize some of the older peoples of the world.

A State is a great, vital organization, endowed by the popular mind with a reason for being, and by the popular will with a policy for self-preservation. This policy takes in a great variety of details. It protects commerce by the establishment of light-houses, the deepening of channels, the establishment of storm-signals, etc. It ministers in many ways to the development of the country's internal resources. It fosters agriculture. It is careful of all its prosperities and sources of prosperity. It establishes a currency. It organizes and superintends an elaborate postal service. It carries on all the processes of a grand organic life. Our own nation governs itself, and one of the conditions of all good government is intelligence at the basis of its policy. An ignorant people cannot, of course, govern themselves intelligently; and the State, endowed with its instinct, or its policy, of self-preservation, is, and ought to be, more sensitive at this point than at any other.

In the minds of the people, the State has the sources of its life; and to those sources, by unerring instinct, our own country has, from the first, looked for its perpetuity.

There is no organization of life, individual and simple, or associated and complex, in which the instinct, impulse, or principle of self-preservation is not the predominant one. We fought the war of the Revolution to establish our nationality, and the war of the Rebellion to maintain it. We have spent, first and last, incalculable blood and treasure to establish and keep our national life intact, and the national policy with relation to public schools is part and parcel of that all-subordinating determination to secure the perpetuity of the State. Men make better citizens for being educated. The higher the popular intellect is raised, the more intelligent and independent will be its vote. The stronger the sources of government, the stronger the government. If the "bayonets that think" are the most potent, the ballots that think are the most beneficent.

The question, then, which has been raised, touching the duty of the State in the matter of popular education, is a question which concerns the life and perpetuity of the State, and is a question, not for a church, not for a parent, or for any subordinate combination of parents, to decide. It is a question for the State to decide,—not, of course, from any humanitarian point of view, but from its own point of view. To put the question into form, that question would read something like this: "Can I, the American State, afford to intrust to heedless or mercenary parents, or to any church organization, which either makes or does not make me subordinate to itself, the education of the children of the nation, when my own existence and best prosperity depend upon the universality and liberality of that education?" There are many other vital questions which the State might ask in this connection,—for patriotism, as a sentiment, grows with the beneficence of the institutions 'under which it lives. Every victory which our nation has ever won has been a victory of the common school. This has been the nursery, not only of our patriots, but of our soldiers. In the Franco-Prussian war, the universally educated crossed swords with the partially educated, and the latter went to the wall.

This matter of leaving education to parents and to churches is, to use the familiar but expressive slang of the street, "played out." If the advocates of this policy could point to a single well-educated nation on the face of the globe, whose popular intelligence is the result of that policy, they might have some claim to be heard; but no such nation exists. Where priests and parents have had it all their own way for generations and centuries, there is to be found the greatest degree of popular ignorance, and the men whose votes most seriously menace the health and permanence of American institutions and American life are the very men we have imported from those regions. They are the men whom designing demagogues can buy and bribe, and lead whithersoever they will,—men who cannot read the ballots they deposit, and are as ignorant of

politics as the horses they drive, or the pigs they feed.

We have not taken up this subject because we consider the common schools in danger. They are not in danger. The State will never relinquish its policy in this matter. The common school, as an American institution, will live while America lives. Not only this, but the signs are unmistakable that it is to be more far-reaching in its efforts and results than it ever has been. Popular education is one of the primary functions of the State's life. No democratic government can long exist without it, and our best people are thoroughly confirmed in this conviction. We have taken up the subject simply to show that the State cannot "go back on" its record without the surrender of the policy which grows out of the instinct of all living organizations for self-protection and self-preservation. To surrender this policy would be, not only foolish, but criminal; and there is not one American institution that American people would sooner fight for and die for, than that which secures an educated and intelligent nationality.

Public Halls.

WHEN Jenny Lind came to America twenty-five years ago, more or less, the resources of the country were taxed to their utmost to find places for her to sing in. None of the assembly rooms and auditoriums of New York city, in which concerts and lectures are now given, were in existence then. She sang at Castle Garden and in Tripler Hall, the latter new at the time, but now forgotten, save by the old residents. In the country towns and smaller cities she often sang in churches. Since that day public halls have been built by the thousand. The old, dirty, dingy places in which the low comedian and the negro minstrel held forth have made room for music halls, little theaters, and large assembly rooms, until there is hardly a town containing twenty-five hundred people that does not possess a good hall, well lighted and well seated. This revolution really marks an era in our civilization. It has altered the character of American entertainments and amusements, effected great changes in our social life, and developed social agencies and institutions which materially modify the character of the people. The public hall is common ground for social cliques, political parties, and religious sects, and they have so learned to respect each other by coming into contact within its walls, that the nation is much more sympathetic and homogeneous than it was before the revolution we have noted took place.

It is now possible for any town to receive the visits of the best lecturers and the best public artists of every class. A great singer appears in New York, and the lover of music in the country has only to wait, and the rail will bring her, and the beautiful hall will receive her, near his own door. Mr. Proctor is as much at home in Cleveland, Utica, Troy, Worcester, and Andover, as he is in the metropolis. A brilliant company of actors, after exhausting a play at Booth's, or any of the metropolitan theaters, will run for months among the little cities of the

country, and find pleasant theaters to play in, and abundant audiences to receive them. Whole communities are in this way brought into contact with new influences, and introduced to a new life. Intellect, imagination, taste, and social feeling receive development and culture. The marked advance in the musical taste of the country is very largely attributable to the public halls which have rendered first-class musical entertainments possible.

In view of the fact that a certain percentage of the great number of public halls that have been built have imperfect acoustic qualities, and the further fact that new halls are being put up in various parts of the country every year, it would seem desirable that some one who has had a good deal of experience with halls should tell what he has learned about them. The writer of this has probably spoken in five hundred different audience-rooms, and he has never spoken in one that had an echo, or was difficult to speak in, which was amphitheatrical in form, or semicircular in finish. The hard halls, the echoing halls, the halls with "bad places" in them, are always rectangular, so far as he has observed. A rectangular hall may be absolutely perfect, as the old Corinthian Hall in Rochester is remembered to have been; but there seems to be a law of proportion relating to rectangular halls which is not understood by builders. There may be bad halls with the semicircular finish opposite to the stage or rostrum, but we have never seen one.

A great many blunders are made in lighting halls. Especially is this the case when the stage of the theater is made to serve as the rostrum of the lecturer. No audience can sit comfortably and look at a light. Yet a lecturer's face should always be well lighted, and no lecturer can bear foot-lights blazing between him and his audience. A light on his stand is in his way, and in the way of the audience. The lighting should always be from above and from the side. A central chandelier above, and just in front of the stage, and a bracket of lights at either wing, will light a lecturer's face sufficiently, and, if he reads, his manuscript. A hooded light, exactly in front of his manuscript, not more than five inches high, which neither he nor his audience can see, will do good service when other favorable conditions and provisions are wanting. The more diffused light there is in a hall the better. The angel Gabriel could not speak effectively where he could neither see his audience nor be distinctly seen by it. Light seems to be the medium of communication of magnetism and sympathy between the entertainer and the entertained. Too much vacant space should never be behind a speaker. A man is often heard very easily in front of the curtain, who finds it difficult to fill the hall when the curtain is up and the stage open fifteen or twenty feet behind him.

There were formerly halls which had the rostrum between the two doors of entrance. This mistake, for various reasons, is sometimes made at this day; but it is a fatal one. No man should enter a hall in the faces of an audience, especially in a place where "reserved seats" are sold; for of all the unmitigated nuisances in society, he is the worst who

fancies that he buys, with a reserved seat, the right to enter and disturb an audience at any time in the evening. All noise at, or near, the door of entrance should be as far as possible from the speaker, the singer, and the actor. And as we have introduced the matter of reserved seats, we may as well go

farther and say that no reserved seat should ever be sold that carries any right beyond the minute when a performance is announced to begin. The difficulties of hearing in a hall grow more out of the disturbances made by late comers than from acoustic defects in the halls of audience.

THE OLD CABINET.

I WAS talking the other day with a man of high character and position, but of a nature gentle and unassuming, rather than sturdy or trenchant. He was telling me, with great ardor, the best news that a man can communicate with regard to his children, namely, that he was sure that his boys, who had grown old enough for the test, had proved themselves thoroughly honest. He did not use the term in any commonplace or quibbling sense,—it had a full and vital meaning. The talk turned upon this matter of honesty, and its extraordinary scarcity. It has been impressed upon my mind by the circumstance that since our casual meeting, I was startled one morning by the announcement, in the newspapers, of his death. I remember that my friend told me that in his young days,—long before he became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church,—he was engaged in a mercantile business in another city. It was his place to attend to the paying of certain charges or duties upon goods, and sometimes it was necessary for him to correct mistakes that had been made in the interests of the firm. This he did as incident to his office,—but he told me that he knew at the time that if his honesty had been discovered by the reputable house which employed him, he would have lost his place. I cannot say that his own conscientiousness should have carried him farther and made him face the issue with his employers, because I do not know all the circumstances. But the story is valuable as illustrating a certain tone which is felt by young persons employed in many business houses that show an unspotted record to the world.

—WE shall have plenty of self-glorification during this Centennial year. A certain amount of it will be timely in a double sense. It has got to be the fashion in some classes to underrate the country of one's birth. This is the result of two things: conceit and ignorance. Among the most patriotic Americans that we are acquainted with, are two men who were born, one at the top of the map of Europe, and the other at the foot of it. They have a keener and more intelligent and grateful sense of the advantages of America than any Fourth of July parrot that you ever heard chatter about education, liberty, and all the other Institutions. They certainly had wider experience of the comparative advantages of the New and the Old World than the Americans who have skimmed over Europe or boarded long enough in London to catch the Cockney inflection.

A decent amount of glorification, then,—the more intelligent, of course, the better,—is no bad thing at this time.

But the more one knows of the moral and mental caliber of the men who organize rapine, elevate expediency and mediocrity, scout the personal virtues and make the laws at the capital of the nation and the capital of every State in the Union; the more one knows of the manner in which our cities are governed, especially by reformers; the way justice is administered in our courts; the vulgar, selfish, and dishonest methods of a large part of the secular and religious press,—the more, in a word, one knows of the disease below the surface in all this fair outward form, the more one prefers Baunscheidt to Buncombe.

—TWAS on a pleasant day, some fifteen years ago, that an architect by the name of Baunscheidt was sitting near an open window in his house, in the little village of Endenich, on the Kreuzberg, near Bonn. The gout in his arm ceased its twinges for a while, and he fell asleep. When he woke up, it was to find that a cloud of gnats had settled upon the exposed limb. He brushed them away, and that was the end of the matter, until a few hours afterward an eruption appeared; which after some time disappeared, and with it the whole, or a great part, of the pain from which Mr. B. had been suffering. Our gouty architect, being of an investigating turn of mind, set himself to work to discover, if might be, the connection between the gnats and the cure, and the result was a small and curious instrument somewhat resembling an air-gun, by means of which twenty-four needles are shot into the skin of the patient, after which the oil of ants is applied, an eruption takes place and he is cured, according to the inventor, of pretty much any one of the usual mortal ailments.

A New York physician went to see the ingenious architect at his home on the Kreuzberg, when he told him the tale here told to you. Baunscheidt's "Lebenswecker," if it does not cure everything, has been found effective in the hands of several American physicians, in many stubborn cases of rheumatism and neuralgia.

—AND YET, when Mr. James Russell Lowell lately applied that many-pointed instrument to the national epidermis, the family and friends of the patient made a great and ridiculous hubbub; here, they said, is a doctor who does not know his business; behold, cried they, a piece of ignorant and brutal quackery.

One tender-hearted but silly fellow went so far as to publish a poetical address to Mr. Lowell, expressing a sense of injury and surprise that that high poet should step down from his pedestal and fall to abusing his country in such a low and unexampled fashion. But he did not give the poet up entirely; he might live to see the error of his ways, and still do something which the gentleman of the address could conscientiously (and, we suppose, poetically) approve.

Some minds find it strangely difficult to understand that the great hater and the great lover can exist as one person. The carper, the croaker, the man with the "melancholy liver complaint," nobody need listen to. But when the writer of our great national poem sounds a note like that of Lowell's in "The World's Fair, 1876," and "Tempora mutantur," only the ignorant can doubt that he has a right to be heard. But in what age or country were the prophets not stoned in the streets?

—Now, here is John Burroughs. Why does not some one stone him in the streets for daring to criticise his country in the very face and eyes of the Centennial? "England," quoth he, "is a mellow country, and the English people are a mellow people. They have hung on the tree of nations a long time, and will, no doubt, hang as much longer. * * * We are pitched several degrees higher in this country. By contrast, things here are loud, sharp, and garish. Our geography is loud, the manners of the people are loud; our climate is loud, very loud, so dry and sharp, and full of violent changes and contrasts." Hear him! he even speaks disrespectfully of our climate; certainly, that is worse than what Mr. Lowell says about Tweed. But, behold the wanderer's return! How good things looked to him after even so brief an absence! "The brilliancy, the roominess, the deep transparent blue of the sky, the clear, sharp outlines, the metropolitan splendor of New York, and especially of Broadway; and, as I walked up that great thoroughfare and noted the familiar physiognomy and the native nonchalance and independence, I experienced the delight that only the returned traveler can feel,—the instant preference of one's own country and countrymen over all the rest of the world."

—It is very refreshing to read descriptions of nature which are neither sentimental nor patronizing. John Burroughs is one of the half dozen, or less, American prose writers who are now adding anything vital, by means of books, to the thought and life of this country. What he says of the writings of another is true of his own—they give "a new interest in the fields and woods, a new moral and intellectual tonic, a new key to the treasure-house of nature." Much has been said in praise of the man who can teach us how to make two blades of grass grow where one has grown before. There can be no doubt that higher praise is due him who shows us how to gain something better than hay from that green blade. The art of happiness seems in danger of being lost. Our religion, which should be a joy-bringer, is too often a source of misery and remorse. Perplexity, discontent and pain dog the

steps of the follower of pure art. But we can all go out of doors, and be happy if we give ourselves up to the teaching and example of such a master as the author of "Winter Sunshine." Perhaps, while out of doors and happy, we may stumble upon a more genuine art, and a healthier religion.

—To return to the subject with which we started—there is a definition of honesty in Sir Thomas Wyatt's letters to his son, that widens the word so that it may well cover the entire conduct of life. The Honesty which the courtier-poet inculcates is, "Wisdom, Gentleness, Soberness, desire to do Good, Friendliness to get the love of many, and Truth above all the rest. A great part," he says, "to have all these things is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for warmth." Again, says the poet; "If you will seem honest, be honest; or else seem as you are. Seek not the name without the thing; nor let not the name be the only mark you shoot at: that will follow though you regard it not; yes! and the more you regard it, the less." "Honest name," says Sir Thomas, "is goodly; but he that hunteth only for that, is like him that had rather seem warm than be warm, and edgeth a single coat about with a fur." "Seekest thou great things for thyself?" says Jeremiah, "Seek them not." And Emerson in his last book: "What you *are* stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary."

THE subject of originality in literature may be discussed under three general heads: 1st, accidental resemblance of thought; 2d, appropriation and assimilation of thought, conscious or unconscious; 3d, imitation of form, conscious or unconscious.

It is only the shallow critic who mistakes the meaning of the phrase original, and is forever detecting quotation or plagiarism. There are more parallel passages, and there is less plagiarism, in the world than most persons dream of. The simple fact is, that all truth is one; whoever has the genius to break through the shells of things and make his way into their very center and heart, brings back the same report as his deep-seeing neighbor. The character of the report varies with the individual; but sometimes it happens to vary little or not at all from his neighbor's story, and then comes the unwise critic with his charge of larceny.

As for actual borrowing, the "assimilating power" of original minds, the final word on this subject seems to have been said, either originally or by quotation, in Emerson's late essay on "Quotation and Originality," although Emerson and Lowell had each already nearly covered the ground. Doubtless the commentator's business of finding the original suggestion for every passage in the most famous books has been overdone. It seems to be true, however, that the greatest writers have been the most gigantic borrowers. But says Emerson, "Genius borrows nobly." He quotes Marmontel's "I pounce on

what is mine, wherever I find it," and Bacon's "I take all knowledge to be my province," and Landor's retort that Shakespeare was "more original than his originals." Says Lowell: "Chaucer, like Shakespeare, invented almost nothing. Wherever he found anything directed to Geoffrey Chaucer, he took it and made the most of it." The question, according to Lowell, is whether an author have original force enough to assimilate all he has acquired, or that be so over-mastering as to assimilate him. "If the poet turn out the stronger, we allow him to help himself from other people with wonderful equanimity." That is the point. Let your little man try this game, and see what will come of it!

Now as to the matter of form. There are two kinds of imitation in art—one the habit of small and superficial minds, the other of profound and poetic natures. It is not very difficult to tell which is which. The shallow critic is shown as often by his mistaking the natural imitation of an original mind for empty echo, as he is in mistaking pretentious copies for great originals. But on this subject Shelley has expressed the exact thought of all persons of experience and insight with regard to the special art of which he was a great master, and therefore a great critic. "As to imitation," he says, "poetry is a mimetic art. It creates, but it creates by combination and representation. * * * * One great poet is a masterpiece of nature, which another not only ought to study, but must study. * * * * A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others; and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers; he is not one, but both. Every man's mind is, in this respect, modified by all the objects of nature and art; by every word and every suggestion which he ever admitted to act upon his consciousness; it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected, and in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are, in one sense, the creators, and in another, the creations, of their age. From this subjection the loftiest do not escape."

While the greatest writers are, in a certain fine sense, imitative, they are especially so in the earliest and most impressible stages of their development—when the imitation is sometimes of set purpose, and sometimes totally unconscious. An interesting and generally unsuspected case of youthful imitation may be found among the early poems of Longfellow, apparently written under the influence of *Thanatopsis*—a poem which appears in that remarkable first book of Bryant's. This volume contains also "The Water-Fowl" and a number of Bryant's most celebrated poems. The author's copyright, it has been said, brought him, all told, about the sum of \$8.

—I HAVE thought an interesting and instructive essay might be written on the defects in the celebrated works of genius. Not for the mere purpose of pointing them out,—Heaven forbid!—but to show of how little consequence they are. One might think such a lesson altogether trite and unnecessary; but every once in a while the community is subject to the disturbance of some noisy

tyro who has found "defects" in Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or some other man not so famous, but whose artistic personality the world likes, and likes for good reasons. The fact is, that there are few or no perfect works of art; and the grander the work in physical and spiritual dimensions, and in its impression upon mankind, the more apt are defects to show themselves. In a sense, surely, the mightiest creation we know anything about—the thing that we call Creation itself—is full of and loaded down with defects. Minds that dwell unduly upon the defects, great or small, in works of art, betray thereby their own narrowness and lack of power. The successive generations of gentle and discriminative souls that we call "the world" find no stumbling-block in the defects of genius, and take no interest in those of mediocrity.

In the new book about and by the English painter Haydon, just now attracting attention, is a remark on this subject which is to the point. Haydon's son and biographer asks what painter's works are without imperfections: Titian, Carlo Dolci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Guido, The Caracci, Velasquez, Murillo, Correggio, Reynolds? "All the painted works that ever were are more or less imperfect. There is only a portion of excellence in the finest of them, and that is what we have to search out and study. Having once traced that, we may look for defects if we please. That is the lowest step, not the first in criticism."

THE career of Haydon affords encouragement to those interested in art in this country. If not as great a painter as Wordsworth and others thought him, he doubtless had more force and originality than those by whom he was opposed, and had certainly better views on art than most Englishmen of his time.* He did more than any other man to secure the Elgin marbles to the nation, and to establish their position in the estimation of the world. He advocated and put in practice correct principles of art instruction, making the human figure the basis of study; he urged the establishment of public schools of design on the principle of governmental aid, but not direction; and in season and out of season he took the side of high, imaginative art in opposition to mere portrait painting and pot-boiling. It should be added that he was an enthusiast, and had a most galling and indiscreet way of telling the truth. Such poets as Wordsworth, Keats, and Mrs. Browning wrote sonnets to him; the nobility and "art patrons" of that day neglected him; the Academy not only had no room for him in its ranks, but fought him tooth and nail; and, finally, driven to the wall, beaten, disheartened, perplexed, he ended a generous and earnest life by his own desperate hand.

* It is to be hoped that some competent critic will give us a fresh estimate of Haydon's qualities as a painter. The sketches that his son has had reproduced in the present volumes are, most of them, singularly disappointing, and the same may be said in general of those engravings from his works with which we are familiar in this country. The English edition is imported by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

But it is evident enough that the part which the Academy played in this tragedy was not an abnormal one.

It would be strange indeed if in every Academy of Art there were not wise and liberal men; and these may even constitute a numerical majority. But the tendency of Academies as institutions,—the influence of the class of artists who give the tone to the official action,—seems to be inevitably in the direction of monopoly and obstruction.

Human nature is the same in London, Paris, and New York. The new man, if he is subservient to the reigning influences, need not be kept down. The new man, with his own strong, creative individuality, is an offense in the nostrils. And he may well be an offense,—for his success means death to the powers that be. Between Academic precedent and stupidity and error, and young originality, and genius and truth, there can be no compromise.

Or, to put it in another way,—for the new men are not always men of talent, nor are all the obstructionists by any means dull,—the supremacy of new and strange methods (strange to the Academy if not to art) is by no means an issue to be calmly awaited by those who have led, and are leading, the vogue. It is a question, not of prestige only, but of dollars and cents.

I have said that the new man, subservient to the reigning influences, need not be kept down; but there is still another motive which, sometimes unconsciously, and sometimes avowedly, leads to unfriendliness, and even to direct opposition. It is the same motive that in former times restricted the number of apprentices in the trades. "Why," it is asked, "should we educate a lot of young people to take the bread out of our mouths?"

The English Academy knew what it was about when it fought Haydon and his revolutionary principles.

The French Academy knew what it was about when for years it kept Rousseau away from the sight and appreciation of its own public,—Rousseau, with his deep and tender sense of the nature that one sees out of doors, instead of the faded and garish creature of the ateliers.

The spectacle presented to-day in New York of an Academy which has succeeded in driving its pupils away from its own well-equipped galleries to seek at oppressive cost a bare but hospitable asylum in a deserted photograph gallery,—such a spectacle would be discouraging, indeed, had not experience proved that from institutions such as the National Academy of Design the young art of a nation cannot hope for generous and intelligent support.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Rural Topics.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR LAYING OUT SMALL PLACES.

ON my way to town one morning a few weeks ago, I happened to come across an old friend, of whom I had lost sight for several years. Our accidental meeting after so long a separation brought back to both of us numerous incidents of our early friendship; and, in comparing notes of the singular changes that have taken place, I learned, to my surprise, that my friend was a married man, living in easy circumstances—having, as he expressed it, a treasure of a wife and four children, and all of them highly delighted at the prospect of moving to the country in the spring. He then informed me that he had leased a place for five years, with the privilege of buying at a fixed price at the termination of the lease. This country home contained one acre of ground, with a new cottage and barn upon it, situated upon the line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and just forty minutes by steam from New York. My friend's plans were to move out to his new home in the spring, and he was fully bent on making it his permanent place of residence, provided that the place and surroundings suited his fancy, and the locality was not infested with mosquitoes, or fever and ague. He said, in response to a question, that there wasn't a stick or a stone laid down on the place in the way of improvement, outside of good substantial board fences on two sides

and the rear of the lot, with a neat picket fence in front of the house, the latter standing back one hundred and twenty feet from the sidewalk. "Now that I am really going there," said my friend, "I want to turn every foot of the ground to the best advantage, and, if possible, make it attractive as well as productive—if I can do so without spending a fortune in the attempt, and without learning, when it is too late, that my strawberries and green peas will cost me four times the price that I could buy them for in the neighboring market." In making some further inquiry about what he had mapped out, I found that his idea was, in a general way, to have the ground in front of and around the house laid down to grass; farther back between the house and barn (the latter stands in the rear of the lot), to lay out a good-sized vegetable and fruit garden, especially for small fruits; for, said he, "in their season I want plenty of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and currants, on the table three times a day. If with these, when the ground is enriched and properly prepared, I can grow apples, pears, peaches, and cherries, besides having the luxury of pure fresh milk and eggs daily, it will be an achievement that I will feel proud of, I can assure you. However, besides these useful products, and my enthusiasm in the endeavor to produce them, I must not forget the promise I made my wife, that she should have good, dry, and serviceable walks around the house and barn, and also a spot here and there in the grass-plot for her

special purpose, where she can 'potter' with her heart's content with some flowering shrubs, annuals, and things that will grow and bloom through the fine weather. Some such things as these, with a few vines and climbing-roses to plant in front of the piazza, will more than satisfy her. Now," said the novice, "I have given you a brief outline of what I think I want, and in return I want you, as an old friend who understands these matters about gardening and fruit-growing and their practical workings, to tell me just how to begin, without spending too much money or spending it foolishly. However, I want the work done in such a way that when it is finished it will be thorough and lasting. This information you can give me verbally, or else write it out and let it come through SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. Coming through this channel, hundreds of novices will be benefited as well as myself, by such practical suggestions about laying out and planting the ground around suburban homes."

With the view of presenting some useful hints on practical gardening to beginners situated as my friend is, I propose to give from time to time in the MONTHLY, seasonable directions about fruit and flower-growing, offering in advance of planting time approved lists of large and small fruits, flowers, and vegetables, with such other matter as may seem desirable.

GARDEN WALKS.—In starting to lay out and put to rights a new place, either in the town or country, one of the first steps to be taken is to plan for serviceable garden walks. These should be constructed in such a way that they are always free from mud or stagnant water, no matter how much rain may fall in a given time, or what the condition of the weather may be at any season of the year. To attain these ends, thorough drainage is imperative. The cheapest and best way to do this is to dig out the soil the width of the walk, and to a depth of about two and a half feet. At this depth begin by laying a foundation layer of large stones, fitted closely together. A second layer, smaller in size, should follow the first, and so on, having each succeeding layer of stones smaller in size than the preceding one, until the space is filled nearly level with the surrounding surface. A top coating of coarse cinders, and these covered with a few inches in depth of gravel and fine sand, will complete the job, and will give a substantial walk, that will always be dry underfoot. It will improve the walk and the appearance at the same time, if the clinkers and the sand on the top are rolled down firmly; and in the course of a week or two, when the material settles, it may be found necessary to add some more gravel and sand, to even the surface.

DRAINING.—Gardening is a simple art, if the conditions are just right. These are, in general terms, thorough drainage (natural or artificial), deep culture, and heavy manuring. With these right to start, and with good seeds and ordinary culture, the results are usually satisfactory. But, if one or more of these conditions is neglected, the crops are discouragingly uncertain. When the soil is of a sandy loam, with a gravelly or open subsoil, artificial

drainage will be an unnecessary expense; but, if you have a clay loam, with a tenacious subsoil retentive of water, underdrain by all means, before starting, either to lay down a grass-plat, or prepare for a vegetable or fruit garden. Underdraining has of late years become so general in almost every section of the country, that it would seem superfluous to give minute details for this kind of work. It may be well, however, to state that for ordinary purposes, when there is sufficient fall to carry the water off, two-inch sole or round pipe tiles are considered the best for garden or field use. Next to these, common hemlock boards "ripped" through the center, and then nailed together in the form of the letter A, will answer any purpose. The distance apart, and the depth at which underdrains should be made, depend on the character of the soil. On ordinary clay soils, thirty feet between the drains and two and a half feet deep will be just about right.

The important points in laying drain-pipes are, 1st, to have a solid and level bottom to lay the pipes or boards upon, with sufficient fall to carry off the water; and, 2d, to cover over securely the "joints" of the pipes, by an inverted sod or other material, before filling in the soil, so as to prevent the fine silt from working into the drain and obstructing the passage of water.

HOW TO MAKE A LAWN.—There is nothing that will add so much to the general attractiveness of a town or country home, as a properly kept plat of grass. It makes no matter how small in size it may be; if kept cut often enough, it becomes a constant source of pleasure to the owner. In laying out new suburban places, the grass-plat around the house is usually made up by sodding. This is not by any means the cheapest or best way to get a stand of grass for garden decoration. Sods for this purpose are, as a rule, cut from some worn-out pasture, neglected public "common," or may be the roadside-places where the finer qualities of grasses have, perhaps, long since been crowded out by the rank growth of the coarser sorts—grasses wholly unfitted for lawn purposes. The surest way, although it may take a longer time, is to sow the seed of an approved selection of grasses that are known to make a good turf, and that will, if frequently cut, give that velvety surface for which English lawns are noted. It should be clearly understood that these finer qualities of grasses will only thrive on soil in good heart. It will be time and money thrown away to sow these grasses on poor soil. The soil should be made deep, mellow, and rich, by frequent stirrings and liberal applications of well-rotted yard manure, bone-dust, or superphosphate of lime. These fertilizers should be thoroughly mixed in with the surface soil before the grass seed is sown. This can readily be done while smoothing and leveling the top of the ground, and then may be sown thickly the following list of grasses: Kentucky Blue Grass (*Poa pratensis*), Red Top Grass (*Agrostis vulgaris*), Sweet-Scented Vernal (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), and Creeping Bent Grass (*Agrostis stolonifera*). These should be mixed in about equal parts, and sowed broadcast and raked in

with common wooden rakes. At the same time of sowing these, sow with them a small quantity of Red Clover seed, and scatter some common oats over the ground; then roll the surface and remove any stones or other obstructions. The oats will germinate in a week or ten days, and if kept cut back will keep the surface green the early part of the first summer. The Red Clover will take its place in the fall, and will keep the lawn green and fresh-looking, until the grass seed takes root and begins to tiller.

HOW TO MANAGE GRASS PLATS.—During the first and second season, the grass plat, by the kind of care it receives, may be made an eye-sore, or a spot of beauty. Frequent cutting and winter protection are absolutely necessary. The lawn-mowers, now within the reach of every one, make grass cutting on the lawn anything but hard work. During the first growing season, one should go over the young grass with the mower at least once in every ten days. Later in the summer, in spots where the grass is coming in sparsely, a forkful of yard manure should be scattered. Cut at intervals of ten days; it is policy to leave the cut grass on the surface as a mulch. Later in the fall, before cold weather sets in, the grass plat may be covered over with horse or yard manure, the coating to be left on until the following spring, when the coarser part may be removed by the rake. This will leave the ground in excellent condition for the next year's growth.

P. T. Q.

A Family Journal.

IN a certain farm-house twenty years ago a great blank-book was kept, and labeled *Home Journal*. Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye-tooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the brides-maids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.

There are many other practical ways in which home ties can be strengthened and made more enduring for children, and surely this is as necessary and important a matter in the management of a household as the furnishing of the library or chambers in good taste, or the accumulation of bric-à-brac. One most direct way is the keeping of anniversaries; not Christmas, Easter, nor the Fourth of July alone, but those which belong to that one home alone.

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The children's birthdays, their mother's wedding day, the day when they all came into the new home. There are a hundred cheerful, happy little events which some cheerful and happy little ceremony will make a life-long pleasure. The Germans keep alive their strong domestic attachments by just such means as these: it seems natural and right to their children that all the house should be turned topsy-turvy with joy at Vater or Mutter's Geburtstag; while to the American boy or girl it is a matter of indifference when his father and mother were born. We know a house in which it is the habit to give to each servant a trifling gift on the anniversary of their coming into the family; and, as might be expected, these anniversaries return for many years. Much of the same softening, humanizing effect may be produced by remembering and humoring the innocent whims and peculiarities of children. Among hard-working people it is the custom too often to bring up a whole family in platoons and to marshal them through childhood by the same general, inflexible rules. They must eat the same dishes, wear the same clothes, work, play, talk, according to the prescribed notions of father or mother. When right or wrong is concerned, let the rule be inexorable; but when taste, character, or stomach only is involved, humor the boy. Be to Tom's red cravat a little blind; make Will the pudding that he likes, while the others choose pie. They will be surer of your affection than if you sentimentalized about a mother's love for an hour. Furthermore, do not grow old yourself too soon. Buy chess-boards, dominoes, bagatelle; learn to play games with the boys and girls; encourage them to ask their friends to dinner and tea, and take care that your dress and the table be pretty and attractive, that the children may be ashamed of neither.

"Why should I stay at home in the evening?" said a lad the other day. "Mother sits and darns stockings or reads Jay's Devotions; father dozes, and Maggy writes to her lover. I'll go where I can have fun." Meanwhile father and mother were broken-hearted because Joe was "going to ruin," which was undoubtedly the fact.

Old Clothes and Cold Victuals.

Now that we have all left the general season of yearly gift-giving, months behind us, we suggest to mothers and housekeepers whether it is not too much their custom to make it only a yearly matter. On Christmas the poor are suddenly exalted on a pedestal of woes, which the pulpit and press urge us to consider; our sympathies overflow to this or that hospital or asylum. Like Scrooge, we frantically order home turkeys or barrels of flour to the nearest pauper, or heap dolls and candies on the washerwoman's barefoot children. Now all this is very well, and no doubt we are brought by it, as we suppose, into closer communion with the spirit of our Master. But the pauper's children are just as cold and needy in February as December. You cannot clothe the naked and feed the hungry by

flinging them an alms once a year as you would a bone to a dog.

There is a pretty story of a French country family, which every mother should read to teach her the true practical method of charity. She would learn how, in the careful pious French woman's *ménage*, no scrap of clothing or food is suffered to go to waste; and how the value of old garments is doubled by their being cut and altered to fit the poor children to whom they are given. We propose that every housekeeper who reads this shall begin to make of this year a prolonged Christmas. Let her first find one or more really needy families who are willing to work, and therefore deserve such help as she can give. This is a much safer outlet for her charity than any agency or benevolent society. In every household there is a perpetual stock of articles—clothes, bedding, furniture—too shabby for use, and which in the great majority of cases are torn up, thrown away, or become the perquisites of greedy servants already overpaid. As soon as the house-mother has some definite live objects of charity in her mind, it is astonishing how quickly these articles accumulate, and how serviceable they become by aid of a patch here, or tuck there, sewed by her own skilled fingers. Our children should each be allowed to give away their own half-worn clothes or toys. The shoes or top given in the fullness of their little hearts to some barefoot Mary or Lob whom they know, will teach them more of the spirit and practice of Christian charity than a dozen missionary boxes full of pennies for the far-off heathen. The same oversight should be exercised by the mother of a family in the matter of food. Enough wholesome provision, it is safe to say, is wasted in the kitchen of every well-to-do American family to feed another of half its size. Very few ladies will tolerate regular back-gate beggars, and the cold meat, bread, etc., go into the garbage cart, because nobody knows precisely what to do with them. A woman of society, or one with dominant æsthetic tastes, will very likely resent the suggestion that she should give half an hour daily to the collection and distribution of this food to her starving neighbors. But if they go unfed, what apology will it be for her in the time of closing accounts that her weekly receptions were the most agreeable in town? If she would establish, for instance, a big soup digester on the back of her range, and insist that all bones or scraps should go into it, her own hands could serve out nourishing basins of broth to many a famishing soul the winter round, and really it would be as fine a deed as though she had conquered Chopin on the ivory keys.

Blunders in the Sick-Room.

A MATTER often neglected in a sick-room, and yet very important, is the dress of the nurse. A patient is not likely to tell the affectionate relative "hovering around his bedside" that her dress is such an out-

rage on taste that it makes him melancholy to look at it. He tries to fix his gaze upon some other object,—even the medicine bottles are more lovely to his view,—but his eyes will wander back again to the horrible fascination of that costume. The dingy old dress that has been discarded and hung in the garret is not a proper one in which to robe one's self for the office of nurse. A short flannel sacque and felt skirt may be an economical costume, but is not particularly charming. As for the dismal, poverty-stricken shawls, with which ladies delight to array themselves in sick-rooms, one wonders where they came from. They are never seen or heard of at any other time. They appear and disappear mysteriously like malevolent spirits. Some ladies have a fancy for tying up their heads at such times in faded veils, or handkerchiefs of fearful construction. People in health would not remain an hour in the presence of such a sight, but the helpless patient suffers in silence. The most suitable dress for the sick-room in winter is a dark, washable, woolen wrapper, not flowing loose, but belted in neatly at the waist, and finished at wrists and neck with narrow linen ruffling, and with a linen necktie. Tasteful white linen aprons are pretty and serviceable. At night, if necessary, throw around the shoulders a decent shawl. Even in summer, when calico wrappers are worn through the day, it will be found comfortable to change at night to the woolen fabric. Wear slippers, or warm boots made of felt, or of any soft material that does not make a noise.

A want of sympathy on the part of a nurse is like a perpetual cold bath to a patient. This is not a very common blunder. But the opposite is so common, that it may sometimes become a question in the patient's mind whether he would not prefer absolute coldness. To be continually dodging around the bed, and pouncing upon every object that is not at right angles, smoothing out the sheet, and dabbing at the pillows, and saying a dozen times an hour: "How do you feel *now*?" "Don't you want something to eat?" "Can I do anything for you?" "Let me bathe your head!"—is enough to drive a sick man wild. He feels that he would like to ask you to go away and hold your tongue; but he knows that all this fidgeting is prompted by affection, so he holds *his* tongue instead, and bears it all with what measure of patience nature has bestowed upon him. In point of fact, the sick person is generally very ready to tell his wants. His food and drink and physic are the momentous matters of the day to him, and will not be forgotten. He is likely to tell you when he feels better. He is sure to tell you when he feels worse.

Worse than all these things is the long, solemn face in a sick-room. It is hard for a troubled heart to put on a cheerful countenance, and it is no wonder that nurses so often fail in this. But we have known persons who thought that a cheerful face and a bright smile in a sick-room were indications of a hard heart.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Lowell's "Among My Books." (Second Series.)*

ALL who have at heart the interests of American literature must rejoice at receiving a new volume from Professor Wilkinson's pen; and the dissatisfied Professor Wilkinson himself must admit that it is the best prose book ever published by this poet. It contains his keenest and broadest criticism, his best wit, his most varied knowledge, and his most mature and harmonious writing. He still lays himself open to the charge of being sometimes, as a critic, arbitrary, whimsical, and over-vehement in censure; and of being, as a writer, uneven in his finish, and not quite patient enough of labor to master his own marvelous wealth. But that all these defects are at a minimum in this book, and his merits at a maximum, must be fairly recognized at the outset.

Indeed, the very selection of his present topics carries us into the purest air of literature, and guarantees some immunity from personalities. Mr. Lowell, it must be frankly said, can never quite be trusted to deal with his contemporaries. He came forward into literary manhood at a time when the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" were considered good models, when Poe wrote criticisms, and the method of the bowie-knife prevailed strongly in English and American literature. The young poet came in for his share of this influence, and it is indelibly stamped on his "Fable for Critics." Our literature has outgrown this fault, through sheer breadth and compass; but Lowell has never quite shed it, and the least agreeable pages in his volume of "My Study Windows" are those in which he devotes himself to the worrying of shy and lonely poets, like Percival and Thoreau, or to experiments in *corpo vili*, like his dissection of Mr. W. C. Hazlitt. With one unfortunate exception,—to be mentioned presently,—this volume affords no opportunity for such treatment; it relates to some of the very highest themes in literature, and to themes which few men living are better qualified to discuss.

We must frankly admit, however, that we find great inequality in these essays—an inequality not attributable to the interval of time between the different parts, though this interval covers ten years or more, but to other causes. And it may be well to begin, after the fashion of reviewers, with the chapter we like least, that on Milton.

The immediate theme of this essay is a series of volumes relating to Milton, and published by Professor Masson of Edinburgh. Mr. Lowell says, with more or less justice, of this worthy editor: "I think he made a mistake in his very plan, or else was guilty of a misnomer in his title" (page 266). But this is exactly the criticism that the reader is disposed to bring against Mr. Lowell's essay. It is called an essay on Milton; yet it is, from the begin-

ning almost to the end, simply a sharp diatribe against Mr. Masson as a literary workman. And, by a singular fatality, the American critic lays himself open to precisely the most serious charges brought against the Scottish author. He complains of Professor Masson for prolixity, and reiterates the charge with such laboriousness of statement, page after page, that not even the play of wit can save the prolonged arraignment from becoming tedious. He points out the difficulty of finding Milton among the profuse details of his biographer, forgetful of the fact that Milton plays almost as subordinate a part in the pages of the criticism. Finally, he devotes whole paragraphs to the superfluous task of proving that the Scottish editor does not always write in good taste; and then allows himself to say of Milton: "A true Attic bee, he made boot on every lip where there was a taste of truly classic honey" (page 271). The italics are our own.

And even had none of these unlucky parallelisms occurred, there are still some laws of courtesy which should prevail, if not between professor and professor, at least between authors of established position. Professor Masson is not a literary poacher or pettifogger; he belongs to the community of scholars, and has performed much literary labor, as honest and honorable as that of Mr. Lowell himself. Evidence of this may be found in his many books, and in his editorship of "Macmillan's Magazine." He has also done a noble work in his Professorship at Edinburgh, where he has accomplished what the united Faculty of Harvard College have thus far failed in doing, for he has created among his own students an ardent love for the study of Belles-Lettres. This affords, of course, no reason for withholding fair criticism; but it affords a reason for surrounding that criticism with all the courtesy that literary skill can command. Professor Lowell has absolutely no right to deal with Professor Masson as the "Saturday Review" might deal with an American poet, or "The Nation" with a Sophomore.

Passing to the other essays, we find that on Wordsworth one of the very best ever written on that difficult theme; incomparably more penetrating and thoughtful than that of Mr. Whipple, with which it has been compared; and only liable to criticism in some points where the generalization seems hasty, and particular poems appear to have been overlooked or ignored. When he compares Wordsworth to "those saints of Dante who gather brightness by revolving on their own axis" (p. 250); when he says, "groping in the dark passages of life, we come upon some axiom of his, as it were a wall that gives us our bearings and enables us to find an outlet" (p. 250); when he says of "The Excursion," that "Wordsworth had his epic mold to fill, and, like Benvenuto Cellini in casting his Perseus, was forced to throw in everything, debasing the metal, lest it should run short" (p. 238); when he speaks of "the historian of Wordsworthshire"

* Among My Books. Second Series. By James Russell Lowell, Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

(p. 240); when he describes the double life of the poet, as of Jeremiah and his scribe Baruch (p. 245); —he says things that could not be bettered, and there are many such things in the essay. There are also very many delicious *obiter dicta*, as, where he says of Goethe's *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, that "the lines, as if shaken down by a momentary breeze of emotion, drop lingeringly one after another like blossoms upon turf" (p. 214); or, where he describes the German poet Klopstock, whom Wordsworth visited, as "the respectable old poet, who was passing the evening of his days by the chimney-corner, Darby and Joan-like, with his respectable Muse" (p. 222). But, when Mr. Lowell says dogmatically of Wordsworth that "he had no dramatic power" (p. 240), we would take leave to recall to the critic's memory that extraordinary poem, "The Affliction of Margaret," than which nothing of Browning's is more absolutely real in its intensity, more utterly detached from all the individuality of Wordsworth, and all his actual or supposable experiences; than which not one of Mr. Lowell's favorite Scottish ballads has traits of more simple and picturesque vigor. Again, when he says that Wordsworth "never attained" to "severe dignity and reserved force" in his blank verse, we would venture to remind him of that glorious fragment: "There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale"—a poem which, for imagination and rhythm, is, to our thinking, far beyond Keats, beyond Landor, and finds no parallel this side of Milton. And what surprises us most is, that throughout Mr. Lowell's criticisms he wholly ignores that profoundly emotional side of Wordsworth's nature which is revealed in two poems only, "The Complaint," and the sonnet, "Why art thou Silent?"—poems without which we should have forever missed knowing the deep human sensibility which must, after all, have marked this grave poet; poems, which no critic has cited in this connection, we believe, except Mr. Lowell's old antagonist, Margaret Fuller Ossoli.—("Papers on Literature and Art," p. 167.)

With the essay upon Keats, we can find no fault, except for its shortness, and, perhaps, for a little undue censure attached to an innocent remark by Lord Houghton. The essay on Dante is the longest in the book, and is in part—thirty-four pages—a reprint of Mr. Lowell's memoir of the Italian poet in Appleton's "Cyclopædia." The combination of this with the rest involves some repetition, but the whole is too valuable to admit of complaint. Most attractive of all is the paper on Spenser, reprinted from "The North American Review;" in this, Mr. Lowell is delightful throughout, and only microscopic criticisms can be made, as upon his first apologizing (p. 171) for Spenser's occasional grossness as being a vice of the times, and then saying in conclusion that "Spenser needs no such extenuations," though others may (p. 200).

Thus much for the matter of this book; and, looking now at its style, we must repeat that, to our thinking, Mr. Lowell is here seen at his best. The whole nation has an interest in the style of its prose writers, and even in pointing out their weak

points, so long as this only holds them to their own highest standard. Mr. Lowell, while an unwearied reader, has sometimes seemed rather indolent in dealing with the details of his own literary execution. Surely a careful revision would have retouched such a sentence as this, "John Keats, the second of four children, like Chaucer and Spenser, was a Londoner" (p. 304); where we are left a moment in doubt whether the two other poets resembled Keats in birthplace or in the statistics of brothers and sisters. Nor would such revision have excused "a startling personal appeal to our highest consciousness and our noblest aspiration, such as we wait for in vain from any other poet" (p. 240); where the "such," referring grammatically to "aspiration," was plainly intended by the author to refer to "appeal." Nor should we have Mr. Lowell's indorsement (p. 231) of the opinion that Wordsworth's prose sentences were "long and involved," accompanied by such a sentence on the critic's part as this, without even a beneficent semicolon to help us through it:

"But now we must admit the shortcomings, the failures, the defects, as no less essential elements in forming a sound judgment as to whether the seer and artist were so united in him as to justify the claim first put in by himself and afterward maintained by his sect to a place beside the few great poets who exalt men's minds, and give a right direction and safe outlet to their passions through the imagination, while insensibly helping them toward balance of character and serenity of judgment by stimulating their sense of proportion, form, and the nice adjustment of means to ends." (P. 202.)

It is fair to say that this is by far the worst sentence in the book, and is an instance of the "survival" of that early habit of involved writing which was so conspicuous in Mr. Lowell's first prose book, the "Conversations." We may almost rejoice that such an example is preserved, like a schoolboy's first bad autograph, to throw out in bolder relief a superb sentence like this, where he compares Wordsworth to Milton:

"His mind had not that reach and elemental movement of Milton's, which, like the trade-wind, gathered to itself thoughts and images like stately fleets from every quarter; some deep with silks and spicery, some brooding over the silent thunders of their battailous armaments, but all swept forward in their destined track, over the long billows of his verse, every inch of canvas strained by the unifying breath of their common epic impulse." (P. 241.)

We may demur, if we please, at single words in this sentence—as "battailous," "unifying,"—but for nobleness of swell and rhythm, it might be the work of Milton himself. The book contains many shorter phrases which are marked by a similar beauty of execution. The wonder is not that there should be frequent irregularities in Mr. Lowell's prose writing, but that he should ever write so admirably, when he appears to have so little

abstract reverence for the art. He always seems to define prose,—as on pages 138, 226, 326,—as if it were merely poetry that had failed of its duty and got into disgrace. And in the mere mechanism of prose structure, we must point out one habit in which he falls far below the literary standard of Emerson,—the practice, namely, of allowing part of his thought to straggle into foot-notes, instead of working it all into the main text, and leaving the notes to contain only references and citations.

In conclusion, we perceive with joy that Mr. Lowell shows no trace in this book of that cynicism which has been, perhaps, too hastily suspected in him, as the growth of advancing years. There are here no sneers at the proposition that Teague should have a note, nor is there any visible evidence of a reactionary mood. He does, indeed, say what would have come strangely from the Lowell of thirty years ago, that, "like all great artistic minds, Dante was essentially conservative" (p. 36). But, inasmuch as Professor Lowell's own period of poetic production coincided pretty closely with his period of radicalism; and as the one great poem of his maturer years,—the "Commemoration Ode,"—was a pean over a completed reform,—we may safely leave his artistic theory, in this respect, to be corrected by his personal example.

John Burroughs's "Winter Sunshine."*

How many of us can boast an acquaintance who speaks of all the pretty and melodious creatures of woods and fields with the sure tone of an intimate friend? Not many, it is to be feared. Yet the largest public has in Mr. Burroughs a near approach to such a charming companion, and one, moreover, who, for our delight, has condensed many hours of keen out-door enjoyment, many days of loving scrutiny of woody things, into the compass of a small book. His gentle muse is fresh, alert, and out of doors; less booky, as well as less literary, than that of Izaak Walton, for instance; but all the freer and breezier for that. Read in this hurried and over-worked atmosphere of the United States, "Wake Robin" and "Winter Sunshine" give one the same deep-lunged delight that a cramped dweller in cities feels when he steps out from wholesome pine groves upon the windy summit of a mountain. This is real air, blood-quickenning; these are real pages of nature, delighting the mind.

Indeed, is it not a little privilege to listen to a man who talks about foxes, we will say, as Mr. Burroughs can? How many persons speak of pretty Reynard and suffer from his craft, who in all their lives have never seen him running wild. Even the hunter needs a dog to get sight of him.

"I go out in the morning after a fresh fall of snow and see at all points where he has crossed the road. Here he has leisurely passed within rifle-range of the house, evidently reconnoitering the premises with an eye to the hen-roost. That clear, sharp track,—there is no mistaking it for the clumsy footprint of a little dog. All his wildness and agility

are photographed in it. Here he has taken fright, or suddenly recollected an engagement, and in long, graceful leaps, barely touching the fence, he has gone careering up the hill as fleet as the wind.

"The wild, buoyant creature, how beautiful he is! * * * This is thoroughly a winter sound,—this voice of the hound upon the mountain,—and one that is music to many ears. The long, trumpet-like bay, heard for a mile or more,—now faintly back to the deep recesses of the mountain,—now distinct, but still faint, as the hound comes over some prominent ridge, and the wind favors. * *

"The fox usually keeps half a mile ahead, regulating his speed by that of the hound, occasionally pausing a moment to divert himself with a mouse, or to contemplate the landscape, or to listen for his pursuer. If the hound press him too closely, he leads off from mountain to mountain, and so generally escapes the hunter; but if the pursuit be slow, he plays about some ridge or peak, and falls a prey, though not an easy one, to the experienced sportsman."

About apples, there is a chapter which invests that cheap and overlooked fruit with something of the divinity which is bred of enthusiasm. Listen to this outburst over apples, this thanksgiving fitted for the whole year, and realize how well Mr. Burroughs has done to name the whole book "Winter Sunshine:"

"I love to stroke its polished rindure with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills, or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you, salmon-fleshed greening! I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks. You are so alive! You glow like a ruddy flower. You look so animated, I almost expect you to move! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful. How compact! How exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun, and varnished against the rains."

Of birds, Mr. Burroughs earned long ago the right to speak with authority, and of birds he has something good to say in this book, as well as of the pleasures and the habits of many small beasts of our woods; but the impressions made upon him by a short tour in England and a flight into France give us reason to admire his well-trained powers of observation in other and more complex fields. Of the many writers on the same country no one has approached England quite in the way he has. It is the look of the land and people which he records, the way the birds and beasts impress a new arriver, and all those other points which are, to be sure, outside, but, to a sufficiently sensitive person, not necessarily superficial. London he finds singularly countrylike, in spite of its enormous size; Paris, pulled down, rebuilt, renovated, and centralized, he calls the handiwork of a race of citizens; admires it, but tires of it soon. Especially good are his remarks about the monotony of the fine Parisian architecture, and the following may give an idea of the lightness of his hand:

* *Winter Sunshine*. By John Burroughs, Author of "Wake Robin." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1896.

"The French give a touch of art to whatever they do. Even the drivers of drays and carts and trucks about the streets are not content with a plain, matter-of-fact whip, as an English or American laborer would be, but it must be a finely modeled stalk, with a long, tapering lash tipped with the best silk snapper. Always the inevitable snapper. I doubt if there is a whip in Paris without a snapper. Here is where the fine art, the rhetoric of driving, comes in. This converts a vulgar, prosy 'gad' into a delicate instrument, to be wielded with pride and skill, and never to be literally applied to the backs of the animals, but to be launched to the right and left into the air with a professional flourish, and a sharp, ringing report. * * * Everything has its silk snapper. Are not the literary whips of Paris famous for their rhetorical tips and the sting there is in them? What French writer ever goaded his adversary with the belly of his lash, like the Germans and English, when he could blister him with its silken end, and the percussion of wit be heard at every stroke?"

Of a London fog he says: "It was like a great yellow dog taking possession of the world."

As one moves through the familiar scenes which Mr. Burroughs so freshly calls to mind, the question occurs: Do people realize how he comes by this faculty of broad appreciation of great, and minute scrutiny of little things? There can be but one answer: By staying at home and giving a loving study to his own fields and forests, just as Thoreau did, and as Emerson, in his own lofty and less popular way still does. Men are said to be only moving plants after all. At any rate, they must have roots, whether these be only invisible and intangible ones, and Mr. Burroughs has struck his mental roots down into the fiber of his land. The chapter called "A March Chronicle" gives one the poetical side of a sugar-maple camp, quite delightful to consider.

As a writer, Burroughs must be assigned to the comradeship of Thoreau, Emerson, and Whitman. In some ways he looks at things very much as Whitman does, and those ways are good; but he has also caught from him—we are sure it is infection and not the outcome of a like temperament—some habits that were better dropped. Even in this charming book there are unnecessary expressions which border on the coarse, and do not add strength, while once or twice we meet absolute inaccuracies of style and grammar. One, on page 95, is the use of lay for lie; and the other, an occasional dropping of the adverb, a custom which may be colloquial, but has not yet received the sanction of literature.

Quite possibly these are merely errors in reading proof, and can be readily removed in the succeeding editions which such pleasing essays merit. Perhaps a well-considered pen will then pass through such few lines as mention sea-sickness, sewers, and other things of interest to no one, and which, in a book of just this quality, pain with some show of reason the fastidious.

Barron's "Foot Notes; or, Walking as a Fine Art."

THIS is a book after the Thoreau style by a Connecticut Yankee—though born, he says, in Vermont, "in Hampshire Corner, a place well known to its inhabitants,"—who describes himself as a quasi-Spiritualist, and as either the victim of a disordered fancy, or else as walking and writing under an alien influence which he more than half believes is that of the spirit of Thoreau. There can be little doubt, we think, that it is the spirit of the Concord walker, though we are loth to believe that Thoreau has become a ghost walker, and the invisible attendant and familiar of Mr. Barron. We have known persons to write as much like Tennyson, or Emerson, who certainly are not yet dogging about poor mortals for the use of their bodies. The truth is, a great deal of genius and sensibility comes into the world without any decided form or bias—without any calcareous envelope, so to speak. We do not like to call Mr. Barron's book a soft-shelled egg, but it certainly in some way suggests the simile. There is excellent meat in it, picture and thought and suggestion—real heart and substance; but for what form and cohesion it has, he seems mainly indebted to another. And it is a silly make-shift to call in the aid of Spiritualism to explain the phenomenon. If our author had never read Thoreau, then, indeed, would there be room to marvel. He says he had thought of making a book full of "homely things" before he had made the acquaintance of the Walden recluse, and it is a pity he never set about it. When he did begin to write, which was in 1864, he says he was struck by a wave of influence that made the product of his pen quite different from anything he had ever written before.

In his chapter called "Impressions," he explains the matter quite satisfactorily. "I notice," he says, "that my word has a flavor at times which indicates that the taste of some book I had eaten had not gotten out of my mouth when I spoke. May be I am like butter, which is so easily tainted by positive odors like those of leeks, or tobacco, or smoked herrings. Yet I think I am not without a certain fierce individuality. I am quite implacable when I think of one person selfishly violating the sacred personality of another who is weaker in magnetism. I have always lived a little one side, just because I did not care to have even the good enter my sphere with their influence. Still, when I look into things closely, I am compelled to admit that it is the rule of nature that the strong shall penetrate and move the weak." His "sphere," as he calls it, is a very sensitive one, and is more apt to take than to give impressions. Some of the Western towns, he says, almost tortured him with their influence. He frequently walks to New Haven, and, in a certain hollow, two and one half miles distant, his sphere and the sphere of the town invariably come in collision. He feels the town, and, perhaps, if the town knew itself, it would feel him. But the impression which the city makes upon him at that range is a good one. He says he knows that New Haven is much given to looking between the two shells of an oyster, etc.,

yet, by the aid of Yale College, it sends out an intellectual and religious influence which he can feel two and one half miles off. There is a good deal of this kind of sensibility, or impressibility, in the book, which one is at a loss whether to call a morbid and preternatural sharpness, or real poetic delicacy and spirituality. There are, undoubtedly, marks of both. Now and then we come upon crude places; our walker has not uniform good taste; we do not, on the whole, feel quite sure of him. Some parts of his experiences and confessions are not set in just the right light. It requires a very steady nerve and a certain robustness and unconsciousness for a man to talk so freely about himself without at least a slight letting down of his dignity, and Mr. Barron does not go through the ordeal with as much grace as Montaigne does, or as his own prototype Thoreau does. Perhaps he is too much of a walker, too genuine a "tramp," as he announces himself in the first sentence of his book, and makes too much of sleeping in barns and under hay-stacks.

But, after every qualification, "Foot Notes" is a valuable contribution to the literature of walking. No writer ever took more easily or naturally to the path or the open road. He has the true light-heartedness, the true walker's gait. He says he walks chiefly to visit natural objects, "but I sometimes go on foot to visit myself. It often happens when I am on an outward-bound excursion, that I also discover a good deal of my own thought. He is a poor reporter, indeed, who does not note his thought as well as his sight." He is a close and almost infallible observer of nature. We doubt if he can be detected in a single error in this direction. When he speaks of bird or beast, or of any of the lesser shows, or phases, or sounds, or odors of nature, he always has a word or two, or a whole sentence, that hits the mark fairly. True, his eye is microscopic, rather than telescopic, as was Thoreau's. He magnifies the little, the common, the near-at-hand, but nearly always shows the smallest, homeliest fact surrounded by the prismatic hues of the spirit. He has none of his master's asperity and misanthropy, and he never belittles other things, the better to show off his woodchucks and muskrats. He says: "People talk a good deal as if progress in civilization meant but little more than the moving out of a hut into a palace, or the substitution of a silver fork for a steel one;" and yet he adds, that he believes the truest civilization will include a silver fork for him and his.

As an evidence of the firm and steady gaze which our walker turns upon things, note the chapter on "Winter Colors." How surely his eye picks out all the subtle shades and tints in the naked woods and in the different trees—garnet and amaranth, pearl and maroon. He says the limbs of the white birch seen against a dark background show like chalk lines on a black-board. The chapter on "Lichens" is a good sample of the beauty his microscopical eye everywhere reveals. Other chapters that have given us especial pleasure are on "Night Walking," "The Legs," "Walking in the Rain," "Dirt," "Men," "Ox-Teamsters," and "The Creed of a Wood-

chuck." In this latter he drops into poetry, as he does in several others.

"I deem it very good luck
That I'm only a woodchuck,
For I never have to travel,
All the world over,
On stormy roads and gravel,
To get my beans and clover.
I've no friends with axes
To grind,
Nor a King with taxes
To bind.
I keep no crust upon a shelf;
For in the winter I can nurse myself:
I shut my doors
To stop the bores
And sleep the while
To save my stores," etc.

This will at once recall Thoreau's "Old Marlborough Road."

There is a deal of quiet humor in the book, a warm, steady sunshine of the heart that seems native to the author. There is wisdom, too, that he has not learned of some one else. "I notice," he says, "that a man, whether he be riding or walking, is always enveloped in a cloud of thoughts and impressions which touch him only by their finest points, and which can scarcely be said to make a part of his conscious feeling, and much less of his conscious thought. All these may affect him badly, or they may be as soothing to him as any melody. Among other conclusions, I have inferred from this, that a man may have, and does have, a great deal of latent happiness; something very different from active pleasure-seeking and conscious enjoyment. I find that all our gains and victories are gradually turning themselves into this latent happiness, and that we have to make an effort from time to time in order to know just how happy we are. This is a kind of invested happiness I like."

Now and then we come upon a bit of landscape, or a group of figures, or an attitude in the book that is clearly and strongly sketched. This drawing of the "Piney-Woods Woman" of North Carolina, whither the author seems to have done some walking as a soldier, is as good as can be found anywhere:

"She was tall, lean, and sallow; her dress was made of some dingy cotton stuff; on her head she wore a sun-bonnet without starch; on her shoulders she bore the gun always so ready to bring aid to the slave-owner; she was barefooted, and when she walked she did it manfully, her heels lifting her scanty skirt behind, and her knees making vigorous thrusts against it before. She was preceded by two dogs and followed by a horse and cart which carried her husband, a little sallow man, who looked a good deal frozen-and-thawed by the fever and ague, —two or three children, a chest, a few rude chairs, some slight tokens of bedding, and a few cooking utensils."

The book is handsomely printed and bound by the Wallingford Printing Co., and well deserves and will repay the attention of every lover of the manly art of walking.

Browning's "Inn Album."

THERE is a wide range of readers who utterly repudiate and taboo Browning. His name is an offense, and his continued existence as an author odious to their sense of literary justice. These had best pass over any notice of Browning's later work as thoroughly as they avoid the work itself; but to the other few, who can stand his peculiarities, and by practice have learned to unravel the curious stitches of his mind, it will be proper to speak of "The Inn Album."

On a general view "The Inn Album" is a novel in blank verse, with characters such as Browning can draw, and much of the less important material which belongs to the ordinary novel, left out. With these omissions, however, go hand in hand omissions of the most important, so that, noticeably toward the end, whole pages have to be added by the nimble wit of the reader, or he is left floundering in darkness and exasperation of mind. At the same time there is the old verbosity; whole pages are used to amplify, turn and twist, shift and reverse, some simile, until one swears the man is only doing it to show how smart he can be, and meanwhile in the following of these useless twists the current of the story manages to be lost. There is a noble excitement in sliding down a rapid river, especially if one dreads a cataract below; but ceaseless eddies now this way, now that, distract and weary most minds to such extent that they are glad to seize a dull moment to push their boat ashore.

Perhaps it is well that the audience of the "Inn Album" is a small one, for the undeniable cleverness which is found in all Browning's work hardly compensates for other and startling things. The bitterness and hollowness of "the world"—gambling, profligacy, lies, seduction, sharpening, suicide certainly, perhaps murder, are brought out by the three actors in the quiet parlor of the "Inn," of which the following gives an idea:

"Except the red-roofed patch
Of half a dozen dwellings that, crept close
For hill-side shelter, make the village-clump,
This inn is perched above to dominate—
Except such sign of human neighborhood,
And this surmised rather than sensible,
There is nothing to disturb absolute peace,
The reign of English nature—which means art,
And civilized existence. Wildness' self
Is just the cultured triumph. Presently
Deep solitude, be sure, reveals a "Place"
That knows the right way to defend itself:
Silence hems round a burning spot of life.
Now where a Place burns, must a village brood;
And where a village broods, an inn should boast
Close and convenient; here you have them both."

The Duke's brother, "refinement every inch, from brow to boot heel," is an elaborate Faust, who is engaged in plucking a young millionaire, "the polished snob," and gets plucked himself. The woman in the case, whom the younger man has met and

loved in vain, and the older has met and loved too successfully, who has married meanwhile a narrow country parson, and is ignorant of what old friends she is about to meet at the inn—is thus described by her startled betrayer:

"See
The low wide brow oppressed by sweeps of hair,
Darker and darker as they coil and swathe
The crowned corpse-whiteness whence the eyes burn
black
Not asleep now! not pin-points dwarfed beneath,
Either great bridging eye-brow, poor blank beads,
Babies, I've pleased to pity in my time:
How they protrude and glow immense with hate!
The long triumphant nose attains—retains
Just the perfection; and there's the scarlet skein
My ancient enemy, her lip and lip,
Sense-free, sense-frighting lips clenched cold and bold
Because of chin, that base resolved beneath!
Then the columnar neck completes the whole
Greek-sculpture-baffling body!"

This woman is certainly not very English. The only English are the "polished snob" and his cousin; the other two are Italians in all they do and say,—that is to say, they are not English, and are Italian in as far as they are not Browning. For each and every character in the book, from the novelistic highly carved noble villain, to the snobs laughed at for their poetical ventures in the album of the inn, is Browning himself. And yet there is a strong effort at versatility, at being up to the times, modern, full of society spirit. Bismarck, Wagner, Tennyson, Browning himself, are alluded to in playful terms, and possibly with a purpose to make it all seem very real. But it is like the dancing of an elephant. One cannot but feel that here is strength enough to move a mountain, and instead, we find nothing but antics which do not even amuse the crowd. Among the waves of commonplace Browning shoulders up like a rock, always himself, always formidable, often grand. He seems to despise his surroundings, but now and then one fancies he has a certain satisfaction in the waves and likes them; but whether it be for their own sake, or because they furnish a becoming foil to his strength and loftiness, it were hard to determine.

French and German Books.

Un Mariage dans le Monde. Octave Feuillet. New York, Christern.—"Madame Fitz-Gérald and daughter, although little accustomed to walking, advanced down the boulevard with a firm and sure step, dividing the crowd with a sovereign indifference, and exchanging a few words in a short, high voice, as if they had been tête-à-tête in their park. They left on their passage a perfume of hot-house flowers and seemed to sweeten the asphalt which they trod. Foreign ladies studied with jealous eyes the toilet, movements, and royal gait of these two Parisians traversing their own empire, and with very good reason despaired of ever imitating them."

It is this daughter whom M. de Rias, the regular thirty-year-old Frenchman of wealth, social position, and personal distinction, is advised to marry. He

* The Inn Album, by Robert Browning. J. R. Osgood & Co. Boston, 1876.

has had his fling, and now wants a "femme d'intérieur." Mr. Feuillet, however, shows what folly it is in him to expect such a thing. His wife, who has been brought up in the French manner, is fresh to balls, theaters, and worldly delights, while he has tired of them long ago. His ideal of life consists in some desultory writing and a good deal of philosophical observation of Paris and outside life in general; but for his "interior" existence he wants a quiet home. He is a model lover even before the young lady sees him, and his perfections appear to have run before him. For when she has stolen out to catch a glimpse of him before he enters her house, and while she stands concealed on a terrace which he must pass:

"On the dry clay of the road one could hear distinctly the supple and raised steps of a horse, which must be a horse of a fine breed, and could not carry any one but a rider of distinction."

At first De Rias is a model husband. But the before-mentioned ideas gradually get the upper hand and lead to serious differences of opinion between him and his wife. It comes at last to a tacit alienation, and at Trouville the wife almost succumbs to a compromiser of her honor. Here the peculiar French "institution of an interventor" comes in under the guise of a young married woman and her brother. The French seem to need and take kindly to the good offices of a third person under the most delicate circumstances. Either because their passions are more on the surface, or because the "interventor" has a natural, national tact of arranging matters without wounding the feelings of either. The reconciliation of the couple is only delayed by the wife falling in love with the male interventor, but she soon gets over this folly, and M. de Rias, resigning his own weaknesses, gets a wife, who, if not exactly the "femme d'intérieur" of his ideal, is, according to Feuillet, all the better for her experience.

A book by Octave Feuillet is sure to be read, and although "Un Mariage" cannot be considered quite up to that very high mark which this artist has attained, its success will be deserved. It is true that it handles the usual and much reprobated topics of a French novel, but we must remember the public for which it is written, and decide whether its influence on that public is for good or evil. Surely and emphatically for good. It may be affirmed that in this book at least Feuillet is working toward a purification of morals and a solidifying of the loose ideas on the marriage question in France. He is in the front rank of his time, which holds more seriousness, more regret at past folly, more preparation for a purer future than outsiders are apt to imagine. This is what the mutual lady friend writes to De Rias:

"Mon Dieu! I know women are too lightly brought up in France; their education is superficial, frivolous, exclusively worldly, prepares them very badly for the serious profession of a married woman. I grant you all that; but, in spite of all that, I dare affirm, that, to speak generally, there is not one who is not morally superior to the man she marries, and

more capable than he of domestic virtue. And I am going to tell you why; it is because women possess in a higher degree than you the crowning virtue of marriage, which is the spirit of sacrifice; but it is hard for them to renounce everything when the husband renounces nothing, and yet that is what he asks them to do."

Nevertheless Feuillet delights himself and his readers in picturing the Arcadian innocence of Mlle. Fitz-Gérald on the eve of her marriage. His solution is that a husband should instruct a young wife, rather than that young girls before marriage should know the world and what there is in it to take and to avoid.

Contes du Lundi. Alphonse Daudet. New York, Christern.—A new and augmented edition of these exquisite little tales recalls vividly the sad days of the recent German-French war. Some of them are of the most moving nature, and their pathos is skillfully blended with simplicity in a manner to delight a writer and hold a reader's attention fast. It is hard to choose a favorite, the cabinet pictures are all so good. *Les mères*, *Le siège de Berlin*, *Le porte-drapeau*, are particularly pathetic; *La pendule de Bougival*, *La partie du Billard*, ironical and witty; *La défense de Tarascon*, witty and malicious. Tarascon has to suffer for the whole of Southern France, whose lukewarmness in the late war was only too evident. Almost all tend to keep alive in French hearts a horror of Germans and a hope for revenge. It is safe to say that no one in Germany, England, or America, can write such seeming trifles so full of power.

Paris à travers les âges. 12 livraisons. New York, Christern.—An exhaustive treatise on the French capital is to be issued by Firmin, Didot & Cie. in twelve parts, and is to contain the successive appearance of the monuments and principal quarters of Paris from the thirteenth century up to the present time. Old maps, old pictures, and bird's-eye views of the city are reproduced, and where these are wanting, plans are drawn up according to the most authentic documents. The text is to be furnished by a number of writers of good standing, and full-page colored engravings support the pictures in the text. Some, if not all, of these engravings are well worth framing. Text and pictures are folio size and come in a case especially fitted for them. Each *livraison* is to cost ten dollars.

Rossija. Erzählungen aus der Geschichte und Sage Russlands. Oskar Urban. New York, L. W. Schmidt.—Oskar Urban, who appears to be a teacher in a Russian Governmental school in Mohilew on the Dnjepr, strives to inform the youth of Germany of some of the most picturesque and important events in the history and antiquity of Russia. The scenes are drawn with much fire and succeed well in just what they set out to do, namely, in interesting the reader in the people and country, without raising the question of how much is strictly historical, how much modern addition, and how much mythical figment. The book is an appeal, not a history, and meant to inoculate boys and girls

with the same enthusiasm the writer feels. Older folks, are however, by no means debarred, for there are few if any puerilities. We are bound to make a few allowances of strict fact where a subject looks so arid as the history of Russia. Singularly interesting are the allusions to the old beliefs of the Russians—the wild women, the beast-man who is a robber and lives in the woods, where he allures travelers by singing like a nightingale. The legends of the first introduction of Christianity read like parallels to other similar events in other nations, and among the myths and heroic legends one is continually reminded now of Indian tales from the Mahabharata, now of Arabic fairy stories like *Hatim Tai*, and then again of Norse and German traditions handed down from heathen times. Not that they at all lack individuality or a local taste and color, but the same general idea pervades them, the same legend rises up in a different guise, the same gods and demons speak in a different language. And it would be strange if it were otherwise, for the Russians are not only of the same primitive stock with Hindoos, Germans, and Celts, but from their geographical position have suffered inroads and intermarriages with more than one distinct race of men.

Hauff's Märchen. Revised for young folks by A. L. Grimm. New York, L. W. Schmidt.—Hauff's fairy tales never grow old, and cannot be too often republished. The present edition contains the seven stories told by Selim Baruch and the five merchants of a caravan, namely, *Kalif Stork—Ghost-ship—Cut-off-hand—Fatima's Rescue—Little Muck—False Prince*. Also the four tales related by the slaves of the Sheik of Alexander, among which is the celebrated satirical story of the Englishman who, in place of an eccentric nephew, imposes an educated baboon upon the foolish inhabitants of a small German town. The third part consists of the tales told at the tavern in the Spessart, the second being that called "*The Cold Heart*." It seems almost superfluous to praise fairy stories, for unless they are good they are not apt to exist at all, or, at any rate, they do not come to the honor of a second edition. But these are especially good.

The New President of the Board of Education.

THAT New Yorkers may know who the new President of their Board of Education is, and understand how thoroughly based in fitness is his elevation to his present position, we have collected the principal points of his history, and present them here:

William Wood was born at Glasgow, Scotland, October 21st, 1808. His education was begun

in 1815 at the celebrated school of William Angus in Glasgow. Two years later he entered the Grammar School for a four-years' Latin course under David Douie. In 1821 Mr. Wood entered the Junior Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow. At the end of the session of the Senior class (1823) he went, on the introduction of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, to reside as a pupil with the Rev. Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell, the founder of savings banks. In 1825 Mr. Wood returned to the University of Glasgow and finished his college course in the winter of 1827-28.

After his graduation, Mr. Wood entered the mercantile house of his father and grandfather, J. & A. Dennistoun of Glasgow. In November, 1828, he arrived in New York, having become a partner of a branch of the Glasgow house, then carried on here under the firm of Dennistoun, McGregor & Co. He returned to Scotland in 1829, and again visited New York, and was married to Miss Harriet A. Kane of this city. Remaining but a short time in America, he returned to Glasgow, and shortly afterward went to Liverpool to take charge of the house of Alexander Dennistoun & Co. Here he lived until 1844, taking a deep and active interest on the liberal side of politics. He was one of the vice-presidents of the Liverpool Anti-Monopoly Association, which was, in fact, only another name for the Liverpool branch of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Mr. Wood moved the adoption of a resolution in favor of, and presented the address to, Daniel O'Connell at the great public meeting held at the Amphitheater on the 28th of March, 1844, after O'Connell had been convicted of sedition in Dublin, and had appealed to the House of Lords, which appeal resulted in his favor. In December, 1844, Mr. Wood once more sailed for New York, and, on his arrival, established the well known house of Dennistoun, Wood & Co., from which he retired in 1860. He was married a second time in New York, in 1847, to Miss Margaret Lawrence, who died in 1871. Mr. Wood became an Elder of the New York Collegiate Dutch Church in 1860, which position he is now holding. He finally retired from business in 1869. In May of the same year he was appointed by Mayor Hall as one of the twelve Commissioners of the Board of Education, which position he held until April, 1873. He was re-appointed in May, 1875, and was elected presiding officer for the year 1876. It is only necessary to add that no member of the Board is his superior in education, knowledge of the New York schools, thorough devotion to the interests of popular education, and personal enthusiasm. He is an honest, strong-headed, good-hearted, thoroughly cultivated, gentlemanly Scotchman, whose wise and intelligent offices in the Board of Education, New York is most fortunate in possessing.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Expression-Glass.

In portrait photography a small mirror, called an expression-glass, in which the sitter can see his face, has been tried with success. It consists of a round glass mirror about six inches in diameter, secured by means of a universal joint to a brass ring sliding on an upright rod. The rod is supported by a base, so that it will stand firm on the floor, and by means of the ring and joint the glass can be placed in any desired position. On the top of the mirror is a telescopic sight, to enable the operator to adjust the mirror in line with the sitter's eyes. By the aid of this glass the sitter is assisted to look in the proper direction to obtain the best view of the face, and is given a fixed point on which to rest his eyes. He also sees his face in the mirror, and may thus correct any infelicities of expression. The apparatus is said to meet the approval of photographic artists.

Direct Process in Heliotyping.

The heliotype process has recently exhibited an interesting and valuable improvement, whereby much time and labor are saved, with no resulting loss in the artistic perfection of the work. By the usual method gelatine films are made sensitive to light, and when placed under photographic negatives and exposed to sunlight, are so affected as to become water-proof wherever the light falls upon them. The rest of the film, the parts shaded by the negative, still retain their peculiar absorptive qualities and take up water readily. Printer's ink (containing grease), spread upon the film, then adheres to the affected parts, and is rejected by the portions that still retain water. In this way the film prints a copy of the picture or document shown in the negative. By the new process all the photographic work is omitted. By the aid of tannic acid the effects obtained by the action of light are reached by simple contact. In place of employing a negative of the picture or document to be reproduced in heliotype, the subject is merely drawn or written with a pen dipped in a solution of tannic acid, or any copying ink containing tannic acid. The subject, be it letter, design, plan, or picture, is then laid on the moist film and submitted to pressure. The tannic acid in the ink then water-proofs the film where it touches, and it will resist water and accept grease precisely as will a film prepared by the usual actinic method. It may be then used to print from, or a transfer may be made to lithographic stone or to zinc. By transferring to zinc and treating the plates with acid, a relief is obtained that may be used in an ordinary printing-press. The advantages of this direct transfer of the pen-drawing to the gelatine film are obvious. The time, labor, and expense of photographing are all saved, the exact reproduction of the original is secured, and an autographic copy obtained that gives the author or artist in fac-simile.

New Steam Gauge-Cock.

In place of the three gauge-cocks commonly employed on steam boilers, a single cock that registers the height of the water has been introduced. It consists of a hollow plug cock inserted in the boiler, and having an interior pipe passing through it and bent at a right angle on the inside of the boiler, so that it presents a radial arm that turns round on the axis of the pipe. At the outer end is an arm for turning the pipe, a screw valve for opening the pipe, and a small radial arm or pointer that indicates the position of the interior arm. Behind the pointer is an index plate that gives the height of the water in inches. The operation of this gauge-cock is easily understood. When the radial arm is below the water, the pipe discharges water when opened. By turning the handle the radial arm may be made to revolve and sink in the water, or rise above it into the steam. The escape of steam or water thus shows at once when the arm passes the water-line. The pointer also shows the position of the arm and gives the depth of the water in inches. When the fire is out this gauge may be made to show the position of the water by turning the arm through a half circle, when the open end scoops up some of the water and shows its position by the amount of water discharged outside. The advantages claimed for this gauge over the usual group of three try cocks, are the smaller number of holes made in the boiler, and greater accuracy in the statement of the water level. This gauge is not designed to replace the glass tube commonly employed. In this connection it may be noticed that glass tube gauges are now furnished with a strip of white enamel on the inside, that gives the water a milky appearance that renders it more distinctly visible.

Canal Tow-Boats.

THE most recent pattern of steam canal-boat or canal tow-boat that has been launched, is an iron boat having a square section amidship—that is, she has a flat bottom, with square upright sides. Both bow and stern are of the same form, and rise longitudinally with square corners. At the stern the side plating hangs down at each side to the level of the bottom, thus inclosing the screws and rudder in a hood. There are four screws placed in pairs on each side of the rudder, and each pair driven by a single engine. Each shaft has a slight pitch downward, and is connected with its engine by geared wheels. The chief point of interest in this boat is the iron skin or guard on each side of the propellers. All the water displaced below rises at the stern against the propellers, and there is no suction or inflowing of the water at the sides, and there is little disturbance of the surface. The usual center keel at the stern is omitted. The boat is said to display good towing power, with no injury to the banks of the canal by washing.

Borax as a Preservative.

SOME recent experiments with a solution of borax, by M. Dumas, point to its value as an agent in destroying the spores of parasite plants, like those affecting the grape, etc., its power of destroying low animal life, infusoria and the like, its usefulness in preserving anatomical preparations and in arresting fermentation. It was also tried on milk and fresh meats with success, and is suggested as an aid in the treatment of wounds. S. Beer, of Germany, in the same line of research, announces the use of borax as a solvent in the treatment of timber. The coagulation of the sap may be prevented by a solution of borax, and it may then be removed from the wood by boiling. The timber is said to be greatly improved in color and texture, and in ability to resist decay. By omitting the boiling, and leaving the borax in the wood, it is rendered less liable to injury by fire.

Oil Engine.

OF the many experiments made in search of an oil-burning motor, the latest and apparently the most satisfactory engine is one that employs mingled air and crude petroleum. This new engine is made in several sizes, from one-horse-power upward. A five-horse-power engine occupies a floor space of about 2 x 6 feet, and is about 5 high. It is a single-acting engine, with an upright cylinder placed at one end of the frame-work supporting the fly-wheel, air pump, etc. In the base of the frame-work are cast-iron reservoirs, containing a supply of compressed air, and at any convenient distance is a can for the crude oil. From this can a small pump sends the oil to the cylinder, through a pipe 1-16 of an inch in diameter, and delivers it, a drop at a time, on a circular wick of felt. This is carefully protected by wire gauze, on the principle of the Davy safety-lamp, and by another pipe the compressed air is delivered at the same time and place. The result is an instantaneous flaming of the oil and air, and by the resulting expansion in its volume the piston is driven down. This flaming is not, as in the earlier types of gas engines, an explosion, but a simple burning under pressure till the oil is consumed. The products of combustion and the waste heat then escape through the exhaust. At the same time, a smaller burner maintains a minute flame of oil in the cylinder, and in no case can the flame leap past the wire gauze down the oil pipe. The return of the piston is secured by the balance-wheel, and another drop of oil being supplied, it takes fire from the small burner, and the process is repeated. An air-pump is added to maintain the pressure in the air reservoir, and another pump keeps a stream of water circulating in the jacket placed on the cylinder to keep it cool. The cut-off and the pump for supplying oil can be both adjusted to the amount of work required, and on the air-pipe is a safety-valve, to prevent danger from undue pressure. The engine is started by turning a small crank that operates the oil-pump, and then lighting the carburetted air in the cylinder through a small opening. A few turns of the wheel and a single

match are all that are required, and, once started, the engine runs continuously, so long as the supply of oil is maintained, and with no more attention than can be furnished by an occasional oiling and cleaning.

Photographic Registry of Deeds.

THE safe keeping of deeds and other documents has always involved expensive and troublesome buildings, and, as they are now arranged, a search through one of these registries of deeds is a trouble and a vexation. The clerical labor performed in such places is something immense, and it is now proposed to make photo-lithographic copies of such papers, and to preserve them on long webs or sheets wound tightly on rollers. To make new copies, a photo-lithographic transfer is taken, and from this as many are printed as are desired. It is not designed to keep the negatives, but to rub them off after making the required copies, and to use the glass again. It is estimated that the expense of maintaining a photographic establishment, in connection with a registry of deeds, would be less than the present clerical force employed. Photographs possess a fidelity to the original that no copyist can hope to attain. They are legal evidence; they are more quickly multiplied, and, by the aid of photo-relief, copies may be repeated on a common newspaper press. The idea of preserving photographs of deeds on sheets wound upon rollers, instead of in folios, as at present, has advantages in point of economy of space and ease of access. The searcher for a deed has only to turn a crank, and the deeds pass in procession before his eyes, in less time and with less labor than by the present arrangement. Having found the deed wanted, he then asks for a photograph of it, and a dozen absolutely correct copies may be delivered in less time than it now takes to make one tolerably correct one by hand. Some of the musical associations in this city already employ this process, and have all their sheet music photographed. It is more accurate than manuscript, it is neater and more legible, and is not found too expensive.

Road-beds for Bridges.

THE immense traffic over London Bridge has caused the authorities to consider the further economy of the road-bed space. At present the bridge is like an ordinary street, with walks at the side. Among the plans offered, the best one suggests the removal of the walks, and opening the whole width of the bridge for heavy traffic. It is then proposed to excavate a trench in the center, 3 feet 9 inches deep, and 18 feet wide. Stone walls, 4 feet high, are then to be raised on each side, and on these a row of iron columns will carry a high, level bridge six feet above the present street. This bridge is designed for the light traffic, and will be 18 feet wide, with a narrow walk at the sides, and edged with a light iron railing, so as not to mar the artistic effect of the present structure. The space under this bridge is to be finished off with tiles, and is designed for the foot travel. This proposed altera-

tion will give two road-ways, each 16½ feet wide, for heavy traffic; a high, level road, 18 feet wide (including walks), for light carriages, and reached by inclines, and a covered foot-way, reached by tunnels under the lower road-ways. This suggestion might be useful here. Nowhere are more bridges needed than in this country, and nowhere can better bridges be found. At the same time, they nearly all follow the old plan of a single street, with walks at the sides. A high, level walk for the foot travel is far better, both on account of the economy of space, safety, cleanliness, and security.

Memoranda.

IN place of electric bells, rung by wires in connection with a battery, a magneto-electric bell signal is being introduced. A magneto-inductor, containing six permanent magnets, between which a Siemens's armature revolves by means of a handle, generates a current that rings the bell. By this device, all the difficulties attending the use of batteries are avoided, and replaced by a constant and unchangeable power that is controlled by simply turning a handle. The apparatus, including a pair of bells, is portable, and may be inclosed in a box, 11x6x12 inches.

A "horse groomer," or circular brush, driven at a high speed by hand or steam power, has been introduced into the stables of some of the large English tramway companies. It operates precisely as the

revolving hair brushes so much used in England, and is said to be far preferable to the curry-comb and brush used by hand. With steam power, one man can easily groom one hundred horses in a day by the aid of this machine.

M. Saint-Edme, of the French Academy, after exhaustive experiments with lightning conductors, suggests the use of iron rods in long lengths and heavily nickel-plated. The nickel plating is an excellent conductor, and resists the action of the weather.

Cork has been added to the list of available materials used in making illuminating gas. The waste from the cork-cutters distilled in close retorts gives a whiter and more brilliant light than coal, with the blue core of the flame much reduced. The results so far obtained are so satisfactory, that it is to be applied to street lighting.

Among means employed in removing stumps comes the suggestion to use sheet-iron chimneys. These are cone-shaped below, to cover the stumps, have a tall stove-pipe on top, and have short iron legs to allow of an air-space all round the bottom. Kindling material being piled round the stump, the chimney is placed over all, and fire applied. The chimney acts as a blower, and, in the powerful draft, the stump is quickly destroyed. A few of these chimneys of different sizes are reported as sufficient to clear a field of stumps at a nominal expense of time and labor.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

General Washington in Boston.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that Mr. Hale did not draw upon his imagination for the anecdote of George Washington, printed,—it is believed for the first time,—in the January installment of "Philip Nolan's Friends," and reprinted below. Mr. Hale writes that he had it from the daughter of "the little gal." Nolan asks Ransom if he ever saw Washington, and Ransom replies:

"Guess I did. Seen him great many times. I was standin' right by him when he come into the old tavern at the head of King street, jest where the pump is, by the Town House. Gage boarded there, and Howe and Clinton had they quarters there, and so the General come there when our army marched in. They was a little gal stood there starin' at him and all the rest, and he took her up, and he kissed her, he did. 'N' he said to her: 'Sis,' says he, 'which do you like best, the Red-Coats or the Yankees?' 'N' the child says, says she, she liked the Red-Coats the best,—gal-like, you know,—because they looked so nice. 'N' he laughed right out, 'n' he says to her: 'Woll,' says he, 'they do hev the best clothes, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fightin'.' Oh, I seen him lots o' times."

The Sun-Dial.

MR. STEDMAN'S recent verses, entitled "Only the Sunny Hours" (SCRIBNER for January), have called forth from the pages of an album which contains many famous names, the following little poem on the same subject by Professor Morse. We knew that Professor Morse had tried his hand at painting,

architecture, and even telegraphy; but we did not know before that he could turn a rhyme as neatly as is shown here. Mr. Stedman's poem was suggested, we understand, by the same motto, taken by Leigh Hunt from a sun-dial near Venice.

TO MISS A. G. E.

THE SUN-DIAL.

*"Horas non numero nisi serenas."**

"I note not the hours except they be bright."

The sun when it shines in a clear cloudless sky
Marks the time on my disk in figures of light.
If clouds gather o'er me, unheeded they fly,
"I note not the hours except they be bright."

So when I review all the scenes that have past
Between me and thee, be they dark, be they light,
I forget what was dark, the light I hold fast,
"I note not the hours except they be bright."

SAM'L F. B. MORSE.

Washington, March, 1845.

* In traveling on the Rhine some years ago I saw on a sun-dial at Worms the above motto; the beauty of its sentiment is well sustained in the euphony of its syllables. I placed it in my note-book, and have ventured to expand it in the stanzas which I dedicate to my young friend A—, sincerely praying that the dial of her life may ever show unclouded hours.

Sixty-Six Jumps.

A CENTENNIAL NOVEL. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

(Illustrated with Half-length Figures by the Author.)

PREFACE.

AN observable and general interest in the deeds of our fathers and their parents gives the author and artist reason to believe that a tale based on an event which created considerable excitement in the youth of our Republic will receive a welcome from American readers, not only on account of the lesson it teaches, but because of its associations.

CHAPTER I.

MARCH, 1775.

IT was in the spring of 1775, and already the fire that was soon to burst into flame was smoldering in the hearts of two-thirds of the inhabitants of Lower Milford. In no portion of Connecticut were there purer patriots or braver men. Reuben Salton had been born in Lower Milford. He had grown up among its stony meadows and its simple ways.



REUBEN AND ANNE.

He loved his country, his town, and his comely sweetheart, Anne. He was young yet, but he was tall and strong. I should also say he loved his mother. Thus it was in March, 1775.

CHAPTER II.
THE VENTURE.

ON the ninth of the month, Reuben Salton had made the assertion, before a large portion of his neighbors at a town meeting, that he could jump from the lower step of Marvin's tavern to the town-pump in sixty-six jumps. When the bold statement became generally known, the townspeople shook their heads. Only one man and two women in all Lower Milford believed that he could do it. The man was Daniel Hetcomb, Reuben's old friend and school-fellow. The women were Anne, and Reuben's mother. That night the matter was talked over in every home in the town, and at an informal meeting of the select-men at the house of Ephraim Thomas, where the Governor was on a visit, it was determined, that as Reuben had made public boast of his ability, he should give public proof of it, and court day, which fell on the fourth Wednesday of the month, was appointed for the trial.

CHAPTER III.
DAYS OF WAITING.

THEY were anxious days for Lower Milford, those days of waiting. As we have seen, fully one-third of the inhabitants of the town were lukewarm patriots, or open adherents of King George. To these, the failure of Reuben would be a goodly pleasure. To the rest of the townspeople it would be a sad disappointment, especially as the news had spread to Upper Milford, and West Milford, and even to East Milford. The subject was thoroughly discussed in every quarter; the ground was measured, and many a jumper tried his agility. Hour by hour the feeling grew stronger that sixty-six jumps would not be enough. But Anne, and Daniel, and Reuben's mother never lost faith. And in the early morning, and late at night, Reuben practiced his jumps in his back-yard.

CHAPTER IV.
THE MORNING OF THE DAY.

IT was the day for the jumps. The town was full of people. During the morning the court-room was crowded; but the good folks cared not for the two men who were tried, and were only impatient that the trials there should be hurried through, so that Reuben's trial—a much more important one to them—should commence. The prisoners were found guilty in a short time; no one wished to waste precious hours upon them. The ordinary legal business was hurried through, and every one hast-



REUBEN PRACTICES IN THE BACK-YARD.

ened away to an early dinner, so as to be in time for the jumps, which were to be made in the afternoon.

During that morning, Reuben did not leave his house. Over and over, until near to the dinner hour, he practiced his jumps in the back-yard. About eleven o'clock his mother called him in to dress. She had ironed his finest shirt, and had beautifully pressed the cambric ruffles. Around his neck she tied a new handkerchief of silk, and his Sunday breeches, brushed by her hands, showed not a speck of dust. She fastened upon him the suspenders his devoted Anne had embroidered for him, and smoothed and tightened the white bow that covered his vigorous legs. Then she said, with a little tremble in her voice:

"Reuben, I think you are ready."

CHAPTER V.
THE AFTERNOON.

REUBEN ate no dinner. He merely drank a mug of ale, and took a few bites of bread and cheese; and then his friend Daniel came and said:

"Reuben, they are waiting for you."

Anne had come to walk with Mother Salton, and in a few minutes the four left the house together. Reuben and Daniel walked in front, Reuben without a coat, with his new suspenders sparkling in the sun. The two women followed close behind. When they reached Marvin's tavern, they found the road from the tavern to the town-pump lined with people. Old men, leaning on their canes; stout young fellows, in holiday attire; maidens in their best gear; and mothers with their little ones about them—all stood silent and waiting. Upon the porch of the tavern were the Governor, the select-men, the clergyman of the parish, the doctor, and all the magistrates and lawyers of the neighborhood. When Reuben appeared on the tavern steps, a hum ran through the crowd.

CHAPTER VI.
AT THE TAVERN STEPS.

THE Governor came forward and took Reuben by the hand. "Young man," he said, "I wish you well."

The select-men and the other dignitaries murmured words of encouragement. Reuben bowed gravely, without a word. Then he took his stand upon the ground, his heels against the lower step. By his side stood Daniel, holding a hammer and some pegs. Reuben looked straight before him, and then he turned his head toward Anne and his mother, who stood a little on one side. Both the women were pale, but they smiled as he looked at them.

Then said the Governor:

"Jump!"

CHAPTER VII.
THE FIRST TEN JUMPS.

AT the word, Reuben drew a long breath, bent his knees, and sprang. It was a goodly jump! And then another and another, and another, until he had counted ten. Daniel, with his hammer and his pegs, ran by his side, and the Governor and the select-men, and the upper ends of the long lines of townsfolk, closed in behind him. But Anne and his mother were nearest to him. At the tenth jump Reuben stopped, and Daniel drove down a peg at the toe of his left shoe. Reuben stepped back, wiped his face with his handkerchief, and looked behind him. He said nothing, but in a minute or two he put his left toe against the peg, which Daniel then pulled up.

CHAPTER VIII.
TWENTY JUMPS MORE.

THEN jumped Reuben again, once, twice, three times, four, five, six times, and stopped to rest. The Governor came to him, and said:



REUBEN RESTS.

"No hurry, Reuben. Take your time."

And Daniel brought him a drink of water in a tin cup. Then he jumped six times more, and after a rest, during which his mother and Anne came to him with pleasant words of encouragement, he made eight more jumps.

Now, said Daniel, "Jump three times more and I'll drive down a peg, and you can take a good rest. Then you will have jumped just half way."

So Reuben gave three mighty jumps, and then sat down on a big stone by the side of the street and took a rest.

CHAPTER IX.
THE WORK HALF DONE.

THERE was great excitement among the townsfolk now. He had jumped half his jumps—had he jumped half the distance! The Governor and the magistrates mingled in the thickest of the crowd, as much excited and anxious as any one. Even Anne and Reuben's mother watched two men who had a long cord, with which they measured the distance Reuben had already jumped. Then these men went on and measured the distance he had yet to jump. Almost every one followed them as they measured the ground, but Daniel never left the spot where he had driven the peg which marked half of Reuben's work. There were men in town that day who would have set that peg back, had the opportunity been given them.

CHAPTER X.
LACKING!

THE men had measured the ground. Reuben had not jumped half the distance! Full five feet were lacking. Anne said, with tremulous voice, "Do not tell him!" but Reuben's mother said, "I will tell him. He must know; he must jump better." So she went and told him. Loud was the talk and many the opinions among the townspeople. Some said that he could easily make it up. He need add but two inches to each of his remaining jumps and he would make up the deficiency. But others said he could not make longer jumps. Then Reuben came and took his stand at the peg.

CHAPTER XI.
SIXTY-FIVE.

REUBEN now made ten tremendous jumps and then he rested. Then he made ten more and took a longer rest. He rested so long that the people became impatient and shouted for him to go on. Very few now believed that he could cover the distance in sixty-six jumps, and those who doubted him were not backward in saying so. When he rose from

the ground where he had been sitting Anne followed him, and as he took his stand by the peg he said softly, so that only he could hear: "Reuben, if you do it in thirteen more jumps, I will say no more about delay."

"You mean that?" he said. "You will marry me as soon as I please?" "Yes, Reuben," answered Anne. Then our jumper clanked tightly his hands, and his eyes flashed. He gave five jumps greater than any he had made yet. The crowd cheered. "He'll do it yet," the people said. Then he rented a little



STOP!

and jumped again and again, until he had jumped seven times, and then Daniel put his hand on his shoulder, and cried: "Stop! That is sixty-five!" "Sixty-five! It was true. There was but one more jump to make, and he stood twenty feet from the pump!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"WAIT!"

Twenty feet in a single jump! And yet Reuben, without a word, prepared to jump.

"Stop!" said Daniel again, "you can't do it!" "I know I can't," whispered Reuben—he did not seem to have the strength to speak out loud—"but I will finish. I will do better than any man in town can do, though I have failed."

"No," said Daniel, "wait. You can do better if you wait." The good Daniel could not believe in his friend's failure. If he would only wait and think, something might be done. He did not know what wild thoughts came into his mind of a vaulting-pole, a spring-board—something. But they soon vanished. Such things would not be allowed, of course. But still he said, "Wait!"

The turmoil among the people was terrible. They pressed around Reuben; they shouted, and they laughed, and were angry. "Go on!" cried some. "He has failed," said the Tories. "Not yet!" said his friends.

Anne and Reuben's mother stood behind him pale and motionless, and they said not a word. Then the Governor pressed his way through the crowd, and he said to Reuben:

"Young man, you cannot jump that." "I know it," said Reuben, "but I will do my best." "And that you cannot do," replied the Governor, "for you are trembling and tired."

Then the Governor walked to the pump-platform and mounted upon it. "Hear!" he cried, and all the people were silent. "The day has rapidly passed," said the Governor, "and it is supper time. Even now



REUBEN SEES TWO MEN AT WORK.

I hear old Mother Kemper ringing the bell for the aquies. We cannot allow our sports to interfere with our domestic plans. Therefore the final jump of Reuben's Salon is postponed until to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NIGHT.

SLOWLY and discontentedly the crowd dispersed, while Reuben, leaning on his mother's arm, slowly walked homeward.

The people were noisy and disputing. The Tories of Upper Milford were in especial glee. The patriots were depressed. All now were gone but the faithful Daniel. He waited by the peg that he had driven where Reuben last stood, and he drove it down tightly into the ground. The Tories must not set it back in the night. "Although," he thought, with a sigh, "how gladly would I set it forward!" But he was faithful, and he drove it down tight.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MORNING.

DANIEL did not rest well. He dreamed many a dream of Tory raids upon the peg, and of Reuben, with grasshopper legs, making the one wild bound that was needed. In the dim and early gray of the morning, he arose and went down to see if the peg had been moved.

As he neared the town-pump, he saw, in the uncertain light, the figures of two persons moving about the place.

"Ha!" he cried, "they're at it!" and he ran at the top of his speed toward them.

The peg was all right. He felt for the heads of the tiny and secret pegs he had driven on each side of the large one, to mark its position. They were there. Nothing had been disturbed. And then he looked at the two men. They were at work, and, as he looked at them, his eyes dilated, his hair rose on end, and his legs trembled beneath him. He advanced a step.

"What—what?" he stammered. "Aye, good neighbor," said the elder man, "aye, and ye're surprised, may be, to see us here so early. But we must a'en finish our work

this morning, for we are to be in East Milford by high noon. As' we but reached here from Upper Milford an hour since."

"Look ye!" cried Daniel. "You've—you've had no breakfast?"

"Not we," said the man. "We've scarce earned that yet."

"Look ye!" stammered Daniel, "go ye to—the tavern—and—

and get some breakfast. I'll pay the score—and—take a pipe and a mug of ale. I'll pay for all. Go ye—a short half hour will make no difference. Go now!"

"An' ye'll pay the score?" asked the man.

"Aye, I will that," cried Daniel, trembling.

"Then will ye go," replied the man.

Daniel stopped not another minute, but madly dashed away. He ran, he bounded, he hurried himself along. He reached Reuben's house and thumped with hand and foot at the door; up went a window, and out came Reuben's head.

"Reuben," yelled Daniel. "Come out! Put on your breeches, quick, and come! Come and make your jump. They've moved the pump!"

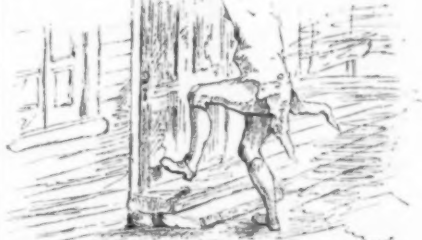
CHAPTER XV.

BREAKFAST.

"A worthy young man!" quoth the elder pump-man.

"Aye, an' an honest one, I hope," said the other "and we'll go straightway to the tavern, before he repents him of his promise."

"Aye," said the other. "It was a short pump, and easier raised than I had thought. We'll just leave it now. It's well, perchance, that we did not get here yesterday, for I heart last night they'd had a jumping



DANIEL AT REUBEN'S DOOR.

race, or some wild sport here, and a main great crowd—an' little work we could have done. Come on."

And they went, and on the ground they left the pump, lying with its lower end over the well, from which, for needful repair, they had raised it with a windlass; and its upper end resting in the road not five feet from Daniel's peg!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST JUMP.

REUBEN was down-stairs in a trice, closely followed by his mother roused by the hubbub.

"Run Reuben! run to the peg!" shouted Daniel.

Then ran Daniel to the town hall and rang the bell, madly. Up popped windows, and out of open doors hurried the town-folk. Away then went Daniel to the house of Ephraim Thomas, and, meeting the Governor, half-dressed, and without his wig, at the door, he stammered out the news. Then to the pump he ran, closely followed by the Governor, the select-men, and a crowd of people, pell-mell. There stood Reuben at the peg, his mother near him, Anne panting and pale by his side. The Governor lost no time. Hattens and wiglets, he waved the crowd back. Then rising on his tiptoes, in his excitement, he shouted:

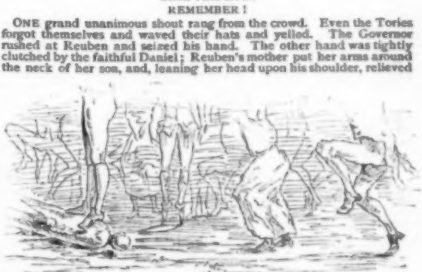
"Jump."

Reuben jumped, and lighted fairly on the pump.

CHAPTER XVII.

REMEMBER!

ONE grand unanimous shout rang from the crowd. Even the Tories forgot themselves and waved their hats and yelled. The Governor rushed at Reuben and seized his hand. The other hand was tightly clutched by the faithful Daniel; Reuben's mother put her arms around the neck of her son, and, leaning her head upon his shoulder, relieved



THE LAST JUMP.

her pent-up feelings by tears of joy. The select-men gathered close around and lent their voices to the torrent of congratulations. In a few minutes Reuben gently withdrew himself from his friends and looked about him, anxiously. At a little distance stood Anne, her eyes cast down, and bluish after bluish chasing itself across her fair face.

Reuben stepped to her side.

"Anne!" said he. "Do you remember?"

She answered not, but the look of love and joy she gave him was enough. No words were needed.

Three weeks from that day the Battle of Lexington was fought!

THE END.

Half-way Doin's.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

BELUBBED fellow-travelers:—In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say,



De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex':
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebry cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebry time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no-one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
And ebry day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And ebryting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' 'roun',—
A stump-tail rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de groun'—

How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It 'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebry time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbly upon ebryting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore and drible it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!

